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24. **ANSWER: C** **EXPLANATION:** The correct answer is C. The correct answer is C. The correct answer is C.

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Asia	1990	2,500	700	28
Asia	2000	2,800	1,000	36
Asia	2010	3,000	1,300	43
Asia	2020	3,200	1,600	50
Europe	1980	500	350	70
Europe	1990	500	350	70
Europe	2000	500	350	70
Europe	2010	500	350	70
Europe	2020	500	350	70
Latin America	1980	300	150	50
Latin America	1990	350	200	57
Latin America	2000	400	250	63
Latin America	2010	450	300	67
Latin America	2020	500	350	70
Middle East	1980	100	30	30
Middle East	1990	120	50	42
Middle East	2000	150	80	53
Middle East	2010	180	110	61
Middle East	2020	200	130	65
North America	1980	200	150	75
North America	1990	200	150	75
North America	2000	200	150	75
North America	2010	200	150	75
North America	2020	200	150	75
Oceania	1980	20	15	75
Oceania	1990	20	15	75
Oceania	2000	20	15	75
Oceania	2010	20	15	75
Oceania	2020	20	15	75

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Abstract

There were no other changes in data about the two North American manufacturers. The two total 1.2%.

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EVER SINCE those long-ago days when Jules Verne was dreaming up lunar projectiles, long-range submarines and super-big Berthas, devices of scientific or pseudo-scientific fantasy have been busily polishing out the importance of their favorite fiction medium through the elements of prophecy.

With the arrival of each new invention—from, say, the two-way-stretch glede to the atomic bomb—an entire new juggle of red-hot segments is born in all circles. One group will insist that Mortimer Q. Lumsden, Ph. D., first predicted the two-way-stretch or the A-bomb or, perhaps, the use of raw plankton for human alimentary needs, in a long-barled tale written for *ALL-WONDER STORIES* back in 1923. Another group will point defiantly to the effect that it was first predicted in one of the Tom Swift "noveles." And so on, far into the precessional night.

In short, prophecy in science fiction lies at the other end of the scale from the REM. And those who severely date on Ray-Ryd Monsters (also, in some circumstances, ourselves included) seek to conceal their shame beneath high-doin' verbiage about science fiction's predictions of gadgets to come.

What "Prophecy" Means

It seems to me unfortunate that, to an apparent majority of aficionados, prophecy means no less and no more than the foretelling of such gadgets, which are devoted solely to the increased comfort or the increased destruction of home appliances. For the entire and appalling range of all such gadgetry, monumental as it has become in our generation, affects only indirectly the true progress of Man, if any, and is therefore of importance even when correctly forecast.

With the development of the Industrial,

era and the snowballing progress of applied science that has made it possible, it becomes increasingly less difficult to predict forthcoming popular devices. Each of us meets' petty mechanical annoyances in the routine of daily living. We may dislike clothes hangers, humidity, winter clothing, tipping waiters, radio and tele-visual static. Such dislikes vary according to our personalities, our frustrations, our environments.

While each of us is as different in taste from his neighbors as are the variations in our individual fingerprints, yet as in fingerprints each of our personal quirks is shared by millions. It is therefore safe to say that any item which bothers us must also bother a vast segment of the population. And if something mechanical tries a large number of folks, it is safe to predict that someone someday will do something about by-passing or removing that annoyance. Such prophecy—if prophecy it be—can hardly miss.

To call a prediction of this nature prophecy at all in the true sense of the word and of the thought behind the word is like comparing a stringy ceremonial to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Moreover, such gadgetorial necromancy represents an even crasser and more trivial alloy of the true ore of science.

The Opposition Rises

At this point the opposition rises to state, in effect, that each such device represents another step toward Man's control of his environment, certainly a pioneer development in evolution as we know it on this Earth. Perhaps it does. Yet of what use is such mastery of our planet, of our Solar System, perhaps in time even of our galaxy, unless Man has learned to control himself, to adapt himself instantaneously to the changes he is beginning to make in the universe around him? The current an-

(Continued on page 144)



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IT LOOKED LIKE TROUBLE UNTIL...



AND THEY WERE BOTH WITH THE SAME GOAL...
AND WERE IN THE SAME LINE...
AND WERE IN THE SAME LINE...
AND WERE IN THE SAME LINE...



HOW HEARD FOR
THE CAR...
AND HEARD FOR
THE CAR...



THEY'RE HAVING
FOR THE CAR...
AND HEARD FOR
THE CAR...



THEY'RE HAVING
FOR THE CAR...
AND HEARD FOR
THE CAR...



YOU'RE THROUGH...
AND SO AM I...
AND SO AM I...



WHAT A GREAT
THING...
AND SO AM I...

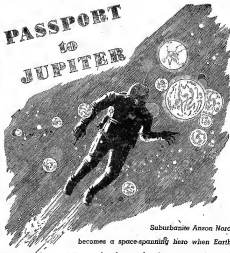


YOU'RE THROUGH...
AND SO AM I...
AND SO AM I...



YOU'RE THROUGH...
AND SO AM I...
AND SO AM I...

PASSPORT to JUPITER



Suburbanite Anson Nord

*becomes a space-spanning hero when Earth
totters under the weight of its own perfection!*

A NOVEL BY RAYMOND E. GALLUN

CHAPTER I

The Scene-plot

THE scene was suburban—lush with trees and flowers from beyond which small villages peeped. Anson Nord, plump and genial, leaned on his front fence and watched the little robot lawnmower come purring out of the driveway across the street and go clattering down the pavement, where there was no grass to cut at all.

Anson Nord watched and grinned. The lawnmower was like an car-

most purring that had got lost. That it was now failing to do its job was not its fault but was the result of its owner's neglect.

"None of the decisions," he thought, "do any of us make—with all the gadgets we've got that they never heard of!"

As usual the thought seemed to flow into a dark and poisonous pool, somehow—not quite tangibly—menacing. But always his guilt was overpowered by the presence of saturnian peace. There was too much to fight against. If there was a thing to fight for it seemed nebulous and faint. One's will to think ended in a shrug. What remained was a sense of futility, a pained, faded feeling.

Manikind had long ago learned to control the weather completely. That was a trifling accomplishment. For mankind now owned three other worlds. Sleek trans-space liners reached out to Mercury, Venus and Mars, bringing their passengers to crystal-domed cities in which, though the conditions on these planets was utterly strange, there was now no loss of comfort.

Even all this was trifling since, for more than a hundred years, no one had died of old age. The Vita processes dissolved the mineral accumulations of the

years out of the human body, firming the flesh, smoothened the skin, replaced the grines of teeth and hair in shrunken jaws and withered skulls. So that one who had been more than a century old was, in body, nineteen again.

More lately had come another triumph, scarcely less wonderful than the Vita processes. It proposed no threat of overpopulation which, in conjunction with the present low birthrate, alien-planet colonies could solve for at least a century. But to the soul of man it was more dangerous.

Like the dream of eternal youth its idea was not new. It had been written about, scoffed at and hoped for, through centuries. In a small way it had had its counterpart in movie, radio and television areas. Realized, it produced a fad.

Sensation, artificially stimulated in the sensory centers of the brain, was the base of the invention. That meant that any experience was possible—all on a dream-scale and duplicating reality perfectly—but without the physical dangers involved in actual adventures. This seemed an advantage—for with potential immortality on a mortal plane life had become drier. Few cared

—Reality and the Utopian Concepts

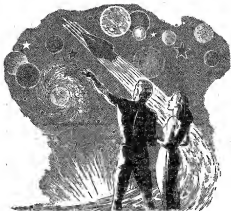
[T is a curious fact that the closer man comes to mastering his environment and satisfying all his needs, the more deeply he distrusts the Utopian concept. Not long before the smoke-belching dawn of the so-called Industrial Era, such undoubted deep-thinkers as Sir Francis Bacon, Sir Thomas More and even Dean Jonathan Swift felt no such squaled doubts.

Their heavens-on-Earth were simply conceived within the limitations of the monarchic principle—a principle which tends toward comfortable oversimplification at best. No one doubted for a moment but that life for every citizen, in such a well-ordered civilization as Bacon, More or Swift conceived, would be a long lark of happy usefulness.

However, as society has expanded and become infinitely more complex under the impetus first of steam power, then of oil and electricity and now of the dismembered atom, Utopia has moved mince-like, ever further from us. Psychiatry as well as recent history has done much to suggest that it might well be a nightmare after the dreams of Michael Arden and Aldous Huxley.

Mr. Gallus, in his novel, feels that the path of reality lies somewhere on the uneven ground between the idealists and the cynics. And we have a hunch—or perhaps a hope—that his path is the path of truth.

—THE EDITOR



Said Dave. "Who says the stars are five million light-years away to reach?"

to risk it to the still-deadly possibilities of violence.

Briefly Anson Nord considered these points while he watched the lawnmower robot of a skittish acquaintance go clattering blithely down the road.

AS it reached the bend where magnificent elm trees arched, Nord went out of his gate and, impelled by the motives of a good neighbor, broke into an awkward lunge.

Panting, he caught up and, still running beside the robot, bent down and shut off its atomic motor. "Hey, fella," he chuckled, as if it could understand him, "Where are you goin' ? Mama mia!"

He squatted down to adjust the machine's simple electronic brain, which

had gone awry: Anson Nord's job was to supervise for an hour a day the work of repair-robots. But now, tinkering with his own bare hands, he found a fragment of a last satisfaction.

Neighborhood life, loyalty and civility are all as useless as the back-fence chat. Soon Nord had a group of neighbors around him. They'd seen the lawnmower running away, too.

"Waverly's mower, huh?" Dave Clinton drawled. He was another big easy-going man. "It's a wonder Waverly wouldn't take enough time out from that new XD-8 set he's got, to check over the machinery...."

For a second some pent-up anger and scars tightened Clinton's jaw, then his eyes lighted in resignation. "Ho-ho—

wait till I get mine though," he went on. "Waverly'll be a dabbler by comparison. My wife and I will back ourselves to the vain-funder and you won't see us at all. We'll hibernate like dreaming bears."

Mrs. Kovic, who was a great hand at keeping up with the Joneses and who had entertained ambitions of becoming an opera star, shrilled apocalyptically. "We're getting an XD-16 set—improved. Of course everybody can't get one—yet. But my John has influence. We'll live in music."

John Kovic, her husband, a little mild guy, winced. Nord could guess why. Mrs. Kovic was of that certain kind. She liked Marilee Adams programs. In the sciency drama, she was Marilee. She sang or rather shrieked to glittering throngs that applauded and cheered earnestly. Nobles, rigged out like science impresarios, bowed to him her hand and brought her jewels and expensive bouquets.

Mrs. Kovic, made very pretty by plastic surgery, was a small-time female hegemonist. It was rumored that, years ago, she had had her vocal chords strengthened and adjusted until they surpassed those of the long-dead Caruso. But the small pathetic brain that controlled them still knew nothing of music. So they merely rasped and shrieked.

Ellwynn Carpenter, a youth of nineteen with a weak chin, feralized eyes and a certain clarity of vision, chimed in: "Listen to her! George Schaeffer and the other scientists who invented the sciency psych ought to be strung up! They're turning the whole world and the colonized planets into an opium den! Good night! Couldn't our Mrs. Kovic, here, learn to cook or something—to use up her excess energies—if she can't sing? Her robot-kitchen wouldn't care?"

Young Carpenter passed for a second, under the startled stares of his neighbors. Then he drew a ragged breath and went on very slowly. "Otherwise, maybe a certain class of thinking that is becoming common is also correct—that the only way to save our race from

complete rot is to bring violence back into the world.

"Arson, rapine, murder, warfare—let the spineless die in the outbreak. Scare those with latent courage into developing it while they defend themselves and face primitive danger. Let there be a return to hard and satisfying reality. Let..."

Ellwynn Carpenter stopped orating. A child of decadence himself he was not overly courageous. He looked all at once surprised and scared by what he had said—as if his own words had frightened him.

THE silence was electric. Mrs. Kovic's face went white, whether mere with fear at a pendant threat than with fury at itself it was hard to say. She might have gone into a tirade against the youth for his remarks about her had she known what defense to build herself. As it was a prissy, pompous and largely phony expression of self-righteousness came over her face and hung there, stymied by the fragment of a hurt look.

Her husband, now full of will to fight in her defense but lacking both the skill and force, bristled like a hasty-rooster without spurs. "Listen here, young man!" he snapped. "I'll not have such things said of my wife!"

Dave Clifton's manner had ceased to be benign and became quietly grim. "It's the rest of what Ellwynn said that bothers me, folks," he remarked. "Maybe you'd better enlarge on the subject, Ellwynn." His tone carried soft menace. Aaron Nord stood up. "Easy, everybody," he chuckled. A couple of other men, also sensing how near the surface savagery had risen, moved to his side, ready if it was necessary to enforce peace.

Again there was stillness all around. It hit Nord in a certain oppressive way, even with the bird-songs and sunshines in it. He felt as though he were standing in a city that was already falling into ruin, signaling the end of the pride of man. There was a graveyard mood over all.

But there were other facets to the feeling. What Ellwyn Carpenter had said in favor of violence was not as alien to Nord's own mood as he might have wished. And he knew that the same dark thoughts must have stirred secretly in other minds around him.

The cause was contempt for one's self and one's fellows—disgust. When your brain idled, this fire-shot remedy was bound to occur to you. It had a certain logic about it. You almost liked the idea though it was madness—though you feared it more than you admired it.

Especially when you remembered that the potentials for violence had expanded enormously through the years and in inverse proportion to coddled mankind's weakened endurance. In the sciences of subatomic and bacteriology, for example.

The very forces that had made peace and plenty and civilization possible, did far more for the potentials of destruction. There was here a widened imbalance that could make your hide pucker with dread until it seemed no longer to fit. Slow grass-grown decay was one thing. But here was the shadow of something else.

"It could happen," Dave Clifton growled. "Just like Ellwyn says last week. A bunch of nuts, preparing hell-stuff secretly, could strike at any time. We've all heard rumors."

Nord smiled. To him, *could* was not the right word. *Will* was much better. That humanity faced inevitable outbreaks soon to happen was supported by rumor, by Ellwyn Carpenter's outburst of a moment ago, most of all by his own parallel ruminations. Nord was sure that he, himself, was a peaceful soul. So if the remedy of fury for the ills of the world could occur to him, how much more fervently must it occur to others? People who seemed average but hid fanaticism and a martyr-strain in their hearts? Yes, it almost had to be. People thought in parallels.

Anson Nord looked at the now-worried faces around him. He knew that his neighbors were mostly good people

fundamentally. He knew that his thoughts and theirs were much the same and that, like himself, they were grasping for some other solution—which was hard to find. They were trapped by a very imperfect kind of perfection, like animals in a pit. And they were frightened by their helplessness.

"Maybe I should suggest the obvious again," Nord kidded. "That every sensipych set be destroyed—and the factories—and broadcast centers."

Melton Harms, who had close-set eyes, smirked cynically. "I seem to have heard that some men have been trying to get concerted action along those lines for quite a while, Nord," he said. "People have always had trouble getting together on anything. And they never have been much good at giving things up—even if they thought it was best."

"Maybe wiping out 'be sensipychs' isn't the best thing to do anyhow," Nord commented. "The other day I picked up a circular, put it by a group which, for lack of a name, that would sound less prissy and uplifting among us sophisticates, calls itself *Cosmosense*. The circular pointed out that the sensipych is very useful in therapy and as a training and study device, besides being of wholesome value for entertainment if used in moderation.

"And—I quote—'No effort to stamp out any part of progress—even in the supposed interests of better progress, has ever had any true justification. Rather, our outlook must progress to match technical advancement . . .'
Cosmosense proposed no actual solution to present-day ills and troubles but appealed to current thought as a sure means of finding one. Yeah."

"Yeah," Harms echoed dryly.

At least Nord had not lost his sense of humor. Maybe he did wrong but he used it now to lighten tension among his neighbors, to mask what he believed was pending.

"There used to be disease, poverty and injustice to fight against," he

chuckled. "But now all that is gone and we're stuck with a Nirvana whose perhaps unavoidable defect is that it's so fine there's just no farther to go."

"But we're still human. We've still got energies. It's our way to be fighting something or doing something. So maybe we all ought to get shovels and wheelbarrows. We can start piling dirt up into a big hill. When it's two hundred meters high, we'll all stand back and admire it and feel proud of ourselves—seeing what a nice, pretty hill we've made."

"That was well put, Nord," Melton Harms growled cynically. "Even col-

lect of my old XD-8 without the inconvenience. Who cares about the so-called 'real present' or what happens to the human race? The Earth could get

Anson Nord and Marge lay down on the back side of the sandpiper to dream.



liding, the planets of the stars and galaxies wouldn't amount to any more, as far as we're concerned, than a bigger pile of dirt that we'd heaped up for no reason. There's nothing out there that we really need. So, I'm ready to stop worrying."

"Why fight a natural situation? Go to Florida, like my old lady likes! That's screwy when I can get Florida

along without us crawling on it. So why not be ourselves? Me—I've got some good earthshaker dream-recordings. Come over some time, Nord, and we'll go through 'em together."

Anson Nord didn't need Harms' wink

to know what was meant. Anything was possible via semipsych. And that included fantastic debaucheries. But the business deep inside him still gnawed at his nerves.

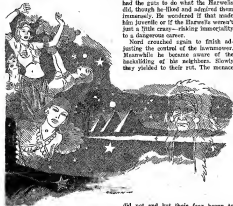
Being a man of an old civilization Nord was tolerant, gentle and in a way wise. It was hard to make him angry. His attitude, generally, was a mild shrug. So his anger now at himself,

"Yeah, folks," Nord joked. "Maybe a private answer to decadence is to splodding across the blazing deserts of Mercury with the Harwells—and in a flash. Hush?"

Harms' laugh was harsh. "Um—sure," he commented. "And I could dig up a horse and an antique cowboy suit and be like One-Shot Dixon, whose escapades sometimes send me."

Nord very much doubted that he had the guts to do what the Harwells did, though he liked and admired them immensely. He wondered if that made him juvenile or if the Harwells weren't just a little crazy—risking immortality to a dangerous career.

Nord creaked again to finish adjusting the control of the hovermower. Meanwhile he became aware of the backsliding of his neighbors. Slowly they yielded to their rot. The menace



Harms and his neighbors was a passive bitterness.

He knew that he was a long way from being anything like Bob Harwell of the Harwell Family, that reckless, space-wandering group of three, whose adventures were recorded and then sent back to Earth for semipsych broadcast. Millions of fans then experienced them. Nord was one.

did not end but their fear began to fade. Perhaps they grew weary of it, like children. Or perhaps, being unable to solve a grimness in life, they sought escape from it.

"What's your favorite program, David?" somebody asked somebody else.

"Not I do like the Harwells. And the Past Made Alive series. In the latest episode I was imbedded, the physician and engineer-scientist who built the first Egyptian pyramid. Next I'll

be a seafaring trader from ancient Crete. And say—they've revised Turan! The actor, Charlie Roberts, plays the part."

Elisvorn Carpenter walked away, grumbling. Maybe he has some right ideas. But he was dangerous white-blinded froth. Even if Mrs. Kovic hated herself now, she could find relief from her hatred in operatic fantasy.

Melton Harris made a mocking salute with one hand as he departed, perhaps to enjoy his contraband recordings. Dave Clinton shrugged rather bitterly, and mumbled, "So long."

CHAPTER II

The Dream

LEFT alone, Nord finished adjusting the mower and watched it roll dutifully back to the unkempt but beautiful prairie, where his master and mistress lay under a rich spell, far from dull fact.

Nord felt like a deserted disaster among Lotus-enters. What was the use? So he returned to his pleasant villa, gay with flowers and luxurious with concealed servant-devices.

He found Margaret, his wife, trying to read an old book. The handwriting was obvious. Books were as dry and you had to follow their continuity with imagination—which was so dim.

Margaret was beautiful—as all women were beautiful now, if they were not born as they could be changed—easily and without pain. She was also intelligent and kind. To Nord she seemed like the one thing truly worth while in his existence.

As he entered the living room she dropped her book. Her large dark eyes fixed themselves on him in a clear hope for something new in a succession of hollow days.

"I watched from the window, An," she said. "Did anybody say anything different?"

"Same old talk, more or less," Nord answered, unsure of whether he was being evasive or not.

"Even the newspaper has gone off the air," Margaret said. "I guess it just got bored too—poor thing."

It had been too far back in history since the newspaper blackout had last been used to make disaster and prevent the spread of hysteria, for Nord to recognize a grim significance in this. In fact he had hardly listened to what Margaret said.

Now she looked at him gently as if searching for a grain of awareness to him. "We're idiots to think too much, An," she told him. "What we ought to have is a new XD-10 set. All sensible people will have one soon."

"You too, Marge?" He laughed. "Women are conformists. What most people do has to be right."

"If you act alone you're left out in the cold, An," she replied. "We have a three-day weekend ahead—because of world State Day. Shall we dream right through it? I'll even join you on a Harwell adventure if we can cut in on a good dance-dream routine now and then."

Marge loved dancing. And in the dreams, since the feeling of rhythm and motion was recorded from the minds of experts, her dancing was flawless. And one's muscles didn't tire. Marge could go on like that for days. Her resistance to the boredom of it was childlike.

Nord felt the appeal of the somnopsych—the bright escape. But he felt the self-diagnosis. And he realized more than ever aware of the dark revolt in certain minds. A deadly smoldering, yet a therapy with which part of himself agreed. He even wondered for a moment if it were safe to be off-guard in sleep.

He wanted to resist. Yet what else could he do but give up—like his neighbors? It seemed that a dark tide pushed everyone along. He could water his flowers, but an automatic device could do it better than he. Perhaps he could coax his wife to fly to California—which they had done before.

"Okay, Marge," he said.

Their old XD-8 was a beautiful piece of furniture. Two soft couches folded down from it. Nord and his wife lowered themselves to reclining positions and put on the shiny headbands. They jabbed hollow needles into their arms. The attached tubes and apparatus could provide intravenous feeding and even purification and reoxygenation of the blood for any desired length of time. The sleep was like hibernation. The body worked at a lowered metabolism rate.

Anson Nord set the selector and moved a switch. Marge touched his hand companionably as needles blurred around them. Then, by recording, Bob Harwell's voice spoke, rich and confident. It thrilled Nord as a hero's voice must thrill a henchman of lesser strength.

"Folks," Harwell said theatrically, "before we continue with our interlude on Mercury let me talk of the next Harwell adventure—deep in the poisonous atmosphere of giant Jupiter, where no man has yet entered. So far I haven't experienced it myself. But I am sure that it will be the greatest of all our adventures. Certain huts have come out of the ruins on frozen Ganymede and Callisto, the Jovian satellites. So our trip to Jupiter is really a quest for incredible wonders.

"Now before we go on with our Mercurian adventure let me remind you that Ajax Robot Devices are the best made, the most dependable for your comfort and safety. Remember Ajax. Buy Ajax. Ajax amplyproh sets are unequalled for vividness. You are safe with Ajax. No matter how thrilling your experiences remember that there is no danger at all . . ."

THE commercial ended—with the inevitable recurrence to John Public, who, even in his craving for excitement, still must always be wrapped in cotton-wool.

And now the Nord's seemed to be on Mercury, in the twilight belt between the eternally dark and frigid hemisphere and the blazing hot half of the planet,

where the rays of the near sun were strong enough to melt lead.

Anson Nord was Bob Harwell, rock-hard and skillful. Margaret was Clara, Bob Harwell's wife. This happened by a mental selectivity of a triply viewpoint recording, each mind automatically choosing the viewpoint that suited it best.

But the faces that Margaret and Anson Nord saw of each other, behind the view-windows of the helmets of the space suits they were wearing, were still each other's faces. This was accomplished by means of a kind of psychic resonance from their own brains.

But since they had no son of their own the twelve-year-old boy near them remained Joey Harwell—tow-headed, freckled, cynical as kids often are, but equally eager and resourceful.

Off to the left was the eternal glorious sunset, which would brighten or darken somewhat during the course of the Mercurian year of eighty-eight terrestrial days, because of the tilting wobble of this small fantastic world in its eccentric orbit. Dust, blown high in the thin atmosphere, made that sunset so gorgeous.

Off to the right were the light-gilded peaks of the ice mountains. Ahead lay the mossy plains of the Twilight Belt, stretching between two terrible deserts of furnace heat and spatial cold. The plains was dotted with boulders and weird vegetation that looked half like cactus, half like living crystals. Behind, under its great transparent airdome, lay Mercury City, colonial metropolis of the Earthly colonists.

Nord heard Joey Harwell say through their oxygen-helmet radios "Hurry up Pop. We've got to reach Kordew, capital of the coldest Lohas, in an hour to be on schedule. We can have a rest there and then start climbing the mountains toward the Dark Side Station."

Nord chuckled over the reply that Bob Harwell had spoken when this episode was read—"What's the rush, Joe?"

Were an XD-8 or-10 set being used Margaret's face would not have shown

that faint elusive flicker. Otherwise verisimilitude was perfect. There was only the vague dissatisfaction of knowing that it was a fake.

The charm that the Harwells held for Anson Nord ran deeper than his vicarious love of space-wandering. Perhaps he admired them for being a modern family that lived modern realities on a real plane.

Nord recaptured from strange adventures a little of his usual pleasure and relief from unrest. Nevertheless his mind still teetered apart. He wished he had a son—a lovable cousin with the courage of a mature man, like Joe. Marge and he had never got around to having it happen. For gestation in a nourishing fluid was frequent these days—outside of the human body.

The smokes of trouble gathered more thickly in Nord's brain. Overhead in the deep blue sky the hovering sunset burnished the flanks of a spaceship. And from its prow flickers of blue-white fire jettied, checking its speed for a landing.

That fire reminded Nord that over two centuries ago the A-horn had been invented. It had been a crude thing, yet in an instant it had converted into hell-teeming cities, where people labored, and endured the troubles of life and war, but still had their friendships and pleasures. A hell in which even the minds of those days, far more injured to hardship than those of the present, tottered into hysteria.

Nord considered too that the pattern of life on Earth and the colonized planets had grown fearfully complex. The greatest unknown of those restless times was perhaps Dr. George Schaeffer, chief inventor of the somnipsych.

JUDGED by his photographs—his angular face, soft yet fierce eyes, his scraggly hair—he was as gentle as a Mountain and as driven as a demon. Maybe he meant to be a despot, benign or otherwise. Maybe, for all his genius, he was an impractical fool who meant to coddle mankind as an overindulgent father coddles his children. But maybe even that, in some intricate way, be-

came less than foolish. For from genius one should expect the unexpected—startling trains of thought apart from the accepted views.

By reports Schaeffer had no time to indulge in somnipsych visions himself. He labored in his laboratory to disfruit the secrets of nature—while in a world of common and galling leisure he wished for more energy, more time for himself.

Margaret, plodding beside Nord in the worst mood, was in borrowed raptures over the exchanging squint. "Who could imagine anything like it?" she was saying now. But it wasn't Marge's way to be so enthusiastic of her own accord.

Following the continuity of the record Nord felt his gloved hand go out to pat a small armored shoulder. He envied Joey Harwell at that moment—and pitied him. He should be playing marbles and baseball, in school—not running around the solar system, risking his young life and a potential eternity of rejuvenation while others, some of whom were two centuries older, lived in luxury and safety. Or was this a wrong view?

Shame nibbled at Nord again. He remembered that even here in the Mercuryian dome-cities, on what was naturally supposed to be a rough frontier, many were already addicts of the somnipsych. But Nord knew that it was just a detail of a scientific advancement that made men almost purposeless and useless, perhaps even obsolete.

He thought of Elwynn Carpenter again, wondering if, for all his weakness, he did belong to the secret sure-by-violence group. It was not strange that one truth escaped Nord entirely. For he did not see a small oppressed man crouch away to a hidden gathering place. It was Jehd Kevla.

Nord's mind worked on through miles of dream-hilling and through several rest-periods in dream-camps. While in the latter places the scene shifted entirely for awhile. His wife and he would be dining to soft music in a setting that Marge loved—some glittering glamour-spot, much nearer home.

Nord climbed with Joey and Marge into the ice-mountain. They skirted fearsome chasms. And they reached the Dark Side Station. There they began to enjoy the perfect pantomime of dinner. In its delights Nord at last checked his troubling thinking.

But his comfort began to be disturbed. Gradually he became aware of a tightness in his chest that could not belong to the vision. It turned painful. Moreover, the pictures projected into his brain were taking on a reddish tint. And they were growing dim.

Panic gripped Anson Nord. . . .

CHAPTER III

Walk Before Breakfast

THERE was much that had gone before to loose chaos on the world—centuries of scientific progress actually. But a step backward only to the early morning of the same day, when Nord stopped a runaway lawnmower, could be enough to make the chain of events clear.

In the center of the City a hundred miles away Bob Harwell was out walking before breakfast. The Bob Harwell—popular dream-hero.

He was alone with his two bodyguards—as alone as Ajax, the great company he worked for, ever allowed him to be while on Earth. And he was troubled. Maybe that was what his walk was for—to help him try again to figure things out.

He knew that millions of fans loved him. But since he understood how hero-worship builds illusions from afar he took it matter-of-factly. He was not especially vain or modest. There was nothing very unusual about him except for his staccato and perhaps foothardy habit of living a reckless life on a first-hand basis. He was just a slender medium-sized man with short black hair and quick movements and a way of getting things done efficiently.

He knew that to be admired by a great number of people means that one must also be hated by some. But he was further aware that his present circumstances could not be fully described by anything so simple.

So he did not walk as one is apt to walk on a peaceful street in early morning—with absent-minded assurance of safety. Rather his air was more like that of a soldier of some bygone war, out on patrol. Part of his brain and body were on the alert. It did not matter that the sun was bright, that the street was beautiful and all but deserted or that as yet there had been no visible trouble.

Meanwhile in the privacy of his own head he kept figuring—"Any time now, Harwell. Everybody hates his own guts at least a little. Some are bound to despise the weaker ones more. The emotional pressure is building up toward the exploding point. Can't blame them. Rebuild civilization, they think. But they'll hate people like you most, Harwell.

"How long has your conscience been bothering you? You like your job but you're partly to blame for the way things are—not on the passive flaccid side but on the active side. You make manipulator dreams. You're glibly, Harwell. You ought to be doing something to right matters. The question is, what? That makes sense, that is. . . ."

To the fact that part of his mind had remained wary while he pondered Harwell now owed his life. To that and lucky chance and perhaps to the nervousness of the hand of an assassin who, in this decadent era, was not quite equal to his task. And to the one defect of a very modern weapon which some whimsical soul had named the Midea Touch.

Harwell saw the glint of sunlight on the pistol—the arm as a slim young man aimed it from across the street. There was no immediate sound with the discharge of the weapon but the path of hurtling neutrons was marked by a ribbon of glowing air.

Harwell pushed his two burly guards back toward the first doorway along the

street. The three moved smoothly and without a word, taking shelter. This was the important thing to do—ahead of drawing to return the fire.

Then all of the scene was for an instant illuminated by dazzling blue light that made the brilliant sunshine look dim. Just for a second, as usual, there had been a delay or "hang" between the impinging of the weapon's neutron stream on the matter it struck and the explosion.

It had been a saving factor for the three men, giving them time to take cover. The rear was terrific. And the stone of the building front, which had been hit instead of Harwell himself, came chattering down.

Before the first echoes of this minor atomic blast had died the would-be murderer vanished around a corner. Perhaps rattled by fear of his own deed or by his exposure to refraction of the same kind he had not chanced a second shot.

Harwell's bodyguards had drawn their own weapons and they stood poised like baffled bulldogs, wondering whether to give chase.

But Harwell said, "Nix, fellas. He's out of sight. Following would just give him another chance to creep at us. And he probably doesn't count, anyway."

They didn't have to risk the dangers of poisonous radiation and examine the ruins of the crumbled building-front to know how the Midas Touch worked. They knew. Their own armament was of the same class. The neutron stream, as narrow as the collar of an old-time forty-five, had hit the building—and there, after a second, the stone of the stone had collapsed inward on themselves to form denser elements.

Was it not for the energy released by such collapse a small, circular hole would have been drilled right through the structure. But the fifty-thousand-degree heat and the explosion that went with it, tore the hole, and the surrounding stone, apart.

Some of the latter dripped like fused glass. And from the substance that had filled the hole itself an incandescent mist

was formed. It cooled quickly and like a faint frost settled in crystalline form.

BUT it was no longer stone. Transmutation had taken place. The tiny crystals were of lead, osmium and gold. But this fact was just an incidental part of the weapon's functioning—like the smoke of an ancient musket. It had no importance.

"This is it," one of Harwell's companions growled.

Harwell didn't doubt very much that this attack on himself meant that the chips were down for action. It was as if he'd read the future long ago by the feeling within himself. The disgust of certain minds at being coddled—the loss of pride—the slow decay—the urge to tear away from one's own weakness—and the growing conviction that something must be done.

Among a minority, anyway—they would gather secretly, organize, plan, increase their hidden numbers—work like any underground movement—use the same technique known to rodents for corn to avoid the vastly greater power of the robot police—concealment and cleverness.

Harwell knew that in an effort to stamp out the dreamy part of their plan would be to strike at the whole sensipych industry and those connected with it—himself included. He'd heard the stories of little groups of men rounded up quietly from cellars and other places—men who didn't know who gave them their orders—who knew only a code name that could reveal nothing of a leader's identity—who knew nothing of the location or membership lists of other groups.

No, Bob Harwell scarcely needed to notice the five police aircraft suddenly soaring in circles over the city or the long grey car that swept past in the street to know that trouble rode general than an attempted assassination of himself had caused all this excitement on the part of the forces of law order. This was the beginning of the rumored reign of terror.

At first Harwell was almost relieved

—even glad. The arrest in the world wasn't quite so much a breeding season thing, any more. The strain of long-term waiting and wondering when trouble would start was at an end. Some savage fragment of him even approved of the cure-by-violence theory—if it ever could be a cure and if there were no other way.

But the brassy taste of fear was not slow in coming to his tongue. He had faced danger often on a daredevil basis, yet he was not one of those who denied that fear existed—for him. And it was with him now.

For he grasped the fact that the stream of nervousness that had jelled at him was only the faintest beginning of what was to happen—a second from now, an hour, a day, a week. He never would know when. But a small hidden shop, fitted with transportation equipment, might in this age brew sufficient hell to destroy a planet.

"We'd better be getting back," Harwell said to his bodyguards.

They began threading their way through the small scared crowd that was gathering before the building the Midas Touch had shattered. Several hundred yards ahead, set in a lush park, was the huge Ajax Tower. The scene of which it was part was like a cut-out from Paradise—as peaceful and beautiful as these times were supposed to be.

But out of this magnificent scenery a small Earthly form in dangerous run. Harwell guessed at once that his son must have been on his way to him when the explosion had happened and had

seen it. When the kid stopped beside him, the evidence of this was plain. He was panting and sweating and even his freckles looked pale.

"You all right?" Joey asked.

"Sure, Joe," Harwell answered.

He was proud that the kid neither needed nor bothered to ask any more questions about the attempt on his life or what it meant. Joey understood things. You didn't have to shield him with reassurances. Harwell felt very near to himself. Joe was hard and ready even when he was scared. Maybe hair-trigger living had taught him to be a little too grim for a youngster. Maybe that was another kind of tragedy.

Now the kid's pale grey eyes warily scanned the green hills beyond the park-like city. Again Harwell felt that he and his son were together, following the same impulse. They didn't know what they were looking for except that it would be unpleasant. Maybe a column of smoke—maybe a distant flash of inconceivable—or something not so simple. Maybe they'd never know what hit them.

It was small comfort that the hills remained as placid as a painted landscape—patches of woods alternating with row on row of transparent plastic coils, through which water and green algae circulated to produce the basic substances from which almost any type of food could be synthesized. Here was one of Utopia's horns of plenty.

"In the street I just heard that all the robot police have been alerted.

(Turn page)

FAST HELP FOR HEADACHE

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BROMO-SELTZER

Dad," Joey growled. "I also heard two guys mention that they were going to join Motham. That would be the name of the violence-crowd or the phony monster of their leader, wouldn't it? Ever hear it before?"

"Yeah, I did," Harwell answered, wondering at how much a youngster could pick up by just listening around.

"That wasn't what I came chasing after you for, though," Joey continued. "Old Big-Time Burris sent me. He wants to talk to you—about the Jupiter trip tomorrow, I guess. Says it's important." Joe wrinkled his nose.

Harwell felt the fury rise in him. "Burris' conception of importance!" he snapped. Then he checked himself. In part, perhaps, for duty's sake—because Burris was chief of the Histrionics Section for Ajax and his immediate boss. Though he hated now to be away from his son for even a minute and though he wanted to get to his wife and to talk to some friends as soon as he could.

"Okay, Joe," he said. "I'll finish the chat with Burris quick."

THEIR bodyguards followed them at a dogtrot back to the Ajax Tower. Harwell went alone to Burris' office, which was a dismaying elevator's flight up past the residence levels, and the great studio levels, where most of the scenepych dramas were created. Up near the apex of the Tower.

The amount of shining plastic and metal in the big room far overstepped the limits of good taste and became a credibility. And Burris himself was of the same ilk. He was fat and dark and small. The smoothness and cheapness of him extended beyond the physical.

"So you got here, Harwell," he grumbled. "Better late than never, they say. It's time for your briefing. The Jupiter adventure must be the biggest and best of them all! No lakewarm stuff this time, you hear? The great Harwells will be on their way tomorrow. You know—Mister and Missus and Senny Boy.

"Oldest heart-snatcher in the universe but it never wears out. The worms

love it. See that you throw in some good kid-in-danger incidents and make 'em seem real. Though, dammit, I'll have more trouble with the would-be human-Barrians who don't understand that the danger is mostly a phony and want the youngster court-ordered out of the act.

"But I'll do my part. See that you folks do yours! And keep the sensory filters on your recorder discs adjusted nice and fine. We don't want any too-frightening sensations of falling or anything to get into the recordings.

"That stuff scares the worms and is bad for business. Stray thoughts of contempt for them are even worse. And having to clean up a recording after it's taken is inefficiency. We gotta keep the worms happy in their eternal rest, Harwell."

Burris' thick lips curled. In his expression there was immense distaste for the Great Public, caught in the net of the scenepych. But there was also vast and strong approval of himself and the world as it was.

Bob Harwell had always regarded the Chief of Histrionics with a dry amusement before. He had a certain capacity for his job—a certain drive. But now the pomp rose in Harwell; he was sickened by the little man—for a dozen reasons that came to a focus at this moment. He didn't care to restrain himself from telling Burris off.

"Right now, Mr. Burris," he said almost casually, "you're off the beam in just about every way possible. We might all be dead tomorrow. Because some of the worms have turned. Which is one reason why the Harwells might not be blasting off for Jupiter.

"Another point—the important one—you're the only man I know who seems completely satisfied with the way things have been. Maybe you think that all you have to do is ride to glory, while civilization rots. You aren't smart enough to see danger."

Harwell paused. He looked down at Burris, wondering if the pleasure he found in the little man's peeped expression of surprise and fear was too brutal. Then he decided to sound Burris

out—try to find out just where he fitted in the bewildering complexity of society as it had become, with its vast technology reeked with the even greater imponderables of billions of human minds working separately.

Harwell had a desire to be helpful and to do that he had to find an attack-point—a definite objective. He may, or he could want a loose thread out of Burris—find out whether or not he was a consciously evil part of the cancer that was chewing at civilization.

"Things as they are are on my conscience too, Burris," he said. "But I liked my work and I wasn't too anxious to see it cut off at the roots. Yet I've sometimes wondered if the whole senpsych enterprise hasn't been, from start to finish, the core of a huge plot to anesthetize the human race and grab control.

"Yeah, something scary and crazy like that, as old as the hills and as childish. You'd think that by now we would have progressed enough so that guys who could reason along such lines would be as extinct as *Pythecanthopus*. Yet it sounds about your speed, Burris. Except that I don't think that you've got the cleverness or the guts to be the guy at the top.

"So maybe you're just a self-satisfied rider of a situation that came about by itself. Anyway you're very small potatoes, Burris. Now, do you want to fire me? Doing that doesn't seem to have much point anymore. But I doubt that even now you could make it stick—either with the public or with Ajax."

Up until this moment Burris had been too strangled with consternation and fury at Harwell's words, too fuddled at the news of setback coming at last, to make any reply. But now his voice came out in a thin squeak.

"Leave this room!" he shrieked. "Have your insults! Go talk to Schaeffer if you want to rave about a plot! If he'll ever admit you to his exclusive presence!"

Harwell bowed out mockingly. But he was not entirely proud of what he had done. He had really accomplished nothing and had only made an enemy.

Burris was small—but possibly dangerous—potatoes.

Out in the hall Harwell found the shadowy presence of George Schaeffer clouding his thoughts. Master technician for the Ajax Company—the greatest living scientist—almost a legend. But just as surely as he had been chief inventor of the senpsych so was he linked with the harm of it.

If not by intention, by implication of the future of a better purpose. To be stopped, now by the stigma of what sort of person Schaeffer was brought him a unpleasant flash of anger against the scientist. But since Schaeffer seemed far out of his present reach he shoved it aside.

Heavy, heavy, heavy, seemed to be the rhythm of Harwell's pulses. He was trying to beat his imaginings of chaos as they rushed toward reality—trying to find passage through an elusive web that seemed to leave him forever groping and stymied as in a nightmare.

CHAPTER IV

Run Like the Devil

UNWILLING to wait for an elevator Harwell ran down through five floors to the Heliobionas department. Here in the Ajax Tower were the studios, the dressing rooms, the fantastic props. It was much like a motion-picture setup of two centuries ago except that in place of cameras and sound-apparatus there were only little senpsych recorder-discs, to be placed behind the left ear of each important actor.

A girl in a glistening dress, looking like the fairy princess she was meant to be in the drama, shouted at him. "Hi, Bob! So Midas didn't turn you to gold. We heard. Hope you turned Burris' ear."

A man with a hooked nose and the black robe and gleam hat of a melodramatic detective pushed past some ballet dancers and a clown dressed up

as a big green frog. He said with lugubrious concern, "I'd like to help, Bob. We ought to all quit or at least go on a strike—or better yet commit suicide like the villains in my latest bit of art. Thus we could dry up the source of the dream."

"We could smash a lot of recordings, too. Then the sick man, Mister Public, who sinks lower and lower and now has developed another split in his personality—showing a homicidal face—would have to seek his fun the old hard way and maybe recover. Of course I'm kidding, Bob. This litter of suckling babes all love their art too much to be that cooperative. And there'd only be a new crop of Smithfields."

A frightened-looking warrior from somebody's version of Lost Atlantis, voiced an opinion. "Maybe deep and dreams are best. A couple of years ago Schoedler is supposed to have said that modern life had grown too tense in its pleasure-seeking—that people needed a rest. And now there's a rumor around that he thinks it's time for the machines to take over—that maybe they can find a better reason than people for existing. But you know how rumors start."

Bob Harwell grinned as he shouldered his way through this Theopian domain. He liked these people. He himself had been born of a pair of troopers—refugees on Mars when that planet was still a tough place to live. He was of the theatrical profession himself really—a public entertainer, too, in spite of being partly explorer and a scientist.

But now he felt disappointment. These troopers were a nice bunch. They'd help him if they could—if the help weren't too hard to give. Supposedly they lived more in the real world than had become the general custom.

But he wondered now if this were true. There was also a sheltered realm of fantasy which they happened to see first hand. They were part of the velvet-masked peace of a world that had come to look outwardly like a pastoral painting.

Harwell broke free of them and hurried on to his original objective—a door

marked simply, CORLISSE. He pushed inside without knocking for Carl Corlies was his best friend. For which there were reasons. Corlies was a clown—a trooper like the others—but different.

At Harwell's unannounced entry he gave a start—ample evidence that he understood present realities—the poised dancer that might present itself in any form at any moment. But on recognizing Harwell he grinned his slow grin. His pale hard eyes took on a dry and gentle twinkle, as down-to-earth as steel.

—It seemed plain, then as always, that he never obscured facts with romance. This was refreshing. Corlies was the austere sort of idealist. Maybe his fault was that he saw his facts too barrenly.

Bob Harwell gave a short laugh. "No, Carl—I'm not destruction," he said. "Say—what is this?"

Corlies had risen from the chair behind his desk, his string-bean stature unfolding toward the ceiling. It had been many months since he had played the part of a clown personally—for he had another line. With his narrow, skillful hands he blended a real recorded thought train with the visual point of view of a drawing to make a different sort of synpsychic vision.

Once in the movies there had been a thing called a talk-cartoon, inhabited by whimsical beings that never were. But now the kind of fan who had once laughed at the antics of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse could be there and their ilk, via synpsychic—thanks to a whimsical streak in the tough nature of Carl Corlies. All of this was why the fact that Corlies was wearing his old chockered clown suit and battered hat seemed so strange.

"For comfort, Bob," he laughed. "When I heard that the lid was blowing off I felt like getting into costume, maybe for the last time. Damn those machine birds—they shouldn't have tried to knock you off. Somebody ought to give 'em hell."

There was fury in Corlies' eyes, mixed with the glint of humor. Harwell figured that there was no situation pos-

sible in which that kind of humor would be out of place.

"What are we going to do now, Carl?" he asked mildly. "We've got to do something!"

CORLISS' shrug was dry. "Maybe I can like the devil," he said. "You want to throw your weight around, eh, Bob? So maybe you're thinking about rushing out like some oldstyle dick to try to track down this character or bunch with the crazy name of Mathias, eh?"

"Maybe you're going to destroy Mathias, or talk him or them out of what they plan to do. Oh, sure! Or else you're going to break the sensapsych's grip on people single-handed. Stumble over official obstacles—get all sensapsych broadcasts stopped until you can get a special recording on the air that'll make the dreamers ashamed of themselves, make them snap-out of their bad habit."

"Ummm—how often has all that been thought of before—even tried? So here you are—eager to fight an endless array of nightmares, Bob. That's all. Official back-packing, established custom and the plain fact that things are so complicated, that nobody seems to know just what's what."

"And back of it all a vast mass of people who don't like themselves especially for the way they've been going to get but who are like a high-principled tramp who is against standing while standing too close to a cooling pie. But above and beyond all this is the plain fact that apart from just enjoying himself men, seem to have worked his purpose in life out to a dead end."

"And how are you going to be reconciled with the fact that deep down you half agree with Mathias' method—even though it's probably crazy? No, it's too late, Bob. Maybe it never was early. Anyway the wheels have begun to roll, Bob—and they're too big for a thousand guys, let alone one. So where do we wind up—in a cave somewhere if we're still alive? Maybe that won't be so bad, eh?"

Bob Harwell met the hard gleam in

his friend's eyes with a gleam that was equally hard. It was tough to have the facts that you know thrown at you till they doubled the bitter strength of what you thought yourself. For the moment Harwell was lost.

"Yeah," he said. "Got to ride things out, I guess."

"I think we've got a few hours' time," CorliSS roused, "before the Ajax Tower becomes a target. Building up nervous tension is part of warfare, you know. A little while must be allowed for the idea of danger to soak into people. So if you feel like it maybe you ought to sit tight with your family, Bob."

"Me—I've got a small personal errand to perform outside. I'll be back quick—or get in touch. Whoops—can't wear this down suit, can I? And did you know that the police already ordered a newscast blackout?"

Harwell was a little foggy from inner thinking as he left. He toyed with the idea of a sensapsych dream that didn't have his deeper thoughts—his contempt of the dreamers—filtered out of it. He might have tried getting one made and seeking it past Harris and the other Ajax censors for broadcast if both personal inertia and belief that it wouldn't do much good hadn't stopped him.

Then he thought of the frigid dying moons of Jupiter again—and of the photographs, souvenirs and information brought back from them. Ruins that were perhaps only a few centuries deserted. And evidence not of extinction but of a vast migration. Where to?

Evidence also of a technology paralleling the human but surpassing it—and a grinding hum that could be picked up out there on a certain radio wavelength. Triangulation placed its point of origin deep in the dense poisonous atmosphere of Jupiter, where no life akin to that of Earth could exist without extravagant protection.

Harwell wondered if these thoughts hadn't been preceding the ghost of a hope in his subconscious mind even before he had decided that the next Harwell adventure would be on Jupiter. But that hope, dragged out into the open,

still seemed very dim.

By elevator he went down to the residence levels of the Tower, where he and his family occupied an apartment while on Earth. Here he found out that he hadn't had breakfast. Clara was there, hiding her tensions with a smile, saying, "Leave your troubles outside, Mister," and peering his coffee as if it were a vital elation to the idea of hearth and home and a moment of rest.

Harwell was wondering fondly then as to how many trouper-women of the past, loving the gypsy road and hating it, had thus grasped at fleeting bits of domesticity and permanence, serving breakfast on top of a battered trunk in this town or that.

Of course, here in this magnificent apartment with its robot-kitchen, Clara didn't have to do anything like that. But the clutching at what a woman most wanted in spite of her Ulysses-urge remained with the same pithos, although Clara seemed to get along well with herself and the paradox in her—the love of home and the love of distance. Still, Harwell felt the guilt again, felt that somewhere here was something that was the fault of his own wanderlust.

He watched her large capable hands and felt a tender apology and a wish to make amends. And his eyes stole up over the rest of her, which was slender and small, topped with warm dark eyes that contrasted with her blond hair. She was Mars-born, too. She was cool and courageous.

ONCE, during the course of that breakfast he said, "If everybody were like you there wouldn't be the moon there is now."

She was feminine enough to call him a liar in the face of his earnestness—with a slightly slowish twinkle in her eyes, of course. But he found the mood of relaxation that she built and rested within it in spite of everything.

And once, still turning the idea of somehow paying Clara back for the difficult years, Harwell said whimsically to his son, "What would you like

to do most, Joe? Right now, I mean? If we could do just what we wanted?"

A kind of annoyed humor struck through the boy's stiltiness. "I forget my lines today, Dad," he grumbled. "Since we're not making a recording."

"Tell him that a month on the Maine coast would be nice, Joe," Clara prompted mildly, reiterating an old longing of hers for a spell of quieter living.

Harwell felt that stab of guilt again. "If we manage to get through the next few weeks all right we'll go—this time for sure," he said fervently.

Clara smiled but Joey's eyes showed eagerness for something else. "If there's any chance at all that we're still going out to Jupiter this coray modern-style Swiss Family Robinson had better get rolling to finish preparations," he grumbled.

Harwell grinned a goodbye to their minutes of rest. Harsh truth was back. The pastel-like scene of Utopia, spreading beyond their high-placed windows, still hadn't begun to tear through the middle. There was only an ominous blue mark along the coast horizon—as of some old-time forest fire. And it had an odor—of woodsmoke mixed with damp freshness.

Harwell wondered at the small amount of air and ground-traffic. Some people would be fleeing the city, of course. But why hadn't a general exodus been ordered? The answers were easy. Human imaginations could not grasp beforehand the true extent of horror before it happened unless they had experienced it.

How many disasters in history had occurred because of that? And where could you dump the comfort-soiled millions that filled a metropolis of this size? There were other cities too. Harwell's expression grew grimmer.

In another moment Joey and Clara and he were in the cluttered living room, where trunks that had been in many a far-flung camp stood open. The place was a chamber except where a large canvas was carefully spread out.

On that canvas precision was absolute master—the kind of precision that

takes lives and the hope of eternal youth through rejuvenation in its hands and flaunts them before the gods of death as if they were cheaper even than life used to be when it wore out in less than a century.

A special vacuum armor had been disassembled there for inspection down to its minutest part. A vacuum armor ten times as massive as the regulation space suit—for it was meant to withstand the unthinkable atmospheric pressures deep in giant Jupiter.

That armor offered vivid suggestion of what dangers might lie out there—not even considering the evidence that there might be also an intelligent living race of beings, sprung not from Earth—something never yet seen by Earthians. For the ancient Martians and Mercurians had become extinct long ago. Something weird and strange . . .

Bob Harwell felt guilt again as he thought of dragging Clara and Joe into such unknowns. If it happened . . . But now he did not yet know what they would do. They'd meant to go, of course—but now it all seemed to depend on other factors.

The Harwells proceeded to reassemble the vacuum armor. Then there were two more of smaller sizes to take apart and inspect and put together. The day rolled on. Why was Corlies so long in reporting back? Bob Harwell felt somehow that word from his friend must be like a compass or weather vane—a thing from which to choose a course.

Tension began to build up once more. Once Joey expressed a vagrant bit of kid-whoozy but not of a pleasant sort. "I wonder what'll happen to this room," he mused. "Will it be all vaporized by heat—chases, steel and everything? Or will it just melt down?"

"We don't know for sure that anything will happen, Joe," Clara said reassuringly.

This might even—possibly—be true. Still, thinking of that was no comfort. It only made uncertainty more hot and complete. The second hand of the clock on the wall moved silently and you couldn't guess when or if it would stop

moving or would even cease to exist.

Sandown closed in and then night, with distant red glows in the sky. Police aircraft whined, patrolling. Then the quiet fog closed in—for a purpose, of course. With weather control perfected there was no fog unless, in the weather-towers, someone moved switches. Now it had the city. Two and a half centuries ago, before radar, it might have been a real protection.

After supper the phone rang. Harwell leaped to the instrument. He heard Corlies' voice, distant and gasping, just vaguely recognizable. "Bob—get out of the Ajax Tower. Tell the others. Hecce, at once!"

After that there was just silence though Harwell shouted, "Carl!" into the phone repeatedly.

CHAPTER V

Schenker

NEVER before had he so turned the fact that the viaphone—fitted with television so that the two conversing parties could see each other's faces—had never become widely popular. People in general preferred more privacy.

But a viaphone would have helped him to know where Corlies was and whether he had been captured, wounded or what. It would have let him know why his friend had gasped, why there had been something strange otherwise about his voice, almost as if he had choked.

Yes, though at antipodes from each other in meaning, a laugh of humor and a titter of hysteria could sound almost the same. Though it was hard to imagine a tough nugger like Carl Corlies giving way to hysteria. But it things got really bad it could happen to anyone.

Cold sweat broke out on Harwell's body. "It was Carl, warning everybody out of the Tower," he said to his wife

and son. "But he was cut off and there was something wrong."

In a moment, the robot-voice of information, pleasant as that of the young woman from whom it was recorded, told Harwell in effect that any search for his friend would be hopeless.

"Your call came by radio contact from an isolated and probably mobile station—perhaps an auto or aircraft—a hundred miles north of the city. Contact has since been lost. Also outgoing calls have now been barred for security. Sorry."

Harwell couldn't leave his family now to go on any futile wild-goose chase. So maybe it was, "So long, Carl," for good. It was tough to say good-bye to somebody who might have been your pal for the next ten thousand years, or more.

Joy seemed to be fighting tears. But he said, "There's still Schaeffer, Dad. Maybe he's okay. Go see him. Find out where he stands. Maybe he can help. Anyway, we'll know better afterward, what to do. His lab is very near."

"Go see Schaeffer?" Harwell questioned mildly. "That would take the influence of a potentate. You'd have to apply for an interview months in advance."

Joy's face reddened as if at a blunder. But Clara came to his rescue. "Who says that we—you—all of us—haven't got influence, Bob?" she demanded. "Doesn't almost everybody know the Harwells—and where they are supposed to be going tomorrow?"

The ray of light was probably false. But certainly Bob wanted to see Schaeffer. What was beginning now was war—not between nations with sharply defined territorial boundaries but something more elusive and secret and treacherous, hidden within the fabric of society in these times.

And so he felt, Superman, devil or saint—or some kind of all four—Schaeffer was still the key man of this epoch. So, to know him better was perhaps the same as knowing how to deal with the epoch better—even though hope remained tainted with anger, sus-

picion and questioning.

Carlton's warning made the danger lurking in each passing moment more sharp. But when Harwell weighed risk against possible profit he found the latter worth the delay.

"All right," he said. "And, just in case—see if you can find out whether the liner *Arctostis* will still blast off for Mars at three A.M."

He got out of the apartment and dropped rapidly by elevator. Yes, Schaeffer was near as far as distance went. Just a few hundred feet, straight down, beneath the Ajax Tower. But to ordinary conceptions this might have been a few hundred trillion miles as far as attainability went.

For this underground retreat was a gigantic fortress, encased in steel and lead and concrete, not to mention a web of guardmen and detecting devices and a screen of human wardens. It was all so complex and perfect that Harwell wondered if Schaeffer himself was even half aware of how well he was shut away from all intrusion.

Very soon Harwell faced a uniformed policeman. Directness was the only means of entry that had occurred to him. So he said simply, "I'm Bob Harwell of the Histronics Section. I want to talk with Dr. Schaeffer—now. It's important."

The policeman spoke in low tones over an intercom system with a person or persons unknown. It took no more than a minute.

After that the way was far easier than Harwell could ever have imagined—so much so that it was confusing. His first impulse was to be elated, thinking that this showed that his visit was welcome—that Schaeffer was a right guy and that they would work together on the same great problem.

But, on the other hand, so deep was the unknown ahead and so unnaturally easy did entry seem that sometimes he felt like bolting, fearing a trap or capture for some inoperable purpose. He was told respectfully to wait. In five minutes he was led through massive doors.

BEING admitted here was like seeing the wheels, the machinery, of modern civilization, always hidden from sight before—as are the works of some beautiful porcelain clock. Vast generators hummed, lights flashed on and off in transcendent banks of calculating devices that could think billions of times faster than any living brain.

Here you had the feeling that the whole universe was being taken apart, down to the minutest fundamental beyond the moon and electron, and studied until there was nothing left to know. Of course this impression was to some extent illusion.

But Harwell was still lost among conflicting possibilities about what Schaeffer was. Did he live in too sheltered a way to understand the true impact of the things he had created? It hardly fitted the reasonable conception of a great scientist but he might even be a twisted morbid, whose goal was strictly selfish and destructive.

There was a moment too when, briefly, Bob Harwell saw the machines around him—ruled by Schaeffer and almost a projection of his personality—in a different light. They seemed to glorify Schaeffer beyond the human. And for that moment of ungraven speculation they looked like grandiose propitiatory lined meant to create an impression—like the gaudy medals on the chest of some weak-chinned heir to a nineteenth century throne.

Another guard appeared and said, "This way, Mr. Harwell." They went down a corridor. "Right here, Mr. Harwell," the guard told Bob. "Stand still, please. Okay—now turn around slowly."

Bob Harwell saw the white screen of the instrument. Fluorocopy—for possible weapons.

"So far, so good," said the guard. "I see that you paych all right too—more or less. But we'll be watching—through the walls. If you turn buggy we can stop you before you do anything. Go ahead. That door, it's open. Good luck!"

The door was like any door. Bob tapped, then pushed it aside. It had al-

ready been partly ajar.

The room was medium-sized, well-lighted and full of books. There was a work-table. In one corner was a cot—still not made up. A crumpled sports shirt lay across it. The lack of affection here was so complete that to many it might have been crude and offensive.

Dr. George Schaeffer got up from the table and said, "Hello, Harwell." Bob had glimpsed this legendary person in the flesh only a few times in his life, though on Earth they lived within a thousand feet of each other. But of course Schaeffer's identity was obvious. He was just his many published photographs come alive—plus an easy grin.

It seemed as simple as that. Bob Harwell was at first immeasurably thankful. But simplicity is sometimes complex beyond fathoming. And the first part of this complexity, as far as Bob was concerned, was his simple consternation that Schaeffer could be like this. He had expected something far different.

"You know me?" Harwell asked.

It was strange but Schaeffer's large mellow eyes looked almost hurt. "Doesn't just about everybody?" the mild voice inquired with some hint of defense.

"I suppose so," Bob answered. Beyond all expectation he felt slightly foolish, as if his question were one with an obvious answer.

"Contrary to report I do enjoy the newspaper when I can find a little time—mostly for information," Schaeffer said. "The Harwell adventures included. So please sit down and get the important matters you want to talk to me about off your chest.

"We have a kinship, being both fellow employees of the great Ajax Company—though, I think, also being both nurtured somewhat beyond that border in our own right and without any subservience." Here, Schaeffer laughed softly. "Since you are what you are, Harwell," he continued, "I'm very glad that you came. So—shoot!"

Again Bob was prompted toward complete directness as the only possible

approach, though before Schaeffer's disavowal he felt naive, forced into a disadvantage, perhaps even in danger—if, for instance, he said the wrong things.

"You must know why I'm here," he growled. "To find out if our mutual kinship of being part of the senpsych industry gives you, at this time of outbreak, the same feeling of responsibility and desire to make amends that it does me. If this is so—and if, as you should be, you are wiser than I—I want to offer my help and accept your directions.

"I know that the senpsych has value—in medicine, in schools. What to do about its harmful side and about all that has happened to date is what escapes me. I'm thinking here, mostly of the immediate present—though the future must be considered, too. Things are hard to grasp.

"The whole picture of the world today is obscured by human conflicts and easiness, talk of dead-ends, even rumors of robots taking over. I don't even know what team you're picking for. If you are—forgive me—in some way stupid or willfully guilty of anything, I want to know it, so that I can decide for myself what to do."

Schaeffer's mobile features, framed by his scrappy locks, seemed to rattle through a swift spectrum of emotions of many shades—harassment, humor, anger, contrition—even humility. But always his gaze remained fixed on Harwell as if studying him intently.

IN the end his face crystallized into an expression of eagerness, as for abstract argument. But that could be acting, just as his outward aspect at other times might be.

"Now we're deep in philosophy, Harwell," he said. "Thanks for being frank. But how am I going to tell you what sort of a person I am, since probably there is no person who knows himself completely? As for your other confusions, perhaps I am as much troubled by the elusiveness of things as you are.

"As for the present rather deadly

situation, do you suppose that I have all of its hidden details so well in hand, possess so much power that I have merely to pull strings—as if the world were my puppet?

"As for the senpsych—or more properly the dead-end produced by a science advanced enough to provide an abundance of material things, security and pleasure without effort—and the future of the human race, they are dependent upon what qualities are to be considered good or bad in man.

"Our ancestors were proud fighters, Harwell. Their descendants remain the same, though they sometimes seem to have nothing left to battle except their proud viewpoint, which makes them unhappy. Science could end this unhappiness simply by cutting this honored and primitive pride out of man, so that he could accept his peace and dreams for all of his remaining future. It can even be argued that this is a good solution. So where are we except more confused?

"Or, beyond the blank wall of an apparently worked-out usefulness so many people feel it could be claimed that there is greater good in human extinction and the glitter of harder machines. You see, Harwell, I neither cheer nor fear your tribe robot-run.

"There is also the solution of a reversion to a more primitive state of culture at the price of much bloodshed—as seems to be the situation in point now.

"But for me personally and for certain others, probably including yourself, there is no problem of dead-ends. I can't conceive of my being bored or purposeless or disinterested for the next thousand years at least. There's a drive in certain people, an eagerness, a difference in mental metabolism. We're lucky, Harwell."

Schaeffer stopped talking.

Harwell liked some of what he had heard. It was what he did not hear that worried him. "Aren't you going to say any more?" he demanded at last.

Schaeffer shook his head, his lips a thin, smiling line. "Not what you want me to say," he answered. "Why should I advise you when I could be mistaken?

"When you've already hinted that you might mistrust me? When I might mistrust you in the same way? I know what was found on the moons of Jupiter and it is no great trick to guess what idea is in your mind. But do precisely what you want to, Harwell."

Schaeffer's gaze grew dreamy, far away, even a little annoyed. Bob Harwell felt the cold breeze of a swift brushoff. It was as if the scientist had wrung him dry of whatever about him he had wanted to learn and now wanted to be rid of him.

"Look," Harwell urged. "People will be dying—millions of them. Maybe you could help avenge a compromise with Markate."

Schaeffer shook his head without visible emotion. "Maybe I could," he said. "Maybe I see that as futile. Maybe the difficulty is between the people and something in themselves, of which Markate is almost a symbol. Yes, people who are not used to the thought of dying—ever."

"So we are both aware of this obsolete phase of biology, Harwell. But we are not gods—we only try to be. And chaos is already in motion. Speaking of biology, when you came here I was deep in a problem of that category in some respects. I consider it important. It has kept me busy for months. I wish to return to it, Harwell. So may I say goodbye and good luck?"

Bob Harwell left the great underground fortress feeling fury and bitterness toward Schaeffer, feeling defeated and more than ever up against a blank wall. What he had learned of the scientist had only deepened the mysteries behind him. And having seen him and heard him talk only made the dark complexity of the world more immense.

But Bob found some definite strength in defeat. Because he had to cling to something, a certain hope he had about Jupiter, moved into clearer focus. "Okay—we'll work alone!" he said to his wife and boy, when he got back to (Turn page)

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the apartment. "Try to do what we can without worrying about the rest. I'll tell you about my idea presently. Is the Artemis starting off on schedule?"

"Maybe a little late," Clara answered.

In the wee hours of the morning the Harwells were down in the street level of the Apex Tower with their mountains of luggage and equipment to await transportation by space-line bus to the port. They had come this far without harm. Their wait should be brief but now everything was uncertain. Private traffic had been stopped within the city by the police for it was hoped that thus enemy movements could be checked.

SOME of the many people who lived in the Tower were slipping away on foot into the fog, carrying light hand-luggage. Joey had been spreading Coetles' warnings. Their faces looked bewildered. They didn't know where to go.

The many more who as far stayed behind were just as fuddled. They crowded the lobby. They smoked and fidgeted. One little actress kept telling everybody brightly, "We're fairly safe here with all this concrete and steel over our heads. And I'd bet nothing will happen anyway."

Harwell found himself admiring her. She was both heroine and fool. He wanted to urge these people out into the night—but then he did not know that they wouldn't be in greater danger there. They were like helpless sheep, huddled together. He felt it too—though he remained cool—too cool, perhaps, for his or his family's good.

The treachery of inertia was on him, fogging him down. He knew this but he couldn't seem to get rid of it. He knew how it was with the people around him—preempted by fear to strike out from home, away from all familiar comfort but held back by the fear of newness, and the possibility that nothing would happen.

The surroundings were bleak as public places are apt to be at night. Across the lobby a door was partly ajar. Behind a desk a man was asleep in a chair

—with a snorpspsych band around his head—dreaming. He had found escape. He looked half young, half old and really quite hideous. His outer skin, as wrinkled as that of a witch, was coming off in patches like a chrysalis. It meant a century sloughed away.

The skin beneath was as fresh as a baby's. He had been to a Vita Center. In the books the infirmities of the years had been asked out of his flesh. There was a smug smile on his face as he slept through a pretty snorpspsych dream. His shriveled gums, that presently would have sprouted teeth again—if it weren't for the nervous of another doom—seemed to chew on something.

Harwell turned away. So he knew that the snorpspsych broadcasts still went on. Schaeffer could probably have had them stopped. To the Mother's bench it might mean willingness to negotiate. It might have halted a juggernaut.

But Harwell thought more pointedly of Coetles' last warning words to him. "Beware of sleep—" The smoky mouth in the east, to which the newsblackout allowed no public explanation for minds that might be stricken with greater panic, already showed the promise of daylight.

Harwell decided to be cheerful. He turned to his wife and boy, who stood beside him. "Well," he said, "we'd soon be blasting off in the Artemis. The stars welcoming us back to space. Out to Main, Mars, Then on to Ganymede on our own ship. Then Jupiter. It'll be good to be moving again."

Both Clara and Joey brightened. Joey said, "Dad—you didn't tell us yet what your new idea is—going to Jupiter means something special now, doesn't it?"

"It does, Joe," Harwell answered. "Something that encompasses my most fervent hope and doubt. The ancient Martians, who certainly weren't human physically, had steam-machines fifty million years ago that were almost like the Earthly variety of a couple of centuries back.

"They had radio, television, fluorescent lights. And they destroyed them—

atives with atomic weapons. They didn't get as far as the semipinch. But what I'm trying to say is that certain basic inventions are inevitable—wherever brains think and invent. Parallel reasoning and universal physical principle make this so.

"Even on Earth the bow and arrow were probably invented separately in dozens of different places. And you saw the little gadgets that were sent to us from Ganymede. The path of progress is always much the same.

"What I'm hoping is that somewhere there's a race that has advanced far enough beyond us to have broken clear of this dead-end period, to have found something bigger. Maybe we can bring the secret of it back to Earth with us."

Clara's brows creased. Joey's eyes widened with awe. Neither said anything. The words he had spoken sounded a little crazy to Harwell himself. Yet he figured there was good logic in them.

Harwell's spirits rose high for a moment. He even thought of his parents and wished that there were a little time to stop over on Mars and see them.

The sky in the east was brightening fast. Still the space-line bus hadn't come. Sunup was very near.

CHAPTER VI

Neighborhood Cleanup

ANSON NORD'S panic increased with the gradual loss of verbal-miffitude from the Mercurian adventure. The interior of the Dark Side Station's mess hall around him began to shimmer like a mirage. The faint redness behind the visual impressions increased.

His wife's face—etched from his mind for Clara Harwell to wear as a mask—became just a blank oval. The rich dream-foed in his mouth lost both substance and taste. The tightness in his lungs became suffocating.

The idea that this was retribution

for weakness began to spin in his head. So now both reasoned will and the ancient instinct of self-preservation began to fight the web of sensory illusion that had been artificially induced in his brain. Nord struggled toward reality.

Emergence from a sleep that was a little like hibernation, was slow. It was also more and more unpleasant. Even when he at last managed to open his eyes two existences, one real and one borrowed, seemed to hang one behind the other like transparent veils.

From one there still came a thin reminder of Joey Harwell's voice, saying, "There used to be jungles here on this frozen, night-side hemisphere, Pop. When Mercury still rotated on its axis and there were dense clouds to cut down the blaring sunshine."

It sounded flat now and like what it was intended to be—the lecturing of a guide to a horde of semipinch tourists.

From that other existence—the hardly true one—came muffled shouts and screams, the shaking scoldings of smoke, black shifting shadows, the redness of flames.

When he got the picture of truth as clearly as that Anson Nord broke away from the semipinch sequence as from a spiderweb taken.

He stumbled stiffly from the couch to his feet, jerked the needles and tubes of the intravenous feeding apparatus from his arms. He was ready to try to run—but an old protective urge, more ancient than the flesh of man, drove him in another direction, away from flight. Sluggishly, for his metabolism had not yet risen to its normal level after the sleep, he reached over to the other couch, freed his wife from the tubes and needles and then shook her.

"Marge!" he said thickly. "Hey—Marge!"

It took maybe two minutes to bring her to a semblance of consciousness.

"An—what in the world? Dayn you—" she mumbled.

At first she sounded more or less like herself when she was mildly annoyed. But her reaction changed to a thin intake of breath as she began to be awa-

of something amiss around her.

She staggered erect and her arms went around Nord, half as if to seek shelter half to give it. "Darling!" she gasped. "Do be careful!" Nord was dazed himself but his impression of her was sharp against the background of confused circumstances. He had never known Margaret's voice to be quite so tender. It sounded like the voice of a mother, responding to the outcry of her child at midnight.

But this state of mind in her was fleeting. Her face seemed to hang before him and by the red flicker on it he saw the fuddled softness go out of her eyes, saw understanding coming into them. For an instant she looked about as she usually did. Then comprehension of gain facts for which she was not at all prepared became far too clear for her. They seemed to touch her mind like a red-hot iron.

Something in her shriveled or broke like brittle glass. In the light of the flames her features were so contorted with terror that she was like a person Nord did not know at all. She became an animal thing with no resemblance to the smooth glossy creature that was his wife.

It was as though her brain was stunned by realities to which she was so unaccustomed, as though there was nothing left active in her but the quivering reflexes of scared nerves.

At first she clung to him furiously. But then, in reaction, she thrust him off just as furiously. As she broke away from him her sharp fingernails ripped long ragged scratches in one of his cheeks.

"Margaret!" he yelled. But then a greater immediacy gripped him. On the floor a rug was still smoldering. And the flames had crept into the contents of a bookrack. He leaped at the fire, stamping and kicking at it. The blaze was not large and the construction of the house, of course, was fireproof. Under Anson Nord's wild attack the flames were soon killed.

Singed and spent Nord looked around, trying still to grasp meanings. By the

flickering light from the street he saw that a window had been smashed. The secondary must have thrown his torch into the house by that route.

"Get hold of yourself, Marge," Nord gasped. "Stick close to me."

She was a little less wild now. He heard the thin wheeze of her breathing near his shoulder. Untempered by ruggedness or danger before this, she was a flat failure now.

"An," she quavered. "Is this our home—our neighborhood?"

He found her hand and squeezed it with trembling fingers.

THERE were shrieks outside. Bunches welled as some creature, probably human, tore through them and ran on, his footsteps pounding. Nord's mouth was dry and there was a raw ache around his heart and in his throat. He pulled his wife toward the window that had been shattered and peered out.

The scene had gone primitive—savagery—out of all harmony with this age as it had been. Down the street a small warehouse was burning. Frightened shapes ran. There was a blue-white flash like lightning a mile or more away in the darkness—then a rolling concussion.

Someone was using a Milsen Touch pistol. The flare of the blast, reflected from the cloudy sky, revealed something sprawled in the road like a bundle of rags. Gentle controlling rain was washing away the pool of blood beside it. Margaret screamed.

A shadow loomed outside the window, where the downpour went. It separated into two shapes. "Nord—are you there?" a voice croaked. It was Matten Harms' voice—he of the satanic contraband visions.

"Yes," Nord replied warily. "What are you prowling for? Who's with you?" Smoke gave Nord a fit of coughing.

Nord's suspicion aroused in Harms a blaze of fury. "You damned fool!" he snapped. "I'm not prowling! I saw the blaze inside your house and thought I'd try to help you. They fixed me almost an hour ago—broke into my house,

smashed everything, beat me up, killed my wife . . ." Harms' speech was half smart, half sob. His words fairly drilled into Nord's entrails, making him want to vomit.

"They? Who?" Nord snapped quaveringly. "What good does it do you, Harms, to say I'm sorry?"

"Who?" Harms echoed. "Why, you insensile—you're still asleep! What were we talking about not so long ago? What was that crazy Ellwyn Carpenter talking about? He must be one of them—now. Men—that's who. Guys with black scarves tied around their faces. Youngsters mostly. A few have the name *Moths* on their sleeves.

"You know their theory, don't you, Nord?" Harms' tone dripped bitter sarcasm. "'Arise! Lose the weakness of this doomed era in your own defense! Become strong again, in the presence of danger! Save the destiny of the race!' Yeah!

"One of those hitherto repressed sodas, which secret organizations are bound to attract, even lured me on the idea. Because I didn't crawl too much he said I wasn't hopeless—that I was fit to live!"

Only minutes before Nord had been torn from a dream by panic. Now he yearned to believe that dream the reality, this reality only a nightmare. He asked to drift back, to see again the soft sunset of Mercury. It was like wanting to crawl into a hole and hide.

But the fury in him was more choking than the smoke that filled his house. He moved to the street-door and unlocked it. Compassion filled him—there had never before in his life been a reason for it to be so strong.

"Come inside, Harms," he said. "Bring whoever is with you."

"It's Mrs. Kovin," Harms answered before Nord could see her clearly in the uncertain shadows. "She's gone bleary-eyed nuts. It's too much of a change for her—operations to this. I found her wandering in the road. She doesn't know where her husband is, Nord—what are we gonna do? Why don't the pollen-robota come?"

"How would I know?" Nord countered dully. Then some recent thinking of his came back to his mind and unworily he expressed it aloud.

"What has happened serves us right though. We all saw what was coming. We couldn't think of anything to do about it. We were too feeble. This is supposed to be the antidote. Maybe some of these *Moths* guys believe that they're martyrs—doing something big and good."

Then he knew that it was a mistake to talk like this. As he helped Harms guide the dazed Mrs. Kovin to a chair he heard his wife's ragged gasp. Margaret had been quiet for a minute as if stunned. Now hysterical laughter broke from her. Between the wild tutters she managed to sandwich words.

Her personality came apart at the seams completely. She had recovered a little from her first awful terror but what remained of it still made her not the bored gentle brittle Marge that Nord knew—but a shrieking unreasonable harrier who sought a scapegoat on which to blame her misfortune.

"Ah!" She tuttered. "You defend the creatures that are doing this to us! I always had a suspicion that there was something chaffy and empty and stupid about you! My own husband!"

"No, Marge—I'm not defending them," Nord denied, trying to sound gentle.

"You are!" she yelled, coughing. "You've always complained in your roundabout way that we are feeble in mind and body! Now you think that you have a right to be strong, saying, without words, 'I told you so.'"

"And in this terrible moment that is being a beast too—like them, wherever they are. Look what they've done to our nice house! And we may be killed—do you realize that, Anson Nord?"

Nord tried to hold himself in—to be reasonable. Treat Margaret like a peevish child that must be soothed. He grasped her shoulders and shook her gently. "Please, honey," he urged, "take it easy, will you? We've got enough trouble."

But her courage was not equal to it. She hit him. And the raw anger welled up in him beyond control. "Shut up!" he snapped. He squeezed her arms, hard. She struck him again.

OUT of the sounds of that mad night the purr of a big automobile, stopping in front of the house, was almost meaningless. But the horn of the car sounded once—a lifting eagle call, which Margaret Jones Nord recognized.

"Daddy," she cried. She was like a toddler calling for success—from all the life of her toppled universe. She broke away from her husband, ran to unlatch the door for Charles Jones, her father. He burst into the smoky house. Almost certainly he had heard some of the altercation between his daughter and his son-in-law.

Charles Jones was a big man and young again by the Vita processes. Margaret threw herself into his arms. "It's terrible here, Daddy!" she shrielled. "And An has turned horrid, too! Get me out of here. Oh, get me out of here!"

Nord stood like a wooden image there in the faint shadows—no one had dared turn on a light for fear of drawing murderous attention. He stood there, not knowing what to say or do. Margaret had been the center of his otherwise not-too-satisfying life. But now she was different. Everything was different and he was lost.

She wasn't equal to what had happened. Nor, in his own way, was he. Even the cowmen, hardened to danger, must have run in terror from the calamities of their time—the forest fires, volcanoes, floods, attacking beasts and warring neighbors. But in this modern era there were few who had any experience with fury to soften the shock.

Yet the primal mood was infectious in other ways. Charlie Jones had been a peaceable sort but for a moment it seemed that he would start throwing hats at Anson Nord, in the end his lips only curled, as with some ingrained contempt of man for man in this age, and a willingness to believe suggestions of worthlessness.

"Keep away, Nord," he growled. "I've heard enough! I've come to take Margaret to my country place—to safety. The other lady may come too if she likes. You stand aside!"

Nord followed them dully as far as the door. Once Marje looked back, a flicker of startlement and tenderness showing through the fear in her eyes. But now another voice spoke—from the radio in the car. It seemed that the blackout of the newsmast was ended.

"Order! Order!" the voice commanded. "The robot police will reach regain control. There will be no danger. Go back to the sanepsycho. It's the best way to relax. It's soothing." No one present knew that the person speaking was Dr. George Schaeffer.

Margaret seemed to leap at the words as toward an island of comfort and reassurance. She held a childlike will to believe the best even when it meant blinding herself to facts.

"See—An!" she shrielled back at him. "You're such a fool! Why didn't you tell me that everything is going to be all right? Now I've got to go. I could never dream again—here."

Out of the night two children ran. The little girl had blood on her cheek. Both were crying. Then Anson Nord witnessed what might have seemed a minor miracle. In the fire-glow Margaret looked more scared than ever. But her hand went out—to touch a small shoulder awkwardly.

"Dad," she stammered, her tone soft and confused. "They're lost. We've got to take them with us. We could have word for their parents about where they are. Mrs. Kovin, help me with these!"

Marje was actually pleading. Something special and warm had been forced out in her by contrasting violence. Something that had never had a chance even to be aware of its own existence, much less to express itself during all the Utopian years.

Nord was somehow grateful. He didn't try to stop his wife from leaving. It was hopeless. And even had he succeeded it would have been cruel. She would perhaps be safer with her father.

Daily he watched the big car splash off through the rain—in a setting of movement and sound and shadow that, from being idyllic but a few hours before, had changed to a scene ripped from a tribal war of half a million years ago, even from some lunar corner of Hades.

The big car departed. It was propelled by shielded atomic power. And attached to its steering apparatus was a special radar-guide which could keep it on any road and could halt or divert it from any collision that could happen. It too had the mark of a very recent yesterday. It was wonderful and safe—yet somehow a little contemptible.

"Now your woman is gone too," Harms grumbled sympathetically from beside Nord. "In addition to everything else, friend, you've just another poor neighborhood champ, deserted by his selfish wife."

CHAPTER VII

First Test

NORD heard these words without feeling the slightest desire to strike the bleeding swollen great-stricken face at his shoulder. Though he still loved the memory of Marpe, rather surprisingly, he found himself admiring Harms of the close-set eyes. He had a certain cynical yet simple kind of nerve, a sour warmth, no very obvious self-pity. Even now there was humor somewhere in him.

"Don't talk if you don't want to," Harms added. "Ma—I'm going back to my place. Maybe I'll do what the man said—though he's probably nuts. Relax via sensipych. Does that sound like me?"

He was gone then like a shadow and Nord was not sorry. Except for one compelling attraction his own empty torn-up house was about as exciting as a grave. It was only that the sensipych was there. Escape. Mightily he wished to retreat—to the mists of polar Mars,

perhaps, to the red deserts and the weird, hardy plant life growing in the dry cold thinness. Thrilling, beautiful, wild—full of ages of history and romance. But in sensipych form as harmless as reading a book.

He fought the morbid urge, which in spite of everything he knew was morbid. For his weakness and confusion before danger had now been fairly thrown into the face of his pride.

Moving against fear he stumbled away through the pain toward the shopping center of the suburb. He passed another sprawling corpse, its flesh giving off a burnt smell. He did not look to see what neighbor had lost eternally.

Ahead he saw movement flamed against fire. A capsule-shaped thing erect on caterpillar tracks—a police robot, which must have come cross-country—a thing meant to protect him. Men far away in safe stations would be seeing through its television eyes and guiding its movements.

It was pursuing two youths, who wore no dramatic black scarves over their faces. No doubt they were devotees of the corrective powers of violence. Nord shut his eyes to a terrific blast of light. The crash of sound followed. When Nord looked again the boys who had sought to help remake civilization, were only two pairs of legs, writhing in a rain-puddle.

Nord subdued the urge to run in the opposite direction. People rushed past him, whimpering, crying. He could see and feel in his own viscera how most of them felt even about a preventive apparatus like a police robot. It still had harsh walkish lines and movements.

That in itself was enough to produce revulsion in their softened souls, unused to things that did not wear pretty masks. They were running away—running back to the sensipych. He could see it in their faces. Better, it seemed to them, to let death grip up on them unaware while they dreamed—than meet the blunt horror with eyes open.

During these moments, Anson Nord, who had been mild and tolerant, hated them just as he hated the thoughts and

feelings that were in himself. Scare those people out of their weakness—away from the newspaper! It seemed to him then that the whole crazy theory was working in reverse. He wondered bitterly if such people were worth saving as the hordes of them retreated past him. But there were a few who were not scared speechless. Once he overheard a fleeting fragment of conversation. It's the newness and shock, Frank. We'll adjust. As in old-time war. Folks are always a little like this—at first. We're not mice."

Nord felt slightly better. He thought of his neighbor, Dave Clinton, who must be of better mettle. Then a pretty girl, a teen-ager, whom he remembered seeing around town, shouted at Nord as she passed.

"You're going the wrong way, Mister! Unless you want to get caught by the fanatics. It was up on Norman's Hill that most of them landed, I think."

She was swept on with the crowd. But in her too he sensed the signs of a tougher crowd.

Norman's Hill—Nord looked up at its wooded bulk, black against the sky, which had begun to reveal signs of dawn. Nearing the shopping district he turned into a side street that climbed toward the hill. He didn't know quite why except that he was fighting his fears, was drawn by curiosity, did not have any special place to go.

He knew the trail up the hill well. He began to follow it, wondering how unwary he was being, whether he was about to die. But self-hatred kept driving him. He picked up an oak branch to use, perhaps, as a club. Near the hill-top he thought he heard footsteps in dry leaves, so he diverted his course along a circuitous path.

What he saw at last, as he peered from behind bushes, was a small ship, unstable either for atmospheric or space flight. It sat there on rough rocks. Good sense was just telling him that it could not be as deserted as it seemed—that it would not have been left unguarded—when someone growled behind him.

Like a machine whose controls are pressed, he obeyed—to face two masked youths and two Madas Touch pistols. Considering the nature of the Madas theory he did not expect anything so mild as capture. So he experienced that ultimate helplessness, with dark eternity yawning instead of centuries of mellow living.

BUT at one point the picture was wrong. These young men, though they were in rebellion against a gentle era, were still part of it. They were afraid of death and afraid of inflicting it. Violence was as new to them as to Nord.

Perhaps that they had been left behind to guard the ship, while their companions had gone forth to terrorize the town, was evidence that they were the most chicken-hearted. So their hands, holding the pistols, trembled. Their flesh—not their weapons—was weak.

Nord saw and, goaded by panic and by an instinct as old as life, his muscles reacted. With all his might he hurled his club straight at these two. They wavered, ducked. Nord's heavy body crashed into them a split second after the club.

Now he used his wildly flailing arms and his feet. He kicked the youths in their stomachs and faces, his nerves taking revenge for their desire to destroy him, stopping at last in shame, just short of killing, many seconds after they were unconscious.

Tears came into his eyes as he looked at their bloodied features, from which the black scarves had fallen. They might easily be idealists, conceiving themselves to be selfless crusaders if appearances meant anything, even as there were sadists.

They wanted a better world and were at least trying for it though their method might be very wrong. Nord understood the train of thought behind their revolt because he had experienced much of it himself. He hoped that in knocking these boys senseless he had prevented them from resisting when the robot police came, had thus saved their lives.

A twig snapped behind him, and he wheeled again to do battle. It had stopped raining. In the brightening dawn he saw another young man, so much of the same type as his recent adversaries that he hardly recognized him at first. Nord was puffing from exertion but his shoulders hunched and his fists balled automatically.

"No!" the kid pleaded. "Not me. I'm your neighbor, Ellwyn Carpenter, Mr. Nord. I'm unarmed. I didn't have any part in what has happened. I just came up here, like you, to see what's going on."

Nord relaxed a little though it seemed easily possible that Carpenter was lying. Judging from what he had said only yesterday, if he wasn't actually a member of the violence group, he was one of them morally.

"That's better, Mr. Nord," Ellwyn Carpenter said, grinning feebly. "Thanks. You looked like a wild bull. Good. Down there in town—and I suppose in other places too—a few people aren't daring back to the semiprimitive sheep. They are showing that they've got latent courage."

"Sure," Nord growled. He could see that Carpenter was hurrying to relieve his taut nerves in a talking jag, so he encouraged him, hoping to learn something.

"I used to wish it were possible for Earth to be invaded by monsters from another world—like in some of the old yarns," Carpenter continued. "It would unite people, strengthen them, give them the objective of survival to hope and struggle for. It couldn't happen—but maybe now something just as good has been brought about artificially."

"Men are still primitive and blood-thirsty inside—as shows from the fact that so many of them still go for detective and murder sequences, even via semiprimitive. And witness how it was two hundred years back—with everybody shouting for peace and against war. That was fine—then—because peace was an ideal to fight for, not a stuporous stagnation."

Something of half-truth in what Car-

penter said—something incomplete and stupid without the other half of modernization—irritated Anson Nord. "Shut up!" he snapped.

THE youth gulped under the sharp rebuke. His cheeks paled in the dawn-light and his eyes grew big with too-quick fear. But as the seconds passed and Nord did not strike him he regained confidence. Parting and out of breath he began to talk again.

"You see, Nord," he said, "You enjoy hating my ideas—and me. It proves my point. You're a savage deep down, Nord. We're all savages. I've been a medical student—I should know."

"And do you want me to point out a paradox—that I'll bet you saw evidence of, during the last half-hour? That emotions that have always been considered the best in man, find their best expression in the presence of hate and violence?"

What Anson Nord saw now in Carpenter's talk was a young intention on philosophical ideas for the sake of the idea alone. It seemed a callow approach to him. It irritated his frayed nerves. It made him laugh.

"Look here, Ellwyn," he said. "I'm not disagreeing with you—in fact, in many ways I do agree—while still not buying any of the Hitler-like theories of the importance of hate and what goes with it."

"What I find myself trying to get at right now, is a quick picture of what is happening in the world—with the practical objective of doing something beneficial in mind instead of wasting time on chatter."

"I'll bite on bait like that, Nord," Carpenter answered quickly. "What happened in our suburb tonight happened just about everywhere—a great coordinated undertaking or revolt by a faction, organized and operating like any underground faction of centuries ago."

"Mafia, they call themselves. It could be a man or a meaning or just a code name. In theory they're not supposed to win anything for themselves.

And they're hopelessly outnumbered. They're supposed to be so fed up with the way things have been that they are ready to accept their doom and kill and be killed by being about a change. It could be just that. Or there might be some kind of power-politics hiding behind this idealistic front. Who knows?

"Then there's a bunch of armchair middle-of-the-roaders, without organization or power, who just pass out interesting handbills that sound very reasonable—though they offer no solution to anything.

"But looking over everything else is the organized status-quo of decadence and the senespsychy with the robot police behind it. George Schaeffer seems to be in that camp somewhere—unless he walks completely alone. He has at his command huge thought-machines that could digest statistics, figure trends, maybe even predict the next step of progress—if there is one.

"But does he give any explanation of what's in his mind about that—though that damned senespsychy is mostly his brainchild? He does not. So you can only pick out your sympathies with your heart. And your possible action—hoping that it will be beneficial. "You can't just use your head."

Ellwynn Carpenter was a physical coward but Nord felt a grudging respect for him now. He had a keen intellect. But then Nord felt a cold twinge along his spine as it came to him that they were being as unwary as untutored babes in the woods.

"We can use our heads, Ellwynn," he remarked softly. "By realizing that here we've been standing for several minutes, within a few yards of an air-space-ship that may still be manned by people who know we're here, who can knock us off at any moment if we don't get out of sight."

In awkward haste they stumbled behind some massive rocks. Carpenter licked dry lips. Nord looked down over his shoulder. The mass of trees, with houses peeping through, looked very peaceful. There were only a few rising curls of smoke.

The night that had seemed so terrible to its sheltered inhabitants revealed scant signs of damage at dawn. Nord was thinking that what had passed could have been infinitely worse—that it had been only a foretaste—maybe a warning. With much more to come.

A helicopter was sinking groundward on flickering blades. Probably it was bringing in more police robots. The fanatics must have died or been captured by tons. But a dozen men, properly equipped these days, could still create almost unimaginable havoc.

Something made Nord look eastward toward the city. A silver of glowing orange peeped through the mark at the horizon. So far this was a normal spectacle, as old as the planets.

BUT then it seemed as if the sun rose all at once. And in an instant it became far larger and brighter than any Earthly sun. The tremendous bubble of flame expanded upward silently, the blues and violets in it meaning millions of degrees of heat.

High, high up a cloud formed, white and rolling at its center, lowering farther out, fringed with black at its rim. An usual, tardy sound, even when pushed faster by a great shock-wave, lagged far behind the view.

Armon Nord saw little of it. His heart was in his mouth as he dragged Carpenter prone. They hid their eyes and their faces from speeding radiation.

The boy muffled air between his teeth and screamed till the breath in his lungs was gone. He gasped and screamed again. For minutes this went on. Then the roar of the explosion closed in from the distance and drowned out his voice. Like the grinding and pounding of a million surfs. Now Nord stared at Carpenter, who still mouthed his screams as if in pantomime.

In another minute quiet came back though the cloud lagged on. At last Carpenter was spent from screaming. For awhile he lay inert, like a corpse. Then he began to weep.

"You see, Nord?" he sobbed. "You see how I acted? Yellow, empty! I'm a

living cross-section of what civilization has become, Nord. And what can anybody answer? Let this kind of fury turn the cowardice out of cowardice. Let them live through it if they can. Otherwise, let 'em die! The city was bombed, wasn't it? A hundred miles away."

The boy's terrible frankness made Anson Nord's mouth taste sourer. It was indecent. It had martyrdom in it. It was like raw entrails, spilled. Nord knew that they were partly his own—for partly he agreed.

"Yeah—the city," he said. "Especially the Ajax Tower, where they make the semipitich acts—And the dreams. The Tower is what they'd most want to wipe out, isn't it?"

Nord's thoughts and feelings seemed to scramble in every direction. The many Harwell adventures he had lived, second-hand, until the members of that family seemed his dearest friends. At last report they had been on Earth—probably, living in the Tower if they hadn't yet gone out to Jupiter. Rob, Clara and especially Joey—so often his make-believe son.

Nord's hide seemed to shrink around his feet. He thought of much more than just the Harwells. Of his wife, who had left him. Of his empty useless house. It was futile to go back.

And the small air-and-space ship gleamed there so near to him, brooding, calling him like a phantom memory that had turned real, but he was afraid of it too. So what did that mean? An invitation to make a beginning—to try to conquer his fear.

Nord picked up a rock and hurled it. It bounced, clattered, from the flank of the ship. He waited for a minute. No crewmen rushed from the opened airlock. Maybe then it was deserted.

"Carpenter," he said, "you claim that harsh reality and danger will kill or cure us. So I'm going to fly to the city. Want to come along?"

He could see how the youth forced unwilling assent between his legs: "Yeah—yeah, sure! Let's go, Nord."

Anson Nord ambled forward. He picked up the Madsen Touch pistols that had belonged to the youths he had befriended, who still lay senseless on the ground. He slipped one pistol into Carpenter's uncertain hands, then rushed to the airlock.

CHAPTER VIII

Passenger

IT was soon evident that there was no one in the ship to contest their full possession. They made a quick tour of inspection—engine-room, chart-room, quarters, fuel. Gaunt men glowered around them, maddled to precision and terrific power. Fashioned to reach even the stars symbolically unattainable—the planets across space. Here again was the hidden stulticism side of a civilization that on its visible surface had become as dainty as a painted pastel.

[Tare page]

SECRETS OF THE TIME TO COME!



Out of a past beyond man's memory, the Nazi priests draw from Fenway's mind the secret of a case that holds the key to the future in "The Citadel of Lost Ages," by Leigh Brackett, featured short novel in the gold December issue of our companion science fiction magazine—

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And there was evidence of what the ship's recent crew had been like. There were obsolete physics textbooks. Students were often the fanatics, the dreamers, the idealists, weren't they? So this that was happening in the world seemed to part a student movement. Such movements could be right or wrong or half right and half wrong. But the motive was usually good.

There were also some large, capsule-shaped objects, rough in construction, like homemade things but no doubt as effective as the bomb that Nord and Carpenter had just seen explode. Almost as easy to make nowadays as black powder had been two centuries before. Did one have to look further, to the glass vials full of cloudy liquids that could be sprayed from a speeding ship, spreading deadly plagues?

It was horrible how the whole aspect of life had changed in this last hour. The purpose was good, perhaps—but the means was terribly drastic. Overdrawn—probably beyond the realization of its advocates—in horror. And yet—Nord did not finish the thought.

Carpenter pointed to the word scribbled in red on the cover of a book—*Mathale*. To Nord it seemed the crudest sort of melodramaticism. He felt bitter and confused again. "Come on, fella," he said. He led the way to the ship's controls.

"You can't fly it, Nord," Carpenter told him.

Nord's hands were trembling. But he had the memory of the hundreds of times that his dream-hands, following the sequence of a somnypsych recording of a Harwell adventure, had manipulated just such an array of controls with swift and absolute precision. Maybe the reflexes of such imaginary movements were now stamped in his brain.

"Remember that the somnypsych is also a training-device, Carpenter," Nord growled.

He was a little like his swashbuckling vision of Bob Harwell when he strapped himself in the pilot-seat and began to push buttons. But when the burn came and that soft powerful thrust that he

knew so well in a dream, his insides seemed to curdle. He knew that all this was real, that he could kill himself and the youngster strapped beside him. He had to fight the desire to turn back—like an awkward child who has been taunted into climbing too high a tree.

Carpenter's face was pasty. His lips worked.

Now they were up in the glare of the sun, snaring on stubby wings. The ship screamed like a bullet while the sky darkened with altitude toward spatial blackness. A hundred-mile flight was a matter of a couple of minutes.

Once, in an artificially clarified atmosphere, the city had been white and beautiful with rich green fringes of vegetation. Now its expanse was veiled by a reddish mark of dust and vapors that looked like flames whose color had faded. And there was a great blackened sore with lecherous trails of smoke streaming up from it.

That same sore seemed to extend itself into Anson Nord's own soul and flesh. As if it were really in his stomach it made himretch with sickness. It would have been dreadful in any age—but to one who had had little occasion to see the color of desolation it was more than ghastly.

Nord's stimulated imagination raced on ahead of even the hurtling ship to the marred gardens and all the horror that distance still hid. So he landed the craft in a hemoosed state, by the artificial reflexes built into his mind itself and with little chance to be dangerously afraid of the task.

He brought the ship down close to what was left of the Ajax Tower—a blackened pile, one-third its former height, which looked like a snap-tooth. It was half melted to something like crude glass and it still radiated great heat and doubtless floods of radioactive emanations.

To protect himself from the latter Nord donned a spacesuit. That too was the duplication of a dream-act—done swiftly but, it seemed, with lagging slowness—like a thing accomplished in a nightmare, to save one's self or a

friend from some awful fate.

Impressions were at once dreamily vague and rawly vivid. Nord saw Ellwyn Carpenter's face, pale as paper, its expression congealed, as if in catalepsy. The boy was too horrified even to scream. Thus he was no trouble.

"Stay here," Nord said, his voice sounding thready and far away even to himself inside the metal helmet of his armor. He cleared its face-plate, then worked the ship's airlock valves.

A SECOND later he was out in the hot mark and still-buzzing dust. He remembered how things had been—here. He saw what they were like now. Between the two there was a gap which no imagination could quite have bridged. No advocate of violence could have grasped beforehand what his arguments really meant when crystallized into fact.

This was part of what Aasen Nord knew that he had to live with now. And there was his overpowering wave of compassion—which, it seemed, was, and had to be, the child of disaster. Crazy, wasn't it? Cockeyed! Why was life made so strangely?

He saw evidences of heroism—one blackened corpse lying over another, grasping it with its charred arms as if to shield it. When he saw that Nord loved the human race. It was worth saving.

For a few moments Nord saw no living movement. Then something stirred. It lay under ashes in the same way that, on beaches, people sometimes bury themselves in sand. The crust of ash cracked more, revealing more definitely the armored shape of a man. The legs were crushed. The masonry, lying near, must have fallen on them.

Nord scraped the ash away from the face-plate of the dying man's radiation-armor. Nord heard his voice through his own helmet-radio. "Sure—I belong with Mathols. But I didn't know it would be like this." It was like a plea for forgiveness on the basis of ignorance.

"Do you know what happened to Boh

Harwell and his wife and boy?" Nord heard himself demanding. "You know who I mean. They must have been here."

The man did not answer. He was finished.

But in a few seconds another voice whispered: "I know Harwell, damn him! Just before the bomb blast he and his woman and boy were about to blow for Jupiter. I'd bet they were tipped off by the Mathols bunch—being friends of theirs. Don't know whether they got away or not though. Most of the other actor people were wiped out."

Nord looked around, at first seeing nothing but a figure in a frog costume, part of which was miraculously uncharred, lying beside a wilted flower-bed. But the man was dead.

Then Nord saw another figure, staggering toward him through the mark. He was small and plump and he was lucky enough to be wearing radiation armor—Nord did not then know that he was of the kind that was most likely to look out for his own safety first. His lips drooled with terror.

And now he was whining. "If you belong with Mathols, I surrender. Just get me out of here—anywhere! Anywhere, I say! Harwell wasn't the hero that some people think. Get me out of here!"

The little plump man began to cry. He crumpled to the ground, sobbing. Nord didn't know that he was Barria, Chief of Historians for Apex, and didn't care. He picked the man up gently and lugged him back to the ship. In the airlock compartment, Nord removed the fellow's radiation-tainted armor, and his own, thrust both into the decontamination chest, where neutralizing forces would rid them of radioactivity.

Nord dumped the man onto a bunk and brought him a sleep capsule from the medical stores.

Then Nord made his way to the controls of the ship. Beside them was the calculator-mechanism. He punched buttons to figure out a course. He was even a little angry at the machine because it did what he could not do. But that was

only an envelope of his other emotions. He was thinking that he had no wife, no home, that his world was broken to shards. And a great leap was in his throat now that he knew that the Harwell, whom he had come to rescue, might well be dead.

Maybe this last thought was now the strongest drive in him. Maybe he still meant to follow the trail of possible rescue. Maybe also he wanted to escape from the dreadful oppressing scene around him. But Bob Harwell had been his—here—subconsciously his attitude toward him was a little like a small boy's worship.

Now he had a perfect chance to emulate him. Nord's head wasn't too clear after all that had happened. Besides, he still had that urge to conquer his fear. Circumstances were just right to prompt him to make a wild and perhaps utterly foolish move.

Ellwyn Carpenter came to stare at what he was doing. And grimly Nord said, "This is your idea as much as mine, Ellwyn. To you fear is what separates the softened face of man from what it ought to be.

"If I do a little of the actual space-traveling I've always wanted to do but was afraid to do—and lick the scare in me—it'll be more than a personal victory, won't it? Because it's licking part of the problem of the whole world!"

Carpenter only gasped raggedly as Nord set the robot-pilot according to the data which the calculator had produced.

"It seems that the senapych taught me all I have to know about running a space-ship," Nord went on. "I noticed before that there was plenty of food aboard. And spare filters for the air-purifiers. Atomic fuel, being so compact in proportion to its power content, needs hardly to be considered. We have more than we'll need. We're going out to Jupiter and its moons, Carpenter."

Ellwyn Carpenter didn't protest—maybe because his throat cleared together, making him speechless—maybe he was still driving himself toward the fear-cure of danger too.

Nord hardly thought just then of the man he had picked up. Anyway, where was there to take him if they didn't carry him along? When all Earth was in chaos—with more to come?

"I'll strap down our passenger for the takeoff," Nord said farther. "You do likewise for yourself."

When Nord turned the key which gave the robot-pilot full charge of everything he still had five minutes to strap himself to a bunk.

THE leap into space began with the usual crackling sense of thrust—much harsher in reality than in a toned-down senapych dream. As if by magic the smoldering ruins of the city were gone beyond the window pane. White clouds flashed past. The sky changed to slaty black, dotted with bright points of light and smeared with the chaff-dust of stars too distant to be seen individually.

Cold grubs began to crawl in. Again Nord's brain as realization took its toll. This was an actual takeoff into space, not a feathery fake. Without protection from the vacuum one's blood could really boil away out here. And at a velocity of many miles per second there was no easy turning back. Reversing the shell of a Twentieth Century naval gun in flight would have been simpler.

Moreover, though theoretically this ship was capable of extended journeys in space, still it was not of the kind usually employed for long-range flights. And no one yet had gone farther than Jupiter. Nord began to grasp some dim and awing conception of how immense a distance even a million miles was. And that was nothing. He began to wonder if he had thrown away eternity.

But his panic did not reach full force until the robot-pilot cut off the drive-jets once the necessary velocity had been obtained to make that tremendous leap out to the Jovian system. Then there was a sense of weightlessness, of free-fall. Yes, it felt exactly like falling. And what, to the instincts of man, is more terrifying?

This small ship did not rotate like a

shelf along its longitudinal axis as the great space-floors did, producing in the rooms with their floors toward the outer skin an artificial gravity by centrifugal force.

The feeling of free-fall was many times more intense than that which was ever allowed to intrude into a telepsychic vision. And now, for Nord and Carpenter, it was the beginning of all the terrible confusions to which the uninitiated are heirs in space.

There was that terrible sense of unbridgeable separation from everything familiar. And the pounding nostalgia of remembering friends and former scenes. Flowers, trees and other things that all Earth-life is conditioned to and made for.

Besides, Nord felt the beginnings of simpler physical disorder in his stomach—space vertigo. And he thought it strange—science could give you perfect emaculating shelter. Yet it could give you environments that you were never meant to endure even when you were toughened. This was another crazy paradox.

A moment later, as his life dug deeper into Nord, such heavy thinking was stopped dead in him by growing strain. He knew that in a little while being out here with reality would drive him mad—that he had lost the battle he most wanted to win—against the softness he despised.

With Ellwynn Carpenter, who had been far more intense than he about the worst, it was worse. The boy hadn't said a word since before the takeoff. But now he began to scream again.

Nord's lungs at him was automatic. He had begun rather to like the kid although he was aware of the instability of his emotions, of the possibility of his treachery—he might even be a Nathan's henchman though he denied it.

Nord grasped Carpenter, suffed him, shook him. It all seemed nightmare action—a phantom of the mind that had no substance. And then he began to wish that being out here were untrue like that. In that wish he stumbled on a prompting that could be salvation.

"Listen, fool!" he yelled. "This is all a dream! Try to believe that! Like the telepsychic visions it's phony! Keep telling yourself that's true till you understand. It's the only way now."

Carpenter stopped shrieking, affected some, no doubt, by the cuffs and the shaking from Nord. But then Nord saw the dullness coming into the boy's eyes. The trick was working. Nord felt it working in himself too. A vagueness was taking place of the sharp understanding in his mind that he was here.

Though of course he still knew that he was in space, yet the jagged edge of full realization was lost. It was something old, a device with which the brain of man has often throughout history sheltered itself in times of extreme strain.

It was as natural as the protecting web which forms over a physical wound. It left some of his mind free for soothing memories. His recs—occasional poker games with Dave Clinton and other neighbors—Margaret, as she had been . . .

"We'll be all right, folks," he told Ellwynn Carpenter, trying to be optimistic. "We'll adjust. I've an idea that fundamentally people are just about as rugged as they ever were. As worth while and as worthless . . ."

In another few moments they were doing battle with their passenger, who, in spite of a sleep drug and the awful weariness and shock of the disaster he had been through, had now been startled back to a vague consciousness. His small eyes fairly left their sockets as he began to understand where he was.

"Fleece! Dirty kidnappers!" he screamed. "This is—space! Take me back! Oh, please—take me back! Everybody knows me—Barrie of Ajax!" He shrieked and laughed and sobbed. He gasped for air as children used to do when they had whooping cough—when children's diseases still existed.

Nord and Carpenter didn't know him. They struggled. They strapped him down in such a way that he could not release himself again. Carpenter's unsteady hand was gentle as he used the

hypodermic needle that would once more bring the stranger peace.

Burris cried himself to sleep. In addition to his terror he, who had felt so big on Earth, now felt as insignificant as a creeping rodent. He even began to suspect that he had always been like that. But his age rebelled. He hated everybody. Besides, he was going to die. D-E-E—the word that had been fading from the dictionary.

CHAPTER IX

The Dust Hole

DURING the hours and days that followed things were not as Nord had hoped. Throughout the period of the space sickness, his and Carpenter's minds seemed to become assured blurbs of semi-delirium. But somehow, in reaching vertigo, they often found that ancient sorrow of human souls in distress—humor. They laughed at themselves, at each other, at their plight. Usually, though, the humor was tainted with wildness.

"You look silly, Nord! Green . . ."

"Nuts to you, kid. Where's the mirror? If you saw yourself you'd heave again. But what can you expect at hundreds of miles per second velocity—not that it should make any difference."

"The voyage to nowhere, Nord. Jupiter—the moons of Jupiter—what in hell do we want there? We don't belong there! Your idea, Nord. Damn your ideas!"

"Don't blame me, me, Ellwyne—you started the whole thing. You preached about fear and strength. It's your fault, Ellwyne. The joke's on you."

It was a hunter that sounded crazy and drunken. But how many times in the middle of it did Amos Nord wish that there was a sensipych net aboard with self-contained recordings. They were now out of range of Earthly broadcast centers. How many times did he yearn desperately to crawl into the shel-

tering hole represented by some pretty dream—not of space now certainly! For that was what he most wanted to escape.

Some vision of flowers and trees and summer clouds and placid streams would have served best. Something very Earthly. Even to be Mickey Mouse, eyeing nastily a hugely swollen black toe, stabbed in some whimsical misadventure—a toe which nevertheless did not hurt but only tingled and tickled in a manner that made one want to laugh—would have been fine. But a space-vision? Never!

With such an attitude how easy! It was to understand the defensive reaction of sensipych fans on Earth to the progress of events. Nord and Carpenter, crossing the radio-noon beam to Mars, were able to pick up reports.

Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco and London had been bombed—with all that amounting to little more than a foretaste of a promise of what could happen. If the Madhats bunch, striking from their hiding places, really let go with a general attack which they might do at any moment . . .

How easy then was it to believe the report that countless millions of dreamers had only fallen deeper into the decadent web of the sensipych, seeking to hide the approach of death from their softened souls? At least they could hold onto beauty a little longer—even if they knew that they were striking, killing their heads in sand.

A reproduction of George Schaeffer's voice was broadcast on the newsteam too—following an announcement of his identity.

"I will keep making the same appeal," he said icily. "Go back to the sensipych, everybody. It is best. Let the robot police do their work. The roving bands of vandals are rapidly being destroyed or rounded up. Go back, Bert."

Hearing this Ellwyne Carpenter's forehead across gave way again. He wept. But his tears were of bitter fury. "Damn Schaeffer?" he sobbed. "Traitor to his kind—or fool—or dirty crook, even?"

Nord shared much of this view. But

his bitterness extended farther. It covered all struggling factions, all forces that, with good or bad motives, still were tearing his Earth apart and promising its destruction.

Out here in space, hurtling on a journey that seemed more and more leaf-hardy, more and more only a useless suicide, Anson Nord found that he loved his Earth and his people more than he had believed.

More than ever he wanted his race to have a future that was better than the soft years he had known, one certainly better than the present confusion that could make an end to everything.

Part of the news he fixed. Everywhere small groups of more rugged citizens had been formed to defend their lives and property. Armed with what weapons came to hand they called themselves Minute Men.

And once Nord picked up another voice, coming from another source. It sounded scratchy and mechanical. "This is Mathews speaking," it said. "Minute Men, we salute and honor you. You represent the degree of success we have attained. You are the reform human courage we are sacrificing ourselves to bring back.

"That we are vastly outnumbered by the robot police, that our ranks are being thinned rapidly—that those captured are having their minds changed so that they remember nothing of their former selves—does not matter. We expected doom but perhaps it is worth the effort. Let more dreamers join the Minute Men!

"Do not think that you are safe, worms, because the robot police are winning superficially! It is a peculiarity of the science of this modern age, that even a handful of determined men, equipped with modern weapons—against which there is yet no effective defense—could wipe every trace of life from the face of the Earth!

"And Mathews will have that much strength to the ultimate moment. We could even destroy the Earth itself! Remember that, dreamers! Leave your foolish phantoms, show your strength

and save yourselves. Leave behind the Tarsans and other heroes that you could never be in reality. Face richer fact! For soon you will be given a last chance. That is all."

THE transmission was scratchy and wavering as if taken from the midst of an old battle. Aided by the memory of certain warlike science-fiction adventures Nord did not find it difficult to picture in his imagination the source of this message. Some flame-lit night scene—a radio hookup in constant danger of breakdown under attack or wave-jamming from an enemy source. Though radio-beams were harder to find and jam.

And the voice of Mathews was evidently being beamed to Mars too, in addition to a certainty of its Terrestrial broadcast. A man's head, poised before a microphone. Almost, Nord could imagine the shape of his head. A head—a fanatic, wild and perhaps cruel—Mathews.

Even with his clouded mind Nord could conjure up that much in his fancy. It had to be something like the true picture.

But there had been more to read in that scratchy voice. The harassment of a failing purpose and a grimness—maybe even something mad. What might that lead to in the end? A chill crawled through Nord's blood.

Yet what came over the radio was only a part of the truth that Anson Nord and Elwyn Carpenter experienced. Space-stations and useful outposts hammered at them. The former alerted somewhat but the latter grew worse as their distance from home and all that they were familiar with became more extended.

Not that it was a constant cause for panic any more—rather, it was a slow grinding force that, it seemed, must blot out their lives in the end. Because their minds could not long live with such strangers.

And there was Rurris. It was inconceivable to keep him strapped to his bunk all the time. For hours at a

stretch he could be fairly passive—dazed. But let loose, one never knew when he would try to sneak to the controls and attempt to turn the ship back toward Earth.

Twice he tried it and was stopped only by Nord's flying tackle, easy in the weightlessness. Then Carpenter would have to bring his hypodermic. If Burris ever succeeded in monkeying with the controls, the least that might be expected would be a dangerous deviation from course.

Even with the help of the calculators this might be impossible to correct. As a result the ship would go skittering, lost amidst frictionless space, perhaps to hurtle out toward the stars, never to return.

Or, if Burris chanced to open the throttle, they might all perish in the explosion of overcharged rocket-tubes.

Burris was like a terror-stricken and cowering child whom you could never trust. Sometimes he pleaded to be taken home. At other times he flung insults and accusations at Nord and Carpenter for hours on end.

"I'll get you! The law will get you! You're stupid barbarians—cadres—worse than Schaeffer. Did you know that Harwell was in cahoots with Schaeffer? Trying to pull some damned mischief!"

"I know that Harwell went to see Schaeffer in his underground lab the evening before the Ajax Tower was blown up. Of course Schaeffer is still perfectly safe in such a multiple-shielded retreat. Your precious Harwell family, Nord! Nice friends you got!"

Of course Nord had Burris' number. He was a petty loane—his raving wasn't worth listening to. But often the audacious of it ground into Nord until he longed to batter Burris into insensibility and silence with his fists.

While loose, the little ex-Chief of Histronics had to be watched constantly, like a hound in the middle of a gasoline dump centuries before. He was a constant nerve-straining menace. For his own sanity, it was best to keep him drugged and strapped down.

Plunging outward toward Jupiter the ship bypassed Mars at a quite short distance astronomically speaking—just a few million miles. It was a great ruddy star that showed almost a visible disc.

Mars days went by. News reports from Earth remained of the same character as before though the voices speaking on the Martian beam, which penetrated far beyond the planet itself, grew dimmer with increasing distance.

At last the ship was passing over the Asteroid Belt. As Nord looked at the scattered specks of light that were the planetoids which composed it he thought of a Harwell adventure that had been recorded there, one that he had experienced.

The planetoids were great airless chunks of rock—fragments of a world that had exploded fifty million years ago. A world the size of Mars. A few chunks of carved rock, and bits of intricately wrought metal, hinting at a highly advanced science among the now-dead inhabitants, had been discovered out there and brought back to Earth.

Even some charred and dried fragments of strange bodies and fertile vegetation had been found. And bits of pictures placed on shards of bright-colored porcelain. It must have been a beautiful world once. But in the fury of its explosion its culture had been wiped out so completely that even the sketchiest outline of its history was hard to trace.

Nord tried to imagine what its last days, what the final living moment of its inhabitants, had been like.

Kilvynia Carpenter spoke at his shoulder. "The blast could have been natural—the result of atomic forces gathering at its core. But what if it weren't natural? What if it came about by a situation almost duplicating that which exists on Earth, today?"

Carpenter's voice was almost shrill. Nord didn't answer. He was cold all over. The blowup of a world—no catastrophes were a move could match that. It was beyond conception. The ground beneath you, erupting in flame to throw you into the sky.

his friends, Joey was his son, Bob his legendary self.

And what was his and Carpenter's position now? Here they were on a frozen, near-dead world, where there was no colored dome-city, where no explorers had lingered. The deserted remains of the past loomed starkly through the fog of melting atmosphere, marking their presence in the terrible silence. Truly theirs had been a voyage with vast suffering to nowhere—no where men could ever belong.

Barris began to scream and laugh again—through his helmet radio. "Harwell is finished! Good! He never came. And what is there left for us to do here but die?"

NORD and Carpenter gripped him tight. Nord wondered why he did not feel like screaming himself, here in this deadly desolation, where it seemed that no man could stay and keep his sanity. He did not know that hard satisfaction had come unbidden inside him, matched his hard smile. Somehow being here did please him in spite of everything. And then he understood.

Carpenter and he exchanged glances past the quivering Barris. "Yeah, I know, Nord," Carpenter said slowly and he didn't sound like a scared kid anymore. "It was a long hard pull. It wasn't a trip to nowhere after all—but the most important move in our lives. We've come through fear to courage, Nord. We really have.

"And it's freedom, too—freedom to see strangeness and be intrigued by it, not crushed inside. And just by coming so far I don't feel as if I've only piled up a useless heap of dirt, as you once said, either. It's much better than looking down from a mountain."

Nord laughed gleefully. He knew that Carpenter and he were friends.

Then, as they walked forward, still exploring, they saw in the dust the rats left by the landing wheels of an Earthly ship. They saw a few empty food containers. The footprints were the clincher—space-boot prints in three sizes. And the boy's weren't the smallest. You

could tell. A boy's space is apt to have a certain colicky curve. The woman's prints were more sedate, the man's were bold. The Harwells then had come and gone. They were alive.

Joyfully Nord hurried ahead, back to the ship, to peer through a telescope. Near the center of the vast gray-streaked bulk of Jupiter he found a tiny spark of incandescence. He photographed it through the scope to be sure of its position.

"Rocket flashes," he told Carpenter a moment later. "From the Harwell ship, doubtless. It won't take as long to get where they've gone."

His optimism died away weakly at the end. He was chillingly aware that his younger companion and he would need all of their new-found courage—which still might well be useless.

For something had gone wrong.

Carpenter knew it too. His features were grave behind his face-plate. And Barris' eyes seemed as large as moons. "Someone's been here while we were—outside," Nord croaked. "Someone or something."

"Yeah," Carpenter said softly. His voice was like a rattle from a dead post here on this deserted world.

Nord had opened his face-plate so that he might peer into the telescope. So he was breathing the air inside the ship. Through his excitement he now realized that it was thinner than it should be. His lungs labored in it. As if someone had allowed much of it to escape. As if somewhere the airtight valves had been tampered with.

But this was not the only evidence. The calculator mechanism, used to interplanetary trajectories had been partly disassembled. Its intricate parts were bare; and some of them, completely detached, were laid out in careful rows on the floor.

The same was true of the ship's controls.

Nord moved forward and touched a lever. It was limp in his hand—detached from the device it was supposed to move.

"The ship won't fly the way it is

now," Nord said dully. "We're stranded here."

"I wonder why all this was done?" Carpenter asked.

Nord shrugged. "Either keep us here," he answered. "Or—be—us—of some alien curiosity to find out how Earth-made devices work."

Nord moved toward the locker where he had put the Midas Touch pistols. But they were gone. Barris made a whining noise of fear.

Carpenter said softly, "Shut up—Helen!"

From deeper in the vitals of the ship came a rattling—as of a large rat scruffling in some hidden nook. Nord's flesh crawled and he gripped a detached lever to use as a club. But the noise ceased abruptly.

His gaze wandered to one of the stern ports. Beyond the thick glass he could see the track which the landing wheels of the ship had left in the dusty ground. In one place the tread mark of a great tire was broken. And there was a round hole left in the dust—like a tiny crater.

"Look," Nord said.

The hole in the tire-mark gave him a hint of what had happened. He thought of all the things that must be buried here—discarded and lying under the dust—as in any ancient and deserted city. Broken glass, art objects, bits of metal, even complete machines.

His mind leaped quickly at the only possible explanation for what was happening now. "In landing, we ran over something that was shallowly buried," he said. "Maybe an inert machine. The pressure of the ship's weight did something to awaken it. It emerged. That's not as crazy as it sounds."

moon. Being aware of its presence was like being aware of the presence of a ghost in a vast and magnificent tomb. It made the blood pound, the cold sweat ooze. In it were all the scorching fears of the unknown.

"Try to radio Bob Harwell!" Barris shrieked. "Maybe he can rescue us!"

"Shut up!" Carpenter snapped again.

In his fear Barris did not take into account his frequent vindictive comments about Bob Harwell. The shallow weakness in him grabbed only at safety, wherever he thought it might be.

Nord stared at the radio, which, like the controls and the calculator, had been partially disassembled and was now unworkable.

Nord's sense of being trapped aroused wild impulses in him. He wanted to run out into this cold desert world, to escape from the menace that was here. But to do that could mean only slow death by suffocation, perhaps by madness in the stillness and the cold. The only sensible thing to do was to stand his ground and try to work things out. He gripped the lever tighter.

"Find some kind of club, Carpenter," he growled. "There—unscrew one of those stanchion-pots—it's better than nothing. Then we can try to root the thing out or I beat it down before it can do more damage."

A moment later they were removing food containers and other supplies from a storage-compartment—whence the rattling sounds apparently had come. Their feverish activity was like trying to dig out a hidden rat or, better, a poisonous and deadly reptile. But even this was a feeble simile.

Again there was a rattle as the thing seemed to crowd back into deeper concealment. Once Nord and Carpenter saw a flicker of darting movement, the sheen of a surface, opalescent and metallic Nord swung at it with his lever but missed. His weapon hit a stack of dehydrated-soup containers and they came clattering down.

The thing was completely out of sight again. But it could not remain so for long. Driven by panic, the sole impulse

CHAPTER X

Quest of Ganymede

THEY were up against the mauling—some residual fragment of a great civilization here on this frozen

that possessed Nord and Carpenter was to dig out a danger and bring it to an end so that their fried nerves could relax. They were like a pair of yelping dogs as they tore at the stuff piled in that compartment to clear their way to the cork intruder.

They accomplished that at last. For a breathless moment they stood face to face with the unknown while Burris whimpered in the background. The thing did not move now, for there was no place for it to go. It was ovoid and metallic, not over fifteen inches across in its greatest diameter.

Like metal tatters tentacles dangled from it, some terminating in tiny wrenchlike claws, others in lesser tentacles as fine as wire, as fine as hair. And there was a pair of eyes. They looked like microscope eyepieces and were apparently movable, being mounted on universal joints.

There was an almost living glint in the lenses of those eyes. The little monster was restless but you could sense its cool and aware alertness.

As if by mutual agreement Nord raised his lever and Carpenter raised his stanchion post. They struck together—or, at least that was their intention. They might have known better. Swift motion was met by slight but far swifter motion.

Somewhere in mid-air, swinging downward, the metal clubs of both men were each gripped by a wirelike tentacle. There was a blue flash. It seemed not only visual but also to explode in the brains of the two men. It was like a blow. Carpenter and Nord went down on the floor-plate, half stunned.

Vaguely Nord saw the thing bound over him, propelled perhaps by the minute streamer of fire that flashed from it. Or perhaps anti-gravity was involved somewhere. Burris gave a choked and piteous scream—then he too was down, writhing.

But there was no pause in the ovoid's swift movement, which still was erratic. It was as if the thing, which must be centuries old and had lain for so long under the dust, lacked its full powers.

It skipped and hopped like a grasshopper which lacks one of its rear legs. In its flank there was a great dent and many of its metal tendrils trailed uselessly.

It came back to Nord, alighting on his chest. He could not fight against it now, for his nerves were still stunned with shock. He could only stare at the little monster as it revolved as it worked over him with terrible speed.

Tendrils groped inside his helmet through the open face-window, reached around to the back of his neck. There wirelike contact-tips burrowed into his flesh, past his vertebrae, seemed to reach his spinal cord. There was a single darting burst of pain then complete paralysis.

In swift succession Carpenter and Burris were subjected to the same treatment. All three lay dazed and helpless. When this was accomplished the ovoid seemed to relax a little. It crept from one man to the next in a continuous triangle, pausing beside each for a brief moment. The circuit was repeated dozens of times.

NORD was in a dreamlike state, realized that his companions must be in similar condition. Impressions came to him like parts of dreams. No words were used, either mental or audible, but his mind began to find words for those impressions—agony, questioning, relief at freedom after having been imprisoned in dust for a very long time—discarded, useless, helpless. And more questioning.

What are you? Where do you come from? How dangerous are you? No—they were not questions but questions—pure ideas. Nord knew that his mind was being dug into and explored by this eerie mechanical thing.

There was savagery here—savagery that could kill him and Carpenter in an instant. But there was also a kind of yearning—it was curiously like a maternal instinct that seeks the right type of object for its attention, its care-taking.

And there were scores of other visionary fantasies swimming in his mind. No

—not fantasies but history. Looming towers, perfumed gardens. Slender beings, not too far from human in form, moved around in those gardens. They thought of poetry and music and beauty. They were from long long ago. Their glory was sublime. One could yearn for such glory.

The scene of the visions shifted to more recent history. The coming of Earth-ships. He could even read the numbers and letters of the classification numbers painted on their prows. Buried in the dust, this thing had still been able to see though it was powerless to move. Some super-development of radar must be one of its assets.

These ships were those of the first exploring parties from Earth that had ever landed on Ganymede.

Then in his mind Nord saw the Harwell craft. And he saw Bob and Clara and Jeep, moving about in their space armor. He even overheard fragments of their conversation.

Jeep saying, as they looked at the deserted remains of past greatness about them, "Yep, Pop—the Ganymedeans moved out of Ganymede all right. But they were big stuff—big enough maybe to be past the stage of dead-ends. I hope so, anyhow."

And Nord's dimmed mind wondered if here it grasped the principal reason for Bob Harwell's coming out Jupiter way.

His consciousness for awhile was feeble and confused. He heard Carpenter's ragged breathing near him. And then, some moments after these visionary experiences that were were a little

those of the semipsych ceased, after the little oval ceased its continuous creeping from man to man and creached to one side, regarding them all intently, he heard Burris begin again to rave.

The raving was that of a weak and fear-stricken man, seeking scapegoats—anybody but himself—to blame for his misfortunes. "Damn you fools!" he yelled. "If you wanted to come here looking for these crazy crooked Harwells, why did you have to drag me into it?"

"I'd like to see you both in hell for bringing me here! I'd like a lot more to see Bob Harwell punished. Him and his whole family! Things were all right until he started to shoot off his mouth. Until he—he insulted me! Until—"

Burris' voice broke into wild sobbing. Carpenter swore at him. Nord tried to crawl toward him, bent on relief—solace. But his muscles were held impotent by paralysis. Only his voice and lungs still were painfully under his control.

"Keep still, you childish imbecile!" he mumbled.

But the strangest thing that happened was the oval's reaction to Burris' hysterical invective. It approached him daintily and with a kind of inquisitive eagerness, like some great insect. Delicately and with seeming gentleness its metal tendrils groped again inside his oxygen helmet by way of his open face-plate.

At first his cries of terror were shrill rasping screams. But then he began to relax. The screams subsided to sleepy moans, which then seemed to become contented murmurs. These gave way to the regular snores of sleep.

From all this Nord, whose mind was clearer now, received an odd impression. There was something here that was exactly like a fretting baby being lulled and cooed to sleep by its mother.

But when the mechanical oval had finished ministering to Burris its attitude toward Nord and Carpenter became subtly opposite in nature. It crouched beside Burris and seemed to glare at them with an unshy vindictiveness in its eye-lenses.

Nord began to sweat with panic. For a second he was sure that, in compliance with some will toward murder on Burris' part, the little monster would lunge at Carpenter and himself, would make a fiery end of them both.

But at last some balancing force seemed to check this devilish impulse in the oval's mechanical intellect. Its glare faded. Carpenter's sigh of relief was ragged.

"Gosh!" he breathed. "Did you see

that? Burris seems to have made a bit with this thing. What goes on here anyway?"

"I don't quite know yet," Nord growled. "Let's not talk too much. It might draw unpleasant attention to us."

As if to confirm Nord's worry the void's eye-lenses swung on them again balefully. But after a moment it became occupied with itself like a cat preening its fur.

The mechanical thing began to work on its own form with its tiny wrench-like claws, repairing the damage that had been wrought beneath the dent for centuries. It labored with incredible darting speed, opening the plating of its metal integument, making fine adjustments within. More of its tiny tentacles came to life to help with the work.

Again Nord saw the dent in its side—the result, probably, of its having been run over by the spaceship wheel—the accident which had allowed power to circulate again, perhaps by a short-circuiting around a switch, through the myriad mechanisms of its form, permitting it to be active once more.

And the void seemed to know just what it wanted to do—at least it toiled with no single moment of hesitation. Its first intense curiosity over alien Earth-science and the nature of these terrestrial visitors seemed at an end.

It finished its task quickly and then, moving with an improved coordination, it investigated the slumbering Burris gently. Nord and Carpenter closed their eyes and feigned unconsciousness as it investigated them, too, touching their faces with its cold tentacles.

A moment later it was at the aloof. The two men did not risk looking at it but they could hear the sounds of its metal tentacles groping softly against metal. Nord was thinking that, with its tiny grasping organs, some of them finer than hair, it could grope like a key into the rattle of a lock until no ordinary door could stop it.

They heard the working of the air-lock valves. Then there was silence. The little monster was gone temporarily.

But Nord and Carpenter both knew that this did not mean anything.

They waited for a brief while to be sure the void would not come back immediately. Carpenter spoke first. "What's it up to?" he growled. "What happens now?"

Minutes earlier Nord had begun to sense that his young friend and Burris and himself had been caught up helplessly in some strange eddy-current of a great learning, the bulk of which had vanished from Ganymede.

Here it was functioning again, in a sort of corrupt form—perhaps sadder than, for instance, the adoption of young rats by a kittenish mother-cat. His mind itself seemed to twist, in a wry grimace at the idea, not quite able to follow it through.

"What's up?" Nord asked softly. "Something we could lose our necks over very easily. But we'll have to wait and see just what it is. Can you move at all?"

"My fingers—a little," Carpenter replied.

Nord found that this was also true of himself. The paralysis was wearing off slightly. He felt a little flash of hope. He was less like a caterpillar rendered impotent by the sting of a wasp.

"Try hard to get control of your muscles," he said. "And keep trying. Though," he added, "it probably won't do any good."

"Probably not," Carpenter agreed. "This robot thing is smart. I'm sure that it wouldn't take any serious risks. It must know just how long the paralysis will keep us from making any effective move. Still, we've got to try."

While Burris continued to snore ~~away~~ ^{on} easily the two men fought to regain mastery of their muscles. Like crayfish numbed with cold they at last managed to creep toilsomely across the deck-plating until they were beneath a pair of circular windows.

By then Nord had noticed something. On a small ledge above a locker, well out of their easy reach, the void had placed the two Midas Touch pistols. Briefly he pointed toward them and Car-

porter managed to nod.

It was a tantalizing situation that provoked both optimism and excitement.

"Forget about it," Carpenter croaked. "As far as we're concerned those pistols might as well be back on Earth. In our present condition we could neither reach them nor knock them down."

Nord, panting from the effort of creeping, sighed heavily and returned his attention to the difficult task of dragging himself erect so that he could peer out of the window. On Earth this would have now been impossible but the Gany-medean gravity was much feebler. Clutching at plastic handholds on the wall he managed it. So did Carpenter.

Out in that pale alien morning the stratified mists of evaporating frost still coiled sluggishly around the metal pliers, their whiteness contrasting with the near-blackness of the sky. Once Ganymede had been verdant. Then, near death from senility, technology had made it habitable. But now it was being allowed truly to die.

Its landscape was utterly dreary and frigid. The silence within the ship was ponderous. Nord could hear the rustle of pulses in his hand as his eyes searched for the small metal monster.

A hundred yards away he saw dust and pebbles jetting upward in small bursts—as soil does when a burrowing mound, already out of sight, dips for a rabbit. In that torpid air the dust did not even make drifting puffs but fell at once to the ground, just as did the heavier material. The thin atmosphere offered it no support.

"It must be our small ancient captor, scavenging for something," Carpenter spoke hoarsely.

CHAPTER XI

Excavation

A MOMENT later the ground erupted as a colossal metal figure, which also must have lain buried and

discarded under the dust for centuries, came to life again under the ministrations of the void, and staggered erect, shaking the encumbering debris from around it.

The thing was a great robot, vaguely manlike in form. The distance-distorted machine glinted all the uncorrodable metal of its body. But it was damaged, as the void had been—the reason, most likely, of its having been left behind at the time of the great migration, as one abandoned junk.

The colossus tottered. One of its legs seemed injured. For several minutes the void worked over this furiously, effecting a slight improvement in the giant's movements. Then, propelled by a small streamer of fire, the void darted eastward, disappearing behind a low knoll. The larger robot limped after it.

Carpenter's and Nord's strength gave out. Their fingers, exhausted by the strain of fighting paralysis, lost their hold on the handgrips and the two men slumped panting to the deck.

It was an hour or more before they could hoist themselves again so that they could peer out of the windows. By then the great robot had expended a long shanklike object on the knoll-top, presumably under the guidance of the void. The slim shape was also of metal.

It looked like a rocket but glistening tentacles, dangled from it. There were also tubular projections, which might have been weapons of some kind. This slim thing must also have been resurrected from the encumbering dust. Surely the void and its huge companion were working over it, doubtless restoring it to a condition to perform whatever function for which it was intended.

Nord felt a cold chill. The slim rocket-form was suggestively dangerous. It seemed built for speed and attack. Nord pictured a new possibility—of robots reawakening each other in a sort of chain—building new robots—creating a culture here that was purely their own. But this was an unimportant side-thought, which he let drop under the pressure of more immediate concerns.

"I have a bunch things will start happening very soon," he growled.

Exhausted once more, Carpenter had already sunk back to the deck as Nord did but a moment later. But a nervous dread of what the repercussions on the knock-top meant gave both men a sharpened drive of will.

"We can at least make an effort to get the Midas Touch pistol," Carpenter parted.

So they rested only a moment, Nord spied a thin magnesium-alloy rod that had been attached to the stanchion-post which Carpenter had unscrewed a while ago to use as a club. If he could manage to poke upward with that lightweight rail.

"Take another look out the window, Carpenter," he ordered, "while I move my strength for what I've got to do."

Sweating with the effort the youth obeyed, lifting his eyes to window-level with agonizing slowness. "Yeah," he breathed roughly. "The big robot has started down the knoll in our direction. The void is sort of hazing around its helper's head."

Nord gulped. If Carpenter and he were ever to regain control of the situation they would have to arm themselves within the next couple of minutes.

As fast as he could—which was at about the rate at which heavy oil flows in winter time on Earth—Nord crawled sluggishly to the rod. Then, dragging it, he worked his way to the locker, pulled himself erect against its doors.

Reaching that thin wobbly rail upward to poke down the pistol from the ledge at the locker's top was a task of a different order. From the start it seemed hopeless. His all-but-useless muscles, still gripped by paralysis, lacked sufficient control.

The rail wavered wide of its mark, slipped from his grasp, fell clattering to the floor. There was nothing to do but try once more.

"The robot and the void are half-way here," Carpenter announced.

Nord began his task more slowly and carefully this time. Maybe luck favored him. The tip of his rod came within an

inch of the muzzle of one of the Midas Touch weapons. Even then Nord found it hard to believe that he was so fortunate. Concentrating with all his might and sweating from the struggle he tried to move the rod tip closer to the pistol.

Carpenter was wise enough not to say that the void and the metal columns had almost reached the ship. But perhaps it would not have disturbed Nord any further, for certainly he knew that this was so.

The rail-tip touched the pistol. At the same time there was a rattling at the airlock. The patch of dimpled machine cast on the deck from a window was invaded by a hailing shadow.

Nord managed to remain as completely in control of his movements as was possible with his more than half-paralyzed nerves. He pushed the pistol with the rod-tip. For an instant it seemed that his phenomenal luck would hold, that he would have what he needed so desperately. But then the rod slipped off the pistol, flew outward and wrenched itself from his feeble grasp.

Their last chance was gone.

IN another second the void was inside the ship. A swift touch from a tentacle ended Nord's precarious command of his own flesh and he slumped down. The same thing happened to Carpenter.

Then the little monster went straight to the still-sleeping Hurris, while its giant henchman presumably waited outside the ship. Hurris' rhythmic dream was interrupted and he made gasping noises. He gasped, cursed and muttered under his breath, then for a moment made no further sound as the void crouched beside him, caressing his head with its tentacle.

At last Hurris uttered in foolish satisfaction. This changed to a wild and vindictive laugh. "You two stupid machines!" he gasped, unable to stop laughing. "And that double-damned Bob Harwell, who is to blame for everything! You'll all get what's coming to you!"

"This machine thing just told me I'm boss and it's doing what I want. It's

going to send a kind of rocket-robot to finish off the Harwells now on Jupiter! And it's going to fix you two good for the wrongs you've done me! He-he-he-he-he!"

Tears and sobs were mixed with Burris' laughter. There was no doubt that hysteria in him had deepened or that he was temporarily insane. He continued to sob and laugh and chuckle.

Carpenter and Nord looked at each other, their flesh tingling with dread. There was mystery here. And there was bitterness. There wasn't much doubt that Burris had spoken the truth. Evidence tended to prove his words.

But why should this ovoid accept the will of any human—especially of Burris, the weakling!—

"The ovoids has a certain pattern to it," Carpenter whispered to Nord, as if a long discussion of the subject had accompanied their parallel reasoning. "Some of it I can understand—but some of it eludes me."

"Yeah?" Nord breathed.

Just then there was a vivid blue flash from outside the ship.

The ovoid darted up to a window and, clinging to a handhold, peered out.

Burris was making words with his wild laughter again. "The rocket-robot taking off to make an end to the Harwells!" he babbled. "Its inner mechanism had to warm up first. That's one thing as good as done, friends!"

"As for you two, I think I'll just have my little servant put you out of the ship in space-suits. While your air purifiers slowly wear out you'll have plenty of time to think about the harm you've done me! And you can get acquainted with the harshness of Ganymede—the cold, the stars! You can laugh your heads off about it too—while I have the robots take me back to Mother Earth!"

"Here, you little metal devil with the tentacles—might as well do what I say right now! Take these two fools a couple of miles away and dump them! Don't forget to close their face-plates, though! This will be good—good!"

Again Burris gave way to wild sobbing. Certainly neither Nord nor Car-

penter could feel any pity for him then. Still Nord got from his words and actions the impression that he was like a savage and irresponsible child, whose weak and bailing nervous system found an outlet to stress in a furious tantrum.

Already the ovoid had moved to obey his wishes, expressed doubtless in fine mental waves, which its delicate instrument—man could pick up. They must be much more sensitive than the instruments incorporated into an Earth-made antecephal apparatus. Though mental vibrations were of course the link between the receiving set and the human mind—still, by terrestrial technology, they were not effective at a range of more than a couple of feet.

Nord's face-plate was slammed shut and dozed down. Then, using the terride power, in its small form, the ovoid, jettisoning fire, dragged him to the airlock. Carpenter was similarly treated. Very soon they both dangled like sacks of meal under the arms of the giant robot, that limped through the straitened fog toward the hills that ringed the valley.

The ovoid clung to the shoulder of its huge headman and Burris, also still in his space-armor and freed from paralytic, hurried along in the rear, continuing to hurl wild impressions through the helmet radiophones.

Nord hardly listened to him. The flavor of doom was in his own mouth. For a moment he entertained a strange idea—that Burris, being what he was, weak and erratic, would break down and countermand his orders to the ovoid to cause his and Carpenter's death. But this was hardly to be depended on.

Driven by dread, Nord's mind worked with the looseness of desperation to figure out an enigma. Finally he said, ignoring the fact that Burris could hear him too, "Carpenter—what's the primary purpose of a robot, built by any intelligent race?"

THAT the youth was thinking along the same track was proven by his quick response. "To serve," he said.

"Sure," Nord returned. "And the best way to make them good servants

is to give them specialized emotions—something maternal—which makes service a great pleasure."

"I'm right with you," Carpenter answered. "What we've run into here on Gargymede is a robot that, being damaged, was discarded by its owners and left to roam for centuries for the joy of service. But we weren't nearly as good subjects for such service as Harria. He was terribly scared, full of poisonous wishes for revenge against those whom he conceived to be his persecutors.

"A whole series of desires—which the void could accept as commands—must have radiated from him as intense thought-waves while our minds were relatively passive. No wonder the service-starved robot accepted him as the one to play guide to."

"Yep—we were damn fools," Nord commented. "Now that the void has accepted Harria as its boss, maybe it's too late to change anything. But we can try. We've certainly got intense wishes now. We don't want to die out here in this terrible blackness. We've got to get viciously scared. That won't be hard to do."

"It certainly won't," Carpenter commented. "But come on—let's get into the spirit of the thing."

Both men were already dripping with cold sweat. And there was no need for them to force their feelings.

"It's not just ourselves, Carpenter," Nord added. "Think of the Harwells and the rocket robot that is on its way now to destroy them. Any such thing has got to be stopped if it can be. Besides, I suspect that it's not just their necks either.

"There's a bigger issue at stake. Something in the mind pictures that the void gave me—something that Joey Harwell said about dead-ends and the people of Gargymede—suggests what Bob Harwell may be looking for on Jupiter.

"A solution to the greatest human problem—to be taken back to Earth and used! To save the Harwells may thus be vital to the whole human future, Carpenter! So—if we value anything—

let's concentrate on deposing Harria as boss!"

Neither man said any more as they fought to focus their emotional energies. Harria, openly wise to what they were attempting, was yelling and sobbing at them now.

"You can't do it! It's too late, you idiots! Damn you—damn you! I'm giving the orders!" His voice rose to a shrill scream, which showed how intense must be the wish-waves that were streaming from his brain.

Nord, for his part was thinking again of his vicious companionship with the Harwells, was feeling his intense will that they live to do their work—and still to be his friends. Especially Joey—his son, in a way. His thoughts made a continuous hammering rhythm.

The weight of Carpenter's similar thoughts and emotions were added to the flood of wish-waves that must be pouring from Nord's brain. Nord, still more than half paralyzed, was nevertheless able to squirm around in the large robot's grasp so that he could look up at the void perched on its shoulder.

At first he thought he saw vindictive opposition smoldering in the eyes-kenes of the little monster. But did the glitter there grow gradually dull? Harria, on the ground, continued to scream and yell through the helmet phones. A strange battle of minds was going on. But Carpenter and Nord had an advantage—they were two against one.

The glitter in the void's eyes rose again to eagerness as the change of command took place. In mid-scream Harria's voice broke off. Mercifully—he had fainted. Aloud Nord shouted to the void, "Recall that rocket-robot!"

The servant-thing hesitated, then crept down from the shoulder of its helper-colossus to get closer to Nord. Again visions came into the latter's brain, showing him now why his order could not be carried out.

"The rocket-robot can't be recalled," he said to Carpenter. "The void lacks the specialized kind of radio needed for controlling such a mechanism continuously at a distance. It would take time

to find or assemble such a radio. And there is not enough time."

"Then there's only our ship," Carpenter said.

DESPERATELY Nord snapped out a string of orders to the ovoid. "Break up our paralysis as you did for Barris! Tell your big friend to take us back to our ship. You fly on back to it ahead of us and start pulling together the controls and other mechanisms that you took apart. Come on—make speed!"

Swiftly the ovoid moved to obey. In response to the touch of a hand! on some guiding device the colossus reversed its course, stopping for an instant to gather up Barris. Then the little monster darted away under its own power. The breaking of the paralysis for Nord and Carpenter, had to wait until they reached the ship a few minutes later.

Only then, where there was air to breathe around them, could their face plates be opened so that the ovoid, laying aside its other feverish labors for a moment, could grope inside their helmets to the backs of their necks and apply the small energy-shock that restored the motor-nerve contact between their brains and their muscles to full efficiency.

Then the ovoid returned to its work, toiling with incredible speed. Nord, who was a robot expert himself, tried to help. But he was sluggish by comparison. This creation of another culture—a culture whose wisdom Bob Harwell seemed to think might be the salvation of Earth-culture—could outstrip him utterly in speed and efficiency.

The reassembling of the ship's controls alone took almost ten minutes. And how long would it take that rocket-robot to reach and destroy the Harwells? Two hours, perhaps—and it had a head start! How could this presumably slower ship ever catch up? And where were weapons that could hope to be effective against that rocket-thing?

"All we can do is try," Carpenter said. Try seemed to have become the basic word of their vocabulary.

As soon as the controls were ready Nord took off with the ship, following only an approximately correct course by guesswork since the calculator was not yet reassembled. The ovoid continued to work on the latter until it was finished.

Then Nord worked out the proper trajectory, using the telescope once more to locate the tiny flashes of fire from the Harwells' rocket tubes. Since Carpenter and he had first tangled with the ovoid those flashes had moved far to the edge of the Jovian disc with the rotation of the planet. By luck Nord guessed almost exactly right as to their required course. Only tiny corrections had to be made with the guide-jets.

Gigantic Jupiter was beginning to loom even more magnificently ahead. But for the two men optimism did not yet weaken.

"We'll never make it in time," Carpenter croaked. "And even if we did get to that rocket-robot before it got to the Harwells, how could we down it?"

"Presumably we wouldn't have to shoot it down," Nord answered. "No doubt our ovoid can control it when in contact with it, *hey?*"

"*Hey—what?*" Carpenter demanded.

"We're utter nunchakulls," Nord growled in bitter self-contempt. "Now maybe it's too late! I'll bet the ovoid can fly much faster than we can! Why haven't we sent it on ahead? *Hey*, you tin egg—go and get that robot of yours as fast as you can! Stop it or destroy it any way that you can! Crash into it if you have to! Only stop it!"

Moving like a pistol-shot the ovoid was at the whirlock. Then it was out in space, shooting ahead, trailing blue fire.

"Maybe it'll make it in time—maybe it won't," Carpenter breathed.

Oddly, absently, Nord thought for a moment of the metal colossus, rigid and motionless once more now, left behind again on Ganymede after a brief period of activity.

Nord hoped for the best, since that was all he could do. But he was aware that Carpenter and he had had a foretaste—an inconclusive hint—of the

kind of science, the kind of unknown that must be deep in Jupiter. For Bob Harwell to find, if he ever got there. Tremendous; it certainly *was*—*could* it help Earthlings, in their great problem? That question was still unanswered.

CHAPTER XII

Into Jupiter

TWO terrestrial days earlier Bob Harwell finally put his ship into a fixed circular course above a certain spot, just over the cloud-blanket of Jupiter. It was guided by an automatic piloting device. It flew like a plane on steady wings, its rockets sending out steady streamers of incandescence, for it was within the upper atmosphere.

The Harwells had just clipped the sonodpsych recorder discs behind their ears. And other preparations were in immediate prospect. So far this adventure was following the general pattern of previous Harwell adventures except that Bob had taken certain thought and sensation filters out of the recorders.

Harwell was immensely grateful that he and his family were still alive. They'd got out of the Ajax Tower just six minutes before the explosion. But they had lost many friends in the disaster. He was doubly glad to be alive because of the hope of the solution he might find on Jupiter.

"Don't look so ugly, Dad," Joey growled at him without a smile.

Harwell felt a bit sheepish. "Okay, Joe," he upped.

He was about to get into his huge pressure-suit, which had been fully equipped for the venture. Its armament was ready and its various instruments. Its jet-belt had been fueled and belted into place around its middle. Inside its vast thorax pockets and compartments were stocked with sandwiches and beer.

Harwell needed only to draw an arm out of a sleeve of the armor, to reach what he needed. This vast shell would

be like a house around him. A person could live almost normally in it. None of this was frivolous, for Harwell expected to spend the next several days alone, immersed in an environment that would be quite unimaginable beforehand.

There were two other such costumes in reserve for his wife and son. If all went well they would not be used.

Bob clambered into the armor. Under the pull of the Jovian gravity, two-and-a-half times that of Earth, the huge oxygen helmet had to be lowered into the collar-piece by means of a block and tackle suspended from the ceiling of the ship's cabin. Joey did the honors. Meanwhile he jostled Bob, as he was always supposed to do for the benefit of the Harwell fans. He had to play the archim of space.

"Valet-service de bon," he said. "Your girth is extensive, Dad. Shall I say anything about overworked sailors and eating too much real food? Or shall I prescribe that you take half your meals vicariously via sonodpsych? Regulate that some other gent shoveled into his stomach? Sounds revivifying, huh? And the corn still grows green."

Bob Harwell grinned at his boy through a little hole, six inches across, which somehow made him feel silly. A hole that was all there was to his face-window except for the laminated disc of crystal and plastic that was tested to withstand a pressure of ten thousand tons per square inch. He left that unclamped, and open on its hinge.

The archim of the spaceways was in his usual form. But Bob knew that Joey was being like that on purpose, to avoid sentimentality. In a roundabout way he was saying good-by, good-luck and come back all in one piece.

In the armor Bob's body had its human lines. He looked Jovian. He looked really immortal. Though he might be going to have that disproved this time.

The "hands" of the armor were great claws, which his fingers could operate by means of lever action from inside the sleeves. The arms and legs of the monstrous thing owed their strength to steel cables and an atomic motor,

though their movements aped the movements of the human arms and legs inside them.

Harwell used the claws of the suit to tighten the nuts that sealed the armor and the oxygen helmet together. This way he did it as easily as if he were screwing the cap on a tube of toothpaste.

He'd be falling free over the side of the ship in another couple of minutes.

Nearby were the radar and television screens with Clara at the controls. From the radio part of the television set came the weird grinding hum that previous visitors to the Jovian system had detected. It rose constantly and at a fixed wavelength, from a certain point deep in Jupiter.

Coinciding with that point the radar screen had revealed to the Harwells a shadowy oval lump, like a hill but too regular in form. The radar could give no more details except that its diameter was over a hundred miles, for there was too much dense gas between the instrument and the object.

"It's still there, Bob," Clara said.

Harwell looked at the shadow in the screen again. In it he knew that he was face to face with the nameless. No natural phenomenon explained it. His face muscles felt tight as he grinned.

He saw Clara's throat move as she swallowed hard. But she smiled and said, "Better get going if you're going, Mister. But keep your feet dry!" She knew that there was no use trying to hold him back. And she had no more inclination to be lily sentimental than Joe. Klines for luck had been taken care of before under more appropriate circumstances.

WHIRRING softly, the misshapen Atlas that Bob Harwell had become, moved to the airlock. He passed through the inner valve, closed it and opened the outer. For a moment he looked down at the vast yellow-white expanse below. Vapor it was—just intensely chilled vapor of methane and ammonia gases. Being part of a plan-

et over 86,000 miles in diameter, the firmness of it seemed without end and without curvature. It was in visible turmoil even at a distance. Yet upward-bumping clouds were quickly leveled by the drag of the Jovian gravity.

During that moment Harwell thought of many things. Clara's old wish to spend some time on the Maine coast—his childhood on Mars—whether he'd ever see the sun again—that he'd never quite got used to the strangeness of other worlds, which was perhaps why he was always fascinated, Mesmerized of old friends—bitterness and mistrust of certain people.

But mostly he thought of what he had to do. He knew how the situation stacked it up on Earth with Mathias' success in frightening the dreamers from the mesomorph less effective than the reverse, with the robot-police winning against him—but with Mathias' still holding a deadly sting. Harwell had listened to the radio too.

If anything was to be done to halt the tide of violence it had better be done soon. It might already be too late. If Schaeffer would only yield a point—somewhere. But Schaeffer was a stubborn fool, unfathomable.

Strictly on his own Harwell had his one big hope of helping. It was based on the theory, quite easy to substantiate, that progress everywhere followed a similar pattern. Perhaps, down there beneath the atmosphere of Jupiter he'd find the answer he wanted. He'd better hurry.

He stepped from the airlock, began to fall from the steadily circling ship. Within a couple of minutes he plunged into the yellow-white cloud-surface of Jupiter, which the feeble machine could penetrate to but trifling depth.

In seconds' time he was in absolute darkness except for the glow of instruments and of the small television screen inside his helmet. He felt as though he were falling into some deep hole, sinking into some dark clefts without bottom.

Clara and Joey grinned at him from the television screen. "Don't find any-

body too beautiful down there, Bob," Clara warned.

"I expect to find things extremely beautiful down here," he answered, meaning just what he said. "That shadow in the radar screen is too regular to be natural and too vast to have been built by a low-grade civilization.

"One of the main objectives of advanced science has always been to make things beautiful, according to the ideas of beauty entertained by its processors. Of course such ideas in the depths of Jupiter may be different from our own."

Harwell's flesh tingled for he had made a point. To a frog the muddy bottom of an Earthly marsh must be beautiful. Yet Harwell knew that harrowing deep in the ooze of such a marsh, with the worms and crayfish, a man would be far more at home than here in Jupiter, sinking into the darkness of swirling super-chilled gases, the pressure of which increased fearfully with depth.

Everything was different here. So what would the viewpoint be? And did it really help much to believe that the beauty he expected to find originated on Ganymede, a world more like the Earth?

Harwell continued to fall. It was the beginning of a grind which must last for many hours. He must penetrate thousands of miles beneath the visible cloud-surface of this monster planet to reach anything semi-solid.

Jovian lightnings blazed around him in the dark and thunder crashed, his consciousness magnified by the high sound-carrying capacity of the dense gases around him. Gobs of hail, which must consist of frozen pellets of ammonia gas, clattered against the shell of his armor. Turbids winds buffeted him and he had to use the jets at his waist to keep from being blown off-course.

The time soon came when he had to use those jets intermittently—righting the detection of their atomic flame before the unknown—for the atmosphere was becoming so dense that falling in it was too slow, even when tugged by the gravity of Jupiter.

Often Harwell pointed his head straight downward and let drive with the jets until he worried lest the friction with the atmosphere be heating the outer armor too much, weakening it against the mounting pressure. Once he even thought he smelled a faint odor of ammonia.

Still he suspected that he was fighting time in more ways than one. And the question was whether to expose himself to a little more danger for a somewhat shorter period or the reverse. He favored the former course of action.

And Joey, peering from the small television screen in Harwell's helmet, agreed with him. "Sure, Dad," he said. "Keep using the jets."

Of course either Clara or Joe stayed constantly at the television instrument up above—it would never be left unattended though the time would be long. Even under frequent jet-drive, Harwell figured that the descent would take about two Earth days.

He didn't keep up a constant flow of conversation with his family. Often, for hours, there was only the occasional exchange of check-phrases. Joe saying, "Everything okay, Dad?" Or Clara asking anxiously, "Are you all right, Bob?" It was a little grim.

And Harwell would answer skeptically, or from the preoccupation of his own thoughts, "Sure—fine."

Inside his armor, near his shoulder, a television eye was set and he kept it trained on his face-window so that Joey and Clara could see what he saw. Usually it was not much—either utter blackness, or lightning-lit fog that revealed nothing.

ONCE, at about the halfway mark down to the shadowy mound that the radar showed, Harwell had a bad scare. He was in a region of windless calm then. Fuzzy, glowing blobs, a foot in diameter, passed inches in front of his face window, then wavered off, their greenish phosphorescence lost in the fog at a yard of distance.

But other blobs followed the first into view. They seemed semi-solid. They

were translucent—and against the glow in them was litened the shadows of what might be vital organs.

Between the claws that terminated both of the great arms of Harwell's armor, fixed permanently there, were the barrel-muzzles of a pair of Midas Touch weapons. His thumbs were poised over the trigger-buttons. But the Mito showed no signs of offering him harm or even any curiosity. There was no intelligence in them.

Joey saw the things too by television. "Dad!" he gasped hoarsely. "I'll bet that they are an example of the ammonia-life scientists have theorized about for so long! Life for the big, cold planets, where water is always frozen as solid as rock. Liquidified ammonia would stay fluid and serve the needs of life at much lower temperatures!"

"That's a good enough explanation for me," Harwell replied, still feeling nervous.

The balance of the trip down was more or less uneventful. He nibbled at food, loaked with his family, dozed, chewed refresher-tablets, kept driving on with the jets, working them intermittently. His armor creaked and popped ominously under the mounting atmospheric pressure. Free-fall would have been slow here, for the dense surrounding gases by their compression, seemed to have achieved a palpable viscosity.

At last Harwell shut off the jets entirely. His own small radar warned him of some sort of surface not far below. Thousands of miles above him in the steadily circling ship Clara and Joe were both at the television set.

Harwell grinned at them tartly. "All right, gang," he said, "this is almost—it. What's my position?"

Of course they could check it at once by tracing the direction of his incoming beam.

"You're about three miles to the right of the sound-shadow, Bob," Clara told him.

"Just about the way we want it, hon," Harwell answered.

A second later he went crashing into

what seemed a semi-liquid medium. He plumbd deep into it, then rose to the surface, for his armor was made to float. He'd expected something like this to happen but his surprise showed in his sheepish grin.

"Loaded—say!" he hastened to say to relieve the strain revealed in Clara's sharp gasp. "We're black as Hades here—none of those lustrous ammonia-life Mito are around. I'd better not use my search-beam. And we'd better cut off television communication now too. It could be a bad giveaway of my location so close to the mound."

Harwell hated to break that single contact with his loved ones, with all that he loved most. But there was no help for it. He searched his mind for some parting wisecrack. Very soon he should be penetrating an enigma. He was near the end of a quest. What he found might be of vital importance to all of his kind. In his brain doubt and hope fought one another.

He was about to say something again when he saw that Clara's face was no longer in the television screen—nor Joey's either. At the same time, across the great distance, and curiously like the events in another apartment that can be heard during an interrupted telephone conversation, came the clang of an airlock, followed by strange voices.

Momentarily his heart seemed near his throat. Who would have come here, way out to Jupiter? With his wife and son up there alone it was worth something to know that the voices were human. But remembering the attempt to murder him, the chase now on Earth, the violence and mystery all around, Harwell was not reassured. Whom could he trust? Mathias? Schoedter?

"Joey!" he shouted. "Clara!"

Joe's face reappeared in the screen, his nose wrinkling. "It's just—guess who—Dad," he said warily. "Our playmate, Burris. He hints gently that the two men with him shaftgated him and brought him along out here on a kind of jayride and got him into terrible trouble. But the guys look like good guys to me. Anyway Mom and I'll han-

die them okay. We're armed."

"Turns?" Harwell exclaimed. "Let me talk to him—now!"

CHAPTER XIII

The Great Crystal

A MOMENT later, Harwell saw the ex-Chief of Hydroponics' frightened face with its new drooping jaws. It wore the marks of recent hardship. Of all people who might have come here, Harwell trusted Burris least of all. Burris was small and cheap and the wildness and terror in his eyes—echoes of temporary madness—hinted at further potential for unpredictable treachery.

"Bob—it's been hideous," he quavered. "Get me out of here."

"That I'll do when I can," Harwell snapped. "But understand this, Burris. I once told you the truth about yourself. For this you hate me. But if, when I get back to the surface, I find that you have been up to any funny business directed at me or mine, part of you is going to be on Mercury and another part on Pluto and the rest scattered in between! Do you hear?"

Now a set of broad plump features replaced Burris' in the screen. "Don't worry, Mr. Harwell," a voice drawled. "My pal and I know Burris. We'll keep him in line. My name's Nord. And this is El Carpenter, a neighbor of mine." Nord's face moved aside briefly to let Harwell see Carpenter's one-sided smile.

"Maybe you can understand the facts," Nord continued. "We stole a ship from Mathias and shipped out to follow you, I hope you don't mind. It was like kids playing hooky from an over-funny party. I've been a fan of yours. Go do your work, Mr. Harwell and forget Burris and us. But be very careful. Believe me, there's danger around here!"

Nord didn't consider the circumstances appropriate to tell Harwell his

family had almost been destroyed by a hurtling rocket-robot or how Carpenter and he had sent the small crowd flashing ahead to crash into the thing and shatter it and itself when it was only a few thousand miles short of its goal. These had been bad minutes.

Now Harwell failed Joey and Clara again. "All right, pals," he whispered to them. "Things are as they are. Maybe okay. But be careful. We'll talk again soon. Cut your wires too."

At a touch Harwell's screen darkened and his phosor died. He was alone with enigma, deep in Jupiter—and still worried and irritated by unexpected developments. But he had been reassured and Burris seemed helpless. He decided not to think of Burris as a jinx.

The detection of his radar beam, used again for a second, was improbable. In the tiny frame he saw the shadow of the great mound looming very near. Then he shut off even the lights of his instrument panel. Absolute darkness closed in. The fearfully compressed atmosphere was calm. His armor rose and settled rhythmically as in an ocean swell. A faint rustling like that of water reached his ears.

He thought of what a hell of a place this would be for a claustrophobic. He wished he might have sent a probe-robot down here in place of himself to bring back flash photos. But that, for one thing, had never been the Harwell way—which depended on the human touch.

Cautious the arms and legs of his armor to move gently he swam forward through the thick stuff around him. It seemed to consist of a combination of fluid and slush—liquefied gas, part of which had even condensed. Yet he knew from his last glance at his thermometer that it was a little warmer down here than at higher levels. After all it was unreasonable to suppose that a mass as great as Jupiter could have cooled all the way to its center. In fact the core, heated by radioactive elements, must still be flaming hot.

He wondered again about the grinding drama on a certain radio wavelength, that coincided in point of origin with

the mound-shadow as revealed by radar. The drone was too soon to be a signal. So he concluded once more that it must be just an incidental part of the functioning of some machinery. Many electrical devices produced radio noise. So the droning was probably of no importance.

Gradually the darkness lessened ahead, becoming at last a definite glow, which brightened to a great formless wall of bluish light. It was eerily beautiful. Harwell's throat constricted. The cause was part eagerness but more it was the nerve-rav fear of not finding what he had hoped to find. Being so close to the end of a quest was no aid toward ease of mind when so much was balanced between the two words—yes and no.

Perhaps it was the arrival of Burris that had frayed his disposition and dampened his optimism. Probability seemed to lean heavily toward the negative—toward the belief that he had deluded himself with wishful thinking when he had hoped to uncover here a pattern of salvation and a greater future for his own kind. The whole idea seemed to grow thin and thready, to slip away from him somehow, to lose itself in the shadows around him.

It took fifteen minutes more of padding through the slush to get really close to the source of the light ahead. Even then the slush was too thick for Harwell to see much. Through his helmet he could hear surf pounding. His armor still creaked and popped awkwardly under the now steady but gigantic pressure. But he was too intent on what lay before him to pay much attention.

He could see only a tiny part of that colossal mound, of course. It looked crystalline. A black platform ran out at the slush end, set back from its glittering edge a few feet, the clear wall began. Did the whole mound float on a kind of titanic raft?

Bob Harwell thought, "We of Earth in this age could build a thing comparable in size and magnificence to this—here on Jupiter too—if there were

reason to do so. If Jupiter weren't, to us, a worthless mass of gases and minerals of a kind easily available to our science at home and in quantities we could ever need."

Again Harwell felt imminent the dead-end of effort, when all desires were fulfilled except satisfaction and full fertility had been attained.

HE knew that the crystal mound in all probability represented transplanted Ganymedean culture. But why would Ganymedeans, born like Earthmen to see the sun, ever want to move deep into Jupiter, so utterly inaccessible from their probable viewpoint?

From Harwell's pessimism, unbidden, arose a quick sudden answer. A man-will to seek refuge, to hide, to retreat from reality in a great secure shelter that science had made possible. That paralleled the senescent addict's reasoning, didn't it? Nor did it seem like the way of a triumphant and successful race of beings.

Did he have to remember the apparatus parts, so like similar parts made on Earth, he had seen on Ganymede to guess that there might be a darker parallel here? One clinging on the probably universal urge to achieve complete peace and comfort?

Harwell glanced up warily. Now he could see darting long-lined shapes, lined against the glow of the great crystal mass. He could not see more than their fuzzy silhouettes through the slush but their shapes seemed mechanical, as did the hissing rocketlike roar they made. Armed guardian robots they must be. He wondered if they knew he was there.

He ducked lower into the swell of this strange sea. His muffled rustle was mournful. He hoped desperately that his ideas of a moment ago about the present state of the Ganymedeans were wrong. Still his mind drove on devilishly along that same path of negativism.

What was it that they had retreated from on a practical plane? Perhaps it was pride that made him think of encroaching Earth-colonies. Had some

Gargantuan mind forever history—a possible tremendous intrusion? And was it even good foresight now? He left the thought incomplete. He was too close to the facts to waste more energy on such haggard speculation.

He had to take a chance now. There was no other way. Besides, jagged suspense to know the truth goaded him. He waited until there were no darting shapes above him and then set his armor, which was itself half robot, to clambering out of the surf and up onto the great raft.

In moments he reached the flank of that vast domelike bulk. He crouched low to let the fog hide him better. A claw rubbed away the blur of water dew as on a windowpane. Avidly he peered inside.

The crystal was as clear as Earth-air and clearer than glass. A phosphorescence pervaded it. The tremendous structure was half solid but there were oval chambers in it connected by passages. For as far as Harwell could see there was a succession of such compartments.

He still clung obstinately to his original hope—that after all there were beings here who had advanced far enough to have mastered the problem of a great piled abey in progress, to have gone on to greater heights of strength and culture—that somehow he might take a spark of such Protean fire of knowledge back to his own troubled people.

But now he saw no such lofty miracle. He knew for certain then that his wishes had been wild. Rather, what he looked upon was a demonstration of the classic ultimate of decadence, as often predicted and now seeming, more than ever, an inevitable trap for any sort of intelligent life, as soon as civilization reached a certain level.

In each of the countless chambers there were forms—it might be better to call them lumps or masses. Flump and plump, with a few scattered hairs sprouting from them like little golden wires.

The lumps possessed the remnants of arms and legs—even of heads, brain-

cases. Once these parts must have been active and skilful. Now they were atrophied with disuse. The lumps breathed but was it even possible any more to awaken them from eternal sleep?

Did they have enough remaining mentality after ages without serious thought? He could guess that here he looked upon immortal flesh, sheltered from all danger, and rejuvenated periodically for eons, through a consistent decay that had at last reached all but the final zero of nothingness. Traffic said.

It was horrible—Harwell shuddered. But worse than the horror was his defeat and the bitterness of its meaning. There was no Great Answer to bring back to Earth. Probably there was no Great Answer at all.

He had had every reason to believe, before coming to Jupiter, that there was advanced and ancient science here. But deep in his heart he must have guessed that it would manifest itself like this. For futility can become an all-pervading barrier. And a race had either to progress or regress. There was no standing still.

ONE single thing he could salvage from his former purpose. So he let his eye photograph the spectacle carefully, knowing that with the recorder disc behind his ear they were cameras for the scintispych. His contempt and revulsion, not only for these poor lumps but in a parallel way for the dreamers at home, were sinking into the record too. For now the thought-filters had been removed.

Harwell let himself wonder what sort of dreams the burlesqued bands around the shrunken skulls of these miscreants still could give them. Yes, he had expected to find beauty here—even though from an unhuman viewpoint. And that beauty must be here—science-given.

What could it still provide these creatures in that direction? The bright colors enjoyed by babies, perhaps? The whirling multi-hued kaleidoscope? The warmth and softness that a kitten loves,

after hunger has been satisfied? Or even less?

Harwell pushed his thoughts further. Moving about those inert shapes in the crystal chambers were little mechanical attendants, their metal forms carefully padded. Was this further evidence of the probable truth—that the migration from Ganymede itself had been planned by robots, that this great crystalline structure had been reared by robots of another sort?

But even to the mechanisms the situation as it was must be degrading and stunting. They were never able to rise above the condition of nursemaids to hulks that were useless even to themselves.

Bob Harwell could contain his bitter fury against circumstance no longer. He glanced upward, waited for a shark-like metal shape to roar away, then opened up television contact with his own ship on a narrow and, he hoped, leak-proof beam.

In his screen he saw five faces crowded together—Clara, Joey, Harris, the two other guys. "Personally—I'm okay," he said softly. "But the payoff is hardly what I wanted. Have a look for yourselves. Don't say anything. Here's where Schwarzer's precious senpsych or, more properly, the trends of our present civilization lead."

Harwell swung his armored form to right and left, so that the people in his ship would get a good television view of what he saw through his face-window.

"Harris," he said after a minute, "I'd bet that in a thousand of these monsters there isn't enough intellect left to equal one dog, dreaming of a bone. And believe me, Harris—if we get back to Earth in time—here's one Harwell adventure that nobody—you or anyone else—will tone down. The dreamers will get it in a blunt dam with not one thought of mine rubbed out of it. Let them feel their shame and their fear."

Bob Harwell passed and sighed wearily. "It might do a little good," he continued. "Yeah—they'll be scared. But

the poor devils have been scared a lot already. And then what'll they do about it? They'll still be up against a blank wall. So, in spite of everything—this trip is a flop. But we've got to try."

He watched Harris' face most of all—Harris, the once-strong advocate of the status quo, because it made him feel like a Big Somebody, who was going to be a Bigger Somebody.

"Stop preaching, Harwell," Harris said thickly. "You're a senpsych man yourself." But his eyes looked glazed and full of a dumb terrified consternation at what he had seen.

"Let's drop the whole thing for now, folks," Harwell suggested, his tone tired with fatigue. "I'm heading up for the sunlight."

As often happened, he was thinking of his best friend, Carl Corbus, the clown, the builder of cartoon sequences. Corbus, who must be dead. What would he say if he saw what was here?

As soon as he had cut communication again Harwell slipped quickly back into the sea of liquid gas. He swore out maybe four miles to be sure that the mark would hide the glare of his drive-jets, then started upward upon their steady thrust.

He had to climb against gravity but that hardly mattered. He had plenty of power. The frictional heat of too great speed, possibly warping and weakening his armor, was the only limiting factor. But, embittered, he felt less cautious now. He figured that he'd make better time than during the descent.

And so it was for most of these vertical thousands of miles. Trouble came, not entirely without warning, toward the end of the climb.

"Something's following you, Dad!" Joey told him tensely. "The radar shows it."

Minutes later Harwell was deep in the confusion of battle, in which nothing seemed quite clear except each sharp-cut motion of defense and the will to save himself. There it was—the shark-shape of a Ganymedean guardian-robot, looming through the fog. Harwell fired at it with the Midas Touch weapons between

the claws of his armor.

The thing's blue lights winked out defensively and he had to use radar. He fired again. The robot fired back with what must have been similar armament. The din was terrific. Once more Harwell pressed his trigger-buttons.

This time he was victorious—the fog hid exact results. But he won a reprieve. Something was wrong with his feet. He couldn't feel them. Automatically operated cords had tightened around his legs, around the rubber lining of his armor there, to prevent the cold, poisonous air of Jupiter from getting in.

He didn't know it but below his knees, where the cords had bitten deep with a kind of desperation to save the rest of him, the flesh was already frozen solid. The pain in his knees was awful. His air-purifier system raced madly, trying to clear away the ammonia fumes that strangled his lungs. Oddly, a discarded professional judgment came to his dimming mind—that this part of the record would need taping down. It was too raw for John Patsko.

He kept his direction upward, his jets going full-blast. There was a guide-mechanism, which he did his best to set. And all the time voices yammered from his phonos. The faces of his wife and boy were in the television screen.

All he really heard was, "We're coming down for you, Bob!" And, "Dad, we'll get you!"

Then he blacked out.

CHAPTER XIV

Running Battle

UR in the Harwell ship, circling continuously over a fixed spot and under the control of a robot piloting device, preparations for a rescue attempt were swift.

Joy and Clara Harwell were white-faced and agitated. But in their lives they'd learned something of tragedy and

violence. Clara was quite cool. She knew she had to be.

She and her son got into their rig—dupli-cats on different size scales of Bob Harwell's armor.

"You'll be in charge while we're gone, Mr. Noed," Clara said. "Be ready with the weapons in case we have a surface battle outside. And be ready to move if we tell you."

"Thanks, ma'am," Noed answered quickly. "I'll do that." And then in an effort to reassure her, "I've followed enough Harwell adventures to know how everything works."

The kid gave him a grim damp-eyed glare of warning to do his job well. Then he turned up the force of the look a few million volts to start it in another kind of warning at Burris, who stood, blanched and uncertain, at one side of the control cabin.

"Better all get into regulation space-suits too," Clara added. "I'll be safer for everybody. Your own ship will be all right as is, circling unattended above caps. So—hold your thumbs for us."

After Anson Noed and Elvynna Carpenter had helped fasten the faceplates of the two armors Clara Harwell flashed them both a brief smile and even teased it on to Burris. Noed couldn't help contrasting her manner with his own wife's when he had last seen her.

Then the two Harwells were out of the airlock and over the side, flashing down under jet-power. They vanished into the cold dead-plain of Jupiter a moment later and Noed and Carpenter were left with only the television to maintain contact.

They put on space-suits—Burris was already so attired. Noed and Carpenter both looked pretty pale, themselves. Noed said, "It's tough for any man to see a woman and a kid going out to face danger while he stays behind—even when it has to be—because they've got the training and the skill and the know-how while he hasn't. . . ."

"Not near as tough as it would be for us—if we were in their shoes," Carpenter answered shakily. "But we've got pride and shame and a feeling of duty

that we can't live up to—because we don't know how, Nord, though we feel we should.

"Those are the same forces that brought us way out here, Nord . . . Desire to live and learn and win self-respect. It's the force of the times. The psychological rebellion goes on. Don't worry—you can handle the ship, at least. You learned that. But their pressure suits are too new for us."

"And we can watch them by television," Anson Nord commented. "We can do that much for them. And if they want to give us any orders . . ."

So they kept watch, tuning their receiver to the sets in Bob's, in Clara's and in Joey's armor in continuous rotation. They didn't hear much of what Joey and Clara said, for the latter were bounding their calls down to Bob. But the visual impulses were fixed to go upward as the faces were always clear.

Bob stayed completely unconscious for an hour, his face relaxed and waxy. Seeing him in that attitude Anson Nord felt a legend fall a little. Some inordinate hero worship—that he had known, was inordinate—began to fade out of the depths of his mind.

Bob Harwell looked very human—just another guy with a certain rockiness streak—a pal in trouble. Nord wished desperately for Harwell's rescue. Otherwise, in all the endless ages, there would be no more of him.

Bob Harwell's eyes opened clearly just in time. There was no need to use the radar or to tell the other Harwells that again there were puritans. Their expressions and lip-movements showed they knew. Harwell winced and with evident effort brought his weapons into action, winning a few moments' respite.

When the next attack came his wife and son were alongside him—great dim potent shapes with frail human vitals, and atomic belts in either claw. Maybe they had a slight advantage in armaments over the several klan robot-shapes at their heels as they started upward. Or else those torpedo-forms were bent primarily on capture instead of killing.

It was strange how Nord and Carpenter—and Harris too, peering over their shoulders—saw that fantastic running battle. Nord almost open the sensors. The television pictures came in nearly super-imposed from three viewpoints. The field of vision of the television eye in each armor was wide, so the fact beside it was always within its range.

Fate covered fate in a constant shift of both individual and expression. Fear, fury, hope, grimness—it would be wonderful stuff for the soappsych if toned down. It had better action than the stories of history in Colonial America—when wives and kids took up guns against the Indians.

Nord was beginning to believe the Harwells might make it—even though Bob had passed out again. His jets still kept working and by now his family and he had won very close to the surface of Jupiter's cloud-blanket. Maybe—maybe not—for the shark-shapes from the guard of the inert Ganymedeans were still after them.

"We'd better man the weapons," Carpenter said sharply. So Nord and he did so. The ship was armed with Midas Touch tubes of ordinance size. Both men wished desperately that the robots attacking the Harwells could be ordered to desert by mental waves, as could the avoid an Ganymede. But those shark-shapes were of a coarser type, insensitive to such commands.

NORD and Carpenter still managed to watch Harris but not enough. He stood there at the back of the control-aphia, his pale and pudgy face working. Then, as fast as Jupiter's gravity permitted, he lumbered to the ship's controls, grasped levers. Jets roared. The craft dipped on stubby wings and shot toward the cloud sea.

Nord and Carpenter moved as fast and as straight as they could. They bore Harris down. Nord stumbled back to try to regain control of the ship. But a space craft can build up a lot of speed in a few seconds, even when it flies as a plane. It plunged deep into the cloud-sea.

Carpenter held Burris floored. But Burris writhed and screamed. "Damn you both! You're the fools this time—not me! Why didn't you go down with the ship to get the kid and the woman? Why does everybody blame me for everything? How did I know what the sena-psych would do in the end? How did I know that Harwell's wife and boat would have to go over the side?"

Burris' yelling in shame and fear and remorse was only part of the confusion that reigned in the ship and around it. Carpenter sent a fat crashing through him and preventing him from committing further errors.

Then, to help Nord, Carpenter got busy with the television and radar, trying to locate the Harwells. But minds could not work fast enough. More precious seconds were lost, blundering in the thick fog.

Carpenter heard Clara Harwell shouting, "Where are you, Nord and Carpenter? We've broken clear. Hurry!" In the television screen he saw faces—like picture-pages flicked swiftly through the fingers.

Bob Harwell was unconscious again. Joey's and Clara's expressions showed anguish like that of seeing a locked door when safety is all but gained. They were holding Bob between them. No shark shapes were visible—but they must be very close beneath the surface of the fog-sea.

"Up into the clear!" Carpenter yelled at Nord.

Seconds later the weak sunshine broke around them. Clara and Joey were trying to open the airlock of the other ship from the outside.

Carpenter, at a Midas Touch tube, depressed the firing lever, aiming at two slender, metallic forms that had just darted up from the silvery expanse, below. He scored several mortal hits. But as usual there was that brief "hang" before the minor-scale atomic explosions came. One of the Gargantuan robots had a chance to fire too.

It is doubtful whether, in the dazzling fury of its own and its companion's sudden end and from a mile away, the

shot was more than one percent effective. The stream of neutrons it hurled was cut off at its source before it could reach more than a fraction of full power. But its aim was true enough.

The airlock of the other ship—in which Nord, Carpenter and Burris had arrived on Jupiter—erupted blue-white incandescence. Out of the dancing flame they saw fragments emerge—pieces of airlock—pieces of armor. The injured ship wavered but its piloting device regained control and it kept circling.

Nord's and Carpenter's respective hearts were in their mouths. But somehow the Harwells or what was left of them did not fall either. It was not till Nord guided the large ship over the damaged craft and made contact with it, allowing Carpenter to go down nervously, and with horror in his heart, clinging to a line, that they found out how this could be.

"It's the death-grip of the claws of their armor, clinging to the fender-calls, beside the airlock," Carpenter said through his helmet-phones. "You'll have to pass down a flame-cutter."

It was true. In their last efforts to save themselves the members of the Family of the Spaceways, made famous by George Schaeffer's perhaps infamous sena-psych, had clung to what was within reach. And with the lapse of their consciousness no one could move controls, causing their great power-driven claws to let go.

All of the three armors were in the main intact. At least their general form was not changed much despite the holes in them, and the parts that had been blasted away. Inside there still might be faint drops of life.

Nord spoke faintly as they heisted Bob Harwell's huge armor into the larger ship by means of block and tackle. "They would have made it if Burris hadn't monkeyed . . ."

Maybe-Burris heard. Maybe he didn't even try to listen. He stared with the horror of those who have failed to understand grim realities beforehand at the battered armor. He was dazed.

Just as Carpenter was about to go

down again for Clara and Joey Burris managed to move ahead of him. Probably he was again trying to help in some wild way. There was guilt in him, shame and some kind of pride, but he was awkward and afraid. He lost his hold on the line. The ponderous Jovian gravity took him.

THERE was no chance to get Burris back. In seconds the fog-sea of Jupiter swallowed him. For a long way down Carpenter and Nord heard his wordless screams in their helmet radios until the rising pressure of the Jovian atmosphere crushed his lightweight spacesuit.

Long before that happened the town from a pleasant neighborhood back on Earth had moved all of the Harwells into the larger ship. If there was any life left every instant counted.

But in the midst of swift action, Carpenter found an epitaph for Burris. "I'll bet he was a failure as a bad man. Not smart enough even for that—not tough enough. So maybe he tried to tar hero. There he was an even worse flop."

It was pitiful and terrible even now. It was as though Burris were the symbol of a civilization that had gone west and frustrated. Nothing he did was any good.

Nord and Carpenter felt worse, as they applied the first aid of their eyes to the Harwells. In all three life flickered dimly. That was all.

Elwynne Carpenter, having been medical student, took charge. The bodies were placed in three shallow plastic tanks. In previous cases, keeping the alive at all, except for a few minutes would have been completely hopeless. But this was the time when eternal life was theoretically possible—barring a true violence.

Even so chances amounted almost to zero. Nord's stomach turned over again. His eyes were full of hot mist. For these people were his friends. Mistaken had come to them while fighting for the good of all humans everywhere.

Half of Clara's face was gone as if an arm was off at the elbow. Joey had

lost both legs. Bob's legs had been frozen solid—ironically enough they were both in, at but they would have to be amputated. His thorax was ripped wide open. And all three bodies had been repeatedly riddled by flying fragments of hot metal.

Because they had to be Carpenter's hands were fairly steady as he made incisions in the proper arteries and attached tubes from the blood pumps. Hearts might stop, but what living flesh there was would still continue to be nourished. The blood was "culture" blood—part of regulation first-aid equipment.

In a special heated cabinet it had been kept alive for months, pure and increasing in number of corpuscles and volume. It was human blood, typed and grown from samples. Now it was put to work. It was kept oxygenated and purified mechanically.

Liquid food-substances were mingled with it. With the aid of the apparatus through which it flowed it could have kept a leg alive, separate from a body—or an arm or any other part. Though what good is a broken mass of human flesh?

There was no reason for what Carpenter did except the old medical principle that human life must be preserved as long as possible. Now, with clear liquids, he sought to flush away radioactive taint, to reduce it with counter-radiation. Then he removed Bob Harwell's frozen legs and did his best to suture up gaping wounds.

Anson Nord had picked up one of the little recorder discs—it had been Bob Harwell's—and found it behind his own ear. "This record belongs on the record—I hope for the neuropathic victim to experience," he snarled. "They and their eternal life and their fear of death and discomfort, their sophisticated boredom and thrill-hunger!"

He damned them perhaps more than they deserved—because these active eager people had worse than died, trying to help them.

"How long will the Harwells stay alive?" Nord asked.

"I don't know," Carpenter answered. "Quite a while. But there's no known way to help them. And presently damaged brains and other tissues will suffer spreading deterioration."

"We could fly 'em to Mars in a clinch," Nord suggested.

"Clinics are better at home—for the little they're worth," Carpenter answered. "And we're the only ones left to try to get Bob's recording on the air as he wanted. It might do a little good if we hurry—and if we find a way."

Carpenter didn't sound like the violent young intellectual he once had been.

Nord nodded. They had to try something. He didn't say aloud how tough winning even their limited objectives was going to be. Grab control of a big semiprivy broadcast station—against sure opposition from the warring states quo—and robot police at that. And Schoeffler. Again the Mathaké group, to whom the very names Semiprivy and Schoeffler must be poison.

As Bob Harwell had been, Nord seemed surrounded by cynical presences, none of which he could trust. But he set the calculator in motion to plot an Earthward course.

He remembered Joey Harwell as he had been—a kid with short bristly hair, the archer of space, in a way his son. He thought of Clara—a pretty friendly woman with a world of pluck. Bob had been his favorite semiprivy star once. Then a pal. Now—well—let it go.

Nord thought of his own wife, Margaret, of their home and flowers, of all the companionable moments they had shared before fear and weakness had broken her love for him like a brittle thing. But even in her fright she had wanted to help two lost children. He preferred to think of that part. He wondered how she had fared since.

He thought about neighbors, even the obnoxious ones like Mrs. Kovin. There were gaps within and nostalgia in remembering. He hoped that she might remember him in the same way. He felt that what he meant to do was very worth while, if only from the good-will angle.

CHAPTER XV

Reawakening

LEAVING the smaller damaged ship to circle above Jupiter until its atomic fuel finally gave out, Nord set the guide-mechanism of the Harwell craft. Carpenter and he strapped themselves to bunka. Escape from the Jovian gravity lasted longer and was harder to take than escape from the pull of the Earth. But in open space they breathed more easily again. Here they were not in danger of attack by Gargymedeans robots.

Nord had started the ship off at the greatest velocity possible. Time passed. Until the day came when Nord, awakening from a brief doze, heard someone blabbing on the newscast. Carpenter was listening too while he clutched a stanchion with white-knuckled fingers.

"... the mysterious Mathaké himself—if he is an actual person—has so far not been hunted down. Does he in defeat—both as a terrorist and also to a large extent as a theorist—really mean the threats that he continues to broadcast more and more vehemently? Or is their fulfillment even beyond the moral limits of a madman?"

"The Minute Man he honors as the fruits of his efforts are to him a disappointing minority. While the dreamers, following the established pattern of life under the management and remuneration of the powers that be, are numerous."

"So Mathaké finds himself confronted by an unyielding wall, consisting it seems of certain human traits, among which are stubbornness on the part of leaders unwilling to give in to him, frightened apathy and incredulity elsewhere, a very general belief that since most of his secret bands have been wiped out he too must soon be accounted for."

"The morning is beautiful. There is dew on the grass. New Orleans was the last city to be bombed—over a week

ago. It is hard to conceive of a planet like ours being destroyed. Perhaps it can't be. On the other hand perhaps we suffer from a terrible lack of imagination. Is there sweat on my brow? Has a certain moment already been unmarked? I wonder. So long, folks."

By then, both Nord and Carpenter were sweating. "That's enough for me," Carpenter growled.

Nord considered trying to develop the new somnypsy records as a means of saving precious time when he reached Earth. Then he thought that he might spoil them and the sweat poured out of him more profusely. It was fortunate that, at a speed of several hundred miles per second, even vast astronomical distances are not covered too slowly.

Finally they were checking velocity—coming in toward the troubled Earth, which, from out in space, looked as serene and beautiful as ever.

"The obvious thing to do is to land in some fairly deserted place," Amson Nord told Carpenter. "Here in these mountains, close to the City, there are a number of somnypsy broadcast stations. We can come down, secret around. We've got the weapons," he added grimly.

The trouble is that when you do an obvious thing someone has always guessed beforehand what your intention is. Using the robot guide Nord came slowly straight down on his flaming jets in the hill-country.

Carpenter had no more than stopped out of the aloft for a while of the fresh evening breeze of Earth, when a half-dozen youths, as ragged and unshaven and grim as any that had ever lived, closed in on them, menacing them with a variety of weapons. Some wore black scarves around their throats but none bothered to use them as masks. These men must have come a long way in the understanding of primitive things.

"All right, you two," one said. "Get back into your ship. Never mind teaching anything. We'll do that for you."

In another minute the ship was flying south to another group of low moun-

tains. Once a police craft tried to pursue. It was left far behind, its grow disappearing in a flash of fifty-thousand-degree heat.

After the leading Nord and Carpenter were hustled out into the woods and up a rutty road sheltered by trees. They passed rough huts and several camouflaged ships, near which large Midas Touch tubes pointed skyward. There was a stack of crudely made but deadly looking capsules. Small they were, compared with what they could do.

Some distance beyond was a circular hole, ten yards across, going straight down into the ground. Above it was mounded the tool which had bored it—a tool that, in a slower less-violent form, employed the same matter-shrinking principle as the Midas Touch weapons. The lip of the hole looked glassy, like soil that had been fused.

Checked ominously on rails that slanted straight for the hole, were two old ship-hulls, welded end to end and fitted with iron wheels on which to roll. It took little to guess that these hulls were now filled with the same mechanism and the same atomic hell-stuff as the crude capsules—though on a tremendously larger scale.

Sweat trickled down Nord's nose. "If those things were let fall into the pit, there'd be a crater here, many miles in extent." He spoke slyly to Carpenter. "Since we're near the coast the ocean would rush into it to meet not only white-hot atomic heat but a vast area of the exposed molten vitals of the Earth. There are still more tremendous atomic forces down there—natural ones. What would happen is anybody's guess."

For once Carpenter looked like a nervous boy again, scared out of his wits.

FARTHER on, at a safe distance from the radiations of the drilling, a man in a grubby overall came out of a tent. He was very tall and thin and did not mask himself with his black scarf. In his gray eyes, which looked pale compared to his now sun-reddened skin, came off of laconic humor still

laughed gently and bitterly at the world.

"I don't see any Harwells," he remarked as a beginning.

"It was their ship all right, boss," said the leader of the bunch who had brought word and Carpenter. "And they're in it—blown to hell beyond redemption—but still alive in a first-aid setup. These guys flew their ship."

For a moment, the thin man studied Nord and Carpenter. "Who are you fellows?" he said at last.

"You can see that we're friends of the Harwells," Nord growled. "And friends of friendly people. Who are you? Or can I guess already?"

The thin man smiled more mildly. "Right—Mathews himself," he said as if it didn't matter but with a warning glint in pale humorous eyes. "I needed another name. Long ago in school some kids called me that because I liked math. I remembered."

Nord's jaw tightened. So Carpenter and he had fallen into the hands of the high-priest of violence, the man who had wiped out cities. The man who was responsible for the rapine and murder committed by his henchman—and who now threatened ultimate disaster. This mild looking bird? How could you ever tell what went on deep in a human soul? Then Nord began to wonder if he'd seen this man before.

"Maybe you're also Carl Cortina," he suggested.

"Maybe. Names don't matter—yours or mine."

So it was better and better or worse and worse, Cortina—a clown in a checked suit—for the senappsych. Also a creator of cartoon sequences—definitely careful work. So that a dreamer could become a whimsical humorous character—a humiliated crew or animal or tree.

"Bob Harwell was my sidekick at Ajax," Cortina continued ramblingly. "We liked our work. We didn't like some of its effects. I figured I'd do something about it. It had to be drastic. Why should I tell him? He wasn't cold enough—my way."

"It wasn't my fault that some of my boys even tried to get him. Well—what's

one man, to the fortunes of a planet? When the time came I pulled a disappearing act. But I knew Bob was onto something out Jupiter way. I wonder what he found?"

"Enough," Ellwyn Carpenter cut in. "A' race of senappsych victims, you might call them. Things that were hardly alive anymore."

"Don't sound so sure about it, kid," Cortina laughed.

Amos Nord had begun to feel hopeful again. "Look," he said. "You're still trying to scare people out of their dreams. So we're not your enemies, we're your friends. Maybe we've got a better score with the senappsych records we brought back. Take us to a broadcast station."

The pale eyes of Mathews—or Cortina—hardened. "Easy, fellow," he said. "I'll make my own suggestions presently. Come with me to Bob's ship."

Inside the craft he stood for a minute over the plastic vault that contained what was left of his friends. Before horror he never turned a hair—at least outwardly. He might have been a clown again, with faded hair, smiling dully at an audience. He was a cold fish.

"You boys are going on a quick little journey," he said at last. "In Harwell's ship. I'm making a gamble with an old enemy, partly for the Harwell's sake. Your records go, along with you—for luck maybe. You were on the level. Just follow your noses. But for luck, after I've set your robot pilot, I'll break all of your controls, so you can't change course."

A little later, as the flight was about to begin, a cold tingle along Nord's spine made him say: "Cortina—if you dared that super bomb dumped into the hole you made your boys wouldn't obey—they'd be committing suicide."

Cortina shrugged. "They might obey," he answered mildly. "And if they didn't I could pull the checks myself."

At the end of its flight the Harwell ship landed bumpily in what was left of the park, decontaminated and partly cleared, beside the ruins of the

Ajax Tower. It was perfectly evident to Carpenter and Nerd that Cortina had sent them to Schaeffer, his arch enemy, perhaps just in the hope that he might be able to do something for the Harwells, perhaps on more of a gambler's hunch.

At first Nerd felt cold doubt, as if being delivered into the hands of the one most likely to stop all of theirs and Harwell's purposes. But when police closed in around the ship there was nothing left to do but go along with fate—which might pay off.

"We must see George Schaeffer—at once," he told the police. "We've brought the Harwells back from Jupiter."

It worked like a gilt-edged passport. They were led along a cleared passage down through the ruins. An elevator took them, and the three plastic cases to the lab-vaults far beneath the Tower, where the atomic blast had changed nothing at all of the restless, Gargantuan activity.

Schaeffer appeared, looking small and diffident among his great toys. "Hello," he said with a simplicity that, considering the legendary reputation of the man, seemed almost shocking. He was the world's cure of mystery.

Nerd only nodded grudgingly toward the three plastic cases.

"What else did you bring back?" Schaeffer asked.

"We should know each other better before I answer," Nerd said. "I'm Nerd. This is Carpenter. Having been chief inventor of that damned scampi psych you're probably prejudiced in its favor. Though you must know its faults you've kept right on urging people to go back to the dreams—even though that's just the reason why a guy called Mathews has been throwing threats that would make your hair curl if you had any sense."

"He captured us when we landed. We saw that he has what he says. Now I suppose you'll want us to tell you where he is—no police craft can be sent to attack. A sure way to make him set off that toy he's got rigged!"

Schaeffer scowled. It might have been anger, worry or both. "Return to the

scampi psych was the best way to keep down hysteria," he said, "and to get people out of the way so the robot police could do their work."

"I do not say that the present science of the scampi psych or the existing condition of man are right. I understand the motive for the violence-cure group, though their method defeats itself. And isn't it another form of cowardice to yield to threats?"

"Besides I have hesitated, not quite believing that a logical idealist could destroy his planet. Though maybe I'm wrong. Moreover, I am a private citizen, without direct authority in group decisions. And I have been busy—approaching part of our problem from another direction. This is an explanation—not an excuse."

Schaeffer sounded defensive and strangely humble. Nerd felt himself softening toward him. Now Schaeffer was examining the gruesome contents of the three plastic cases with his eyes.

"Bad," he said. "Though I've been working on something. You know the old matter-to-energy-to-matter transformation concept. Maybe it answers something. But what I might be able to do for the Harwells, will still depend on a lot of people—thousands at least."

"Having talked with Bob Harwell before his departure for Jupiter, it was not difficult for me to guess what his purpose was in going there—since I had already seen photographs of what is on Garganoda. So, Nerd, there should be a scampi psych record of some sort."

"Whatever its content I still would not place too much hope in its usefulness alone. Our problems are far too great. However, Nerd, I think it would be helpful. I would like to have it."

There was a moment's pause. Then Anson Nerd yielded—mostly to Schaeffer's logical tone. He had to follow the gambler through. There seemed no other way. For the Harwells' sake and more. It was like depending on a physician's word in sickness. He reached into a pocket and brought out a box with the three recorder discs in it. He still didn't know for certain whether he was giving in

to a master plotter or not.

"I hope you're on the level," he growled. "Could I help?"

"Thanks. Yes—by disappearing for a while," the scientist answered almost brusquely. At once he had become tense and bemused. It was as if he were another leatherbrain, who forgot about everything else when his mind was occupied with the shadowy abstractions. It was unpleasant to think that on such the world's destiny might hang. Yet Schaeffer seemed gripped now with a definite objective.

It was already night. Back in the Harwell ship Carpenter said, "Tough hours—worse than papa waiting for an old-fashioned baby. The regular rubs won't start till two a.m. Maybe we'll wander around a little—in the less ruined part of the city."

"You do it," Nord grumbled. "I'll sleep and wait."

But as soon as the younger man was gone, Nord laid aside his concern about Schaeffer. Mathews and the riddle of dead-ends, left the ship himself and found a phone—a real telephone.

Long-distance connections were made almost immediately by pressing a few buttons.

Nord was calling his father-in-law's country place. In the green s'woman's face appeared—Margaret's. A bit worn and tired but beautiful. Now her expression wavered through the various stages of surprise, guilt and joy.

"An!" she gasped. "You're all right—safe?"

"Sure," he replied. "How do I look, Margaret?"

"Terrible—thinner, though," and she laughed.

"Same to you, Marge. What have you been up to?"

"Kids," she told him eagerly. "A million kids. Well, anyway thirty-seven. Here at Dad's place. Refugees. It's been fun though—substantial. Haven't even touched a little dance-dress. An—I'm terribly sorry I ran out. I couldn't help myself but it's been burning me up inside ever since. I'm changed. I couldn't do it now."

SHE was a different Marge. She was tired and worn instead of sleek and bored. The spirit inside her was different. You could see it shining in her face and it gave her a new beauty. It wasn't all-wise and weary. It was eager as if fed by real satisfaction. Anson Nord felt glad and eager too.

"Look, An," Marge urged. "Can't you come out right away? There's so much we could do. Sit on the porch, talk..."

"I know, Marge," he answered. "Dance—too. I mean it, sweetheart—I'd honestly go for it now. But I'm tied up with something. It keeps me biting my nails. Maybe tomorrow."

He did feel wonderful. Only in the back of his mind was there a suspicion that this might be just the joy of seeing each other again, that even if things worked out all right otherwise they would someday sink back into an old rut of boredom because there was nothing sensible or constructive left for any average person to do.

"For heaven's sake—what are you so tied up with?" Marge asked. "What have you been doing?"

"Ten minutes ago I was talking with George Schaeffer in his lab."

"Quit teasing, An!"

"Who's teasing? Before that I ran away to Jupiter with Ellwynd Carpenter."

"Stop it, sweetheart."

"On the level, honey," Nord said, his voice now unmistakably serious. "Many strange things have happened, you know. I even found out that Mathews and Corlies the funny-men are the same. And he's still on the loose."

"Ellwynd and I brought the Harwells back from Jupiter, horribly mangled. And we saw terrible things—a prophecy of the results of the conspiracy. Schaeffer suggests that maybe he can fix up the Harwells—with the help of a lot of people."

"I'll help," Marge cut in. "You mean Joey too—the brat with the cute scowl? What kind of help, An?"

"Schaeffer didn't say," Nord replied grimly. "And how are you going to know whether a guy like that is for the

human race or looks down on it like so many insects? That's what I'm waiting to find out, Marge. I'm going back now to keep watch. So long till a little later."

Twice Nord tried to argue his way back into the Schaeffer lab but the guards said, "No."

Back in the Harwell ship, he hovered near the previously almost unnoticed sonodpsych set, an XD-10. He had a hunch.

Near midnight there was a red signal—meaning special broadcast. Nord's heart leaped. Maybe this was it. Quickly he prepared himself for the short-term reception, not jabbing the intravenous nourishing needles into his arms.

CHAPTER XVI

New Sequences

THERE was no preliminary speech of any sort—the opening of the vision was just an impression of going over the side of a ship as Bob Harwell had done. And all of Harwell's bitter worried thoughts were in the sequence—and his scornful pity for the dreamers. The sense of falling was terribly real. So was the plunge into the frigid fog of Jupiter. Arnon Nord had the impression that this dream was as unescapable as reality.

He knew that millions of fans must normally be experiencing this new Harwell sequence. But he didn't know that all the people at the moment under the spell of their sonodpsych sets—at least those within the vast range of the transmitter beneath the ruined Ajax Tower—were being compelled to experience it. Other programs were simply being dropped and this one substituted.

But Nord already knew the general substance of this sequence and agreed with it. Others did not.

Take Mrs. Kovis as an example. She hadn't stayed with Margaret Nord and her child-refugee project very long. She had rather wanted to bet the explosion

of some minor battle nearby had frightened her. She had slipped. Did it matter any more? Besides, her husband's identity card had been sent to her—charred and torn.

"Attacking a town at night with a squad of Matkov's henchmen he had been killed by the robot police." Under the shock of grief and surprise her old habit called to her more than ever. To be away from the shaming presence of Margaret Nord she sneaked off to a beam left deserted by its fleeing inhabitants. Of course she made sure beforehand that there was an excellent XD-10 set there.

And then? Well—like that sorriest of creatures, a woman gone to drink, she neglected even to comb her hair. Dreamland was more wonderful than ever in contrast to realities that had grown hateful and dangerous.

And so it was now—at the great ball celebrating her triumph in *Power*. Until this moment . . . For the ballroom of the Imperial Palace, with all its glittering throng of handsome nobles and gorgeous ladies—she was as usual the most gorgeous—was growing unaccountably dim. Even the bald pate of her imperator had lost its shine, was fading away!

And Mrs. Kovis was somewhere where she did not like to be. There was another kind of glitter—that of instruments and controls. And a weird sharp was hanging out through an airlock. And she was another kind of woman—a woman concerned for her man but full of a queer sort of eagerness for mysteries in which the real Mrs. Kovis had no interest at all. Being a woman, her mind automatically selected the viewpoint of Clara Harwell, which was incorporated into the combined three-record broadcast.

Mrs. Kovis was more annoyed than frightened. "Oh," she told herself suddenly. "One of those silly Harwell adventures. The station must have got their wires crossed somehow. I must write a letter of complaint."

The sequence went on—like a well-cut movie film of long ago in which only

the essential dramatic parts were retained—but with their harshness unsoftened. Mrs. Kovis struggled to awaken, but she could not. Her primal annoyance became anger, then fear. She did not know that the sleep-binding impulses of the semipsych had been purposefully made stronger. It was as though she were locked in a nightmare.

At last, by television, she saw Bob Harwell groping in vast blurry dark. She saw shapes in crystal chambers. Vaguely human, pink, inert—horrible.

The sight was like a wave of guilt and self contempt thrown at Mrs. Kovis. For these horrid, useless things were identified as almost a future equivalent of hearing one's self as others saw you there was no mirror as blunt and heartless as the semipsych.

Shame choked at Mrs. Kovis' soul. She wanted to scream till could not. And the devilish succession of incidents went on. Melodramatic, perhaps, but vivid and factual. It came to Mrs. Kovis that there was no fakery here.

The boy went down after his injured dad, the woman after her husband. Mrs. Kovis seemed to be the woman. She felt courage and determination that seemed to mock her own selfish terror. But she felt that terror too. She hurried down through endless fog.

Things were around her. Her endebted spirit might have been driven insane except that some carefully balanced mechanism, either in her own brain or in the semipsych apparatus, dimmed that awful clarity now and then just at the danger point.

There came that long rush upward to safety. The ship was gone. Only the ether was there, its attack sealed. Then came an intolerable searing agony such as Mrs. Kovis could never have imagined. Just for an instant.

Then from another more abstracted viewpoint—see Arson Nord's—she saw the mangled bodies. That was the worst of all. More than over truth far transcended imagining. Eternal life waited suddenly—in a kid who should have been in school, a brave kid who had tried

to rescue his dad. In a man who had the strength of a monk. In a woman who thought and felt far beyond trivialities.

Mrs. Kovis might truly have gone mad now. Denying that all this was so—raining from it, so to speak, to hide. But the shame was there and the courage—even some of the lesser how of courage. Never was the magnificence of the semipsych as a training device better demonstrated than in the giving of this lesson against its own dark triumph or misaim.

And now a voice spoke in the dreams. "Maybe they can be saved. Will those who live near and who are interested come to the Ajax tower?"

MRS. KOVIS did not go mad. For she forgot about herself. Deep inside her, never truly called on before, were compassion and a will to be helpful. It had been searched out of her by fact that left no excusing lack of vividness.

It did not matter that to her the Harwells were just reckless adventurers. The drive in Mrs. Kovis was single and clear. She was terribly worried. But she had a purpose, a duty. Without that purpose the dream might have done little good. She needed the duty and the duty needed her. She felt almost proud.

She looked from the dream easily now. She hurried from the house and through the night. First she'd see Margaret Nord. . .

Mrs. Kovis was only one of many millions who experienced the last Harwell adventure from one of its three viewpoints and with similar results. Perhaps she was not even a good example. For how about those who were real Harwell fans—who loved the visions of space and other worlds but who took them safely as escape—in perfect safety? No screen stars in the old days had ever had such a following.

And there were the other types of addicts. There was Melton Harms, Cord's old neighbor, and his contraband recordings. And the thousands like him. He had been a Minute Man, had become disgusted with that. He had backslid

into his old rut. His recordings were privately owned, and this Harwell adventure was being broadcast.

But his act was on—which gave the incoming waves that changed programs a wedge by which to take control. So now the form of a harpoon beauty faded from his arms. And he was given the works. He was amused at first when he found a neighbor of his in the sequence. But the windup was pain which made a simple hotfoot not even worth a smile. Then he saw those bodies. He was a good man at heart. Deep down he admired those who lived reality and he yearned for it himself—as all people must.

How about Tom, Dick and Harriet, who in another age would have found their hilarious escape watching a Donald Duck picture? How about those who liked to become Tarzan or some great detective? They got the works too. The retreat to reality was enormous.

It was not just those who took their dreams only for entertainment and shelter who were hit. There were also serious students—young men exploring metaphysical exhibits of Coal Period flora as perfectly mocked up as science could know. Other youths dreaming similar dreams of the inner secrets of atomic structure.

Perhaps it was unfair that they too should be caught up in the general confusion from vision to fact with the ultimate picture of the dandy of a race thrown at them—with the desperate plight of three people pointed out.

From among the worst dream addicts there were some who did lose their minds. But these must have been truly sick and in need of treatment beforehand.

Anson Nord recognized the voice that made the appeal at the end of the sequence, as Schaeffer's.

A bit groggy from the experience, puzzled and still wary, he left the ship and walked over to the ruins of the Ajax Tower, where a crowd was already gathering in the nocturnal rain. It was not possible for the weather-towers to bring this regular precipita-

tion to a stop on short notice.

There were even small children in the crowd. And minute by minute more people with wet worried faces arrived—by car, by aircraft, on foot. Nord did not know but the order had already gone out to turn back further arrivals.

Carpenter returned from his jaunt around the city, grabbed Nord's arm. "Hi," he greeted. "I heard about the broadcast. What cooks?"

Nord pointed to a large metal tube, lying on the ground near the entrance to Schaeffer's lab. It was some fifty feet long, seven feet in diameter. There were what might have been electric cables welded to it. Nord hadn't noticed it before and could only conclude that it must have been put there within the last hour. It was roped off and armed men were guarding it.

Carpenter was still asking speculative questions. Nord hardly heard them—for Margaret his wife had popped out of the rain to throw her arms around him.

"We flew in, An," she said. "Father and Mrs. Kovee and I. Mrs. Kovee told us about what came over the air on the scumpsych. An—what's going to happen now?"

Nord hugged his wife, grateful for her presence. He saw that the older woman was weeping. She looked very lonely, compared to her former well-groomed self. Nord's father-in-law showed him none of the anger of their previous meeting before Nord's trip to Jupiter. He looked confused and scared.

"I guess we'll soon see what's going to happen, Nargo," Nord said. "The guards are doing something."

In another moment an amplifier system blared out George Schaeffer's voice. "You were all called here for a reason. Those of you who still wish to help the Harwells, please follow instructions. They are simple and results will not be harmful. Please file slowly through the large tube before you. Shall we proceed?"

There was a big lump in Nord's throat. He had never seen Bob Harwell face to face while Harwell was conscious. But he knew that Bob was his

kind of man. And Joey and Clara were swell. Enamored with their personalities was the romance of the interplanetary regions, which, since he had seen them in reality, made a stronger appeal to Nord's blood in spite of the hardships he had endured.

Nord glanced at his wife: "I've got to go into that tube, sweetheart," he said. "You stay behind if you want to."

But she shook her head and smiled.

IN the crowd there was hesitation—fear of a trap or of nervous perhaps. There had been so much speculation and so many rumors. That Schaeffer favored a civilization of robots, to succeed that of man—that he regarded modern humans other than himself as little more than vermin—that he had plotted to rule. It has often happened that human fancy, groping at the unknown and telling tales, has thus obscured and confused the facts.

But at last the crowd, led by a few brave individuals and driven by the same need to help that had compelled it to assemble, moved forward. Nord and his wife, her father, Mrs. Norris and Carpenter were among the first to enter the tube.

If there was really a glow inside it was scarcely more than a lesser darkness. Maybe Nord felt a slight stinging tingle in his flesh. When he emerged his muscles were a bit sore as if after vigorous exercise. That was all.

"I feel like the victim of a punk gag, the only point of which is its pointlessness," Carpenter grumbled nervously.

Nord accented a guard, "Look here," he said. "I'm Anson Nord, Carpenter, here, and I brought the Harwells in. This is my wife. We have a right to know what's going on."

The guard got on a phone. Within a few minutes Nord, Marge and Carpenter were in the underground workshop. Schaeffer only nodded to them. But they could watch.

The bodies were in new transparent vats. A milky gelatin almost hid them from view. You could see where Bob's and Joey's feet should be—but weren't.

They had lost them. And that was only part of the damage.

But under closer inspection something else was apparent. A film like fine-spun cotton, dyed flesh-color, was forming imperceptibly, deep in the texture of the gelatin. No, it was more like spider-web than cotton—It was that diaphanous. It must have weighed almost nothing—yet. But the support of the surrounding gelatin allowed it to retain form without collapsing.

It looked like what it certainly was not—one of the demonstration devices of transparent plastic, used to show muscle, nerve, blood-vessel and bone structure. In Joey's and Bob's vats the phenomenon already showed faintly the outline and inner form of legs, feet, toes—taking shape and building slowly toward normal substances.

Margaret moved closer to peer earnestly at Clara Harwell's face—which was half gone. No—over the hair bent and flesh of the exposed structural detail a diaphanous mesh, replacing what had been lost, was gradually growing denser, between delicate grids.

On a nearby table the visitors saw that Schaeffer had placed recent photographs of Clara, as if these in part must be the pattern for repair.

Deep behind this miracle was the long known fact that matter and energy were only different forms of the same thing—that matter could be converted to energy and back again, perhaps to its original form—far away or nearby.

Stories had been written of people who traveled like that, even between the planets, the matter of their flesh converted to speeding intangible energy and then reconverted far away. Here exactly that same principle was being employed for another purpose in medicine.

Margaret put the explanation into words softly. "While we walked through that tube some form of power dissolved maybe one ten-thousandth of the substances in our arms, our legs, our vitals—corresponding to the parts of the Harwells' bodies that were lost or damaged.

A kind of homogeneously spread sample.

"So little was taken from each donor that there was no harm—only a slight soreness. The energy of converted matter flows here from the tube, maybe along cables. Here it is converted back into flesh for the Harwells.

"Each sample, mingling with those from preceding donors, builds a slightly denser structure. It's a little like blood-transfusion. Normally solid flesh is produced at last. I'm no scientist but I can guess that much. Do you think I'm right, An?"

Nord nodded.

George Schaeffer spoke at last. "Yes—this is what I was working on to help change what has become wrong with life. Immortality in flesh that still can be destroyed makes people fear death more than ever because there is infinitely more to lose. It promotes caution to the point of mollycoddling.

"But now, if what I am trying to do succeeds, each person can have his body ray-charted down to the last cell—down even to minutest individual detail of brain changes that make up memory and personality.

"Then, in case of accident, almost anything can be replaced. So the fear of death is lessened. And undue caution and weakness end—I hope. Though this by no means answers all of our difficulties."

Schaeffer sounded humble and very earnest. The shadows obscuring his intentions began to fade and he emerged more as the benign legend, but with a human touch.

The visitors waited until the replacement process in the bodies of the Harwells was complete. But this did not necessarily mean success. What good is a complete body if it does not live?

"Go now, please," Schaeffer ordered, brusque again. "We must see what will happen." He sounded tired.

CHAPTER XVII

Fusion Over

NORD and Marge and Carpenter waited outside with the crowd. At dawn the news came, relayed by a guard who shouted clear the sound system.

"The patients will probably be all right."

It was a strange dawn, not physically much different from many others. Now there was ragged cheering which, however, did not break into full force. In one way it was a happy dawn. Minor objectives had been achieved. The lives of a much-loved family, long in the public eye, had been saved.

The excessive use of the sanolpsych for pleasure and escape had been labeled emphatically as an insidious evil. Peace reigned again after violence. And the populace in general had had its taste of reality, of need, of courage, of fulfillment. Even the mysterious Mathole might have been satisfied with all this—as far as it went. George Schaeffer had made a more complete conquest of death.

But where did all these successes lead except back to that unsolvable flaw in Utopia, that poverty of plenty—of too much richness—as in some old-time business depression but far worse? Nord and his companions, in fact every thinking adult in the whole crowd, looked on that quiet glowing dawn and read in it the same question.

There was a kind of windless placidity and beauty that could never last. Life had to go on moving—building, destroying. It was against sound principle to destroy and yet, in perfection, how were the energies of man to be used and satisfied?

Where was the Big Solution? Where did the road lead now?

For an answer to all this the crowd still lingered before the ruined Ajax Tower. George Schaeffer had just

NEXT ISSUE

EARTHMEN NO MORE

A Captain Future Novellet

By Edmund Hamilton

achieved a triumph. Therefore he was the man of the hour. Therefore the crowd waited for his advice. They shouted his name.

"Hey—Doe! Come out and talk! Where do we go from here?"

It was the shout of the usual breath-throat, always eager, in any large gathering. But now they voiced the general thought of the multitude.

Schaeffer appeared at last, looking very small in a ruined window of the Ajax Tower, most of which had by now been decontaminated of radioactivity by counter-radiation. His voice came through the sound-system.

"I intend to lead no one. I am not made for it. And to follow a leader too much has been proved bad in principle. I intend to think for myself. We have a problem. If there is a great answer I don't know what it is.

"For some people the problem does not exist because they have some consuming interest—they will never have time enough. They will never be bored, or purposeless. A scrum of some sort might help correct a deficiency of interest in others—but why a scrum? Those who need it, must be truly fit?

"Life has changed within the last two centuries but the enjoyment of it remains the same in basic—love, friendship, appreciation of beauty, struggle toward achievement, the delights of learning, surprise, change. Most of this involves effort—something ancient which in this era of ease has not only been discredited but almost forgotten as a useful road toward satisfaction.

"So shall we work to learn what we do not know for the joy of it? Shall we cease to be just the possessors of a civilization of gadgets, and broaden our awareness and culture, and become wiser? We love our lives—we think life wonderful. Hidden in that fact, perhaps lies a purpose that can never end.

"If life is worth having, then it is worth giving to others. Then the old urge to reach out and out, onward now, is not a sorry joke or a fatality at all, but something great. There are unborn generations to be built for in an era

at last almost without death. There is emptiness to fill with happy people, dead worlds to be made habitable. And it can go on and on.

"If that is a post for the sophisticated, the wise-foolish, then there is nothing left—then there has never been anything left since life began! Then all the richness of living that our ancestors struggled to attain for us has been without point. Then there is no generosity, no gratitude. Then the weird rumor that a robot civilization should succeed ours might as well be true. . . ."

As Schaeffer paused there was silence in the multitude, marred only by the titers of a few, who managed to find something funny in what he had said.

Schaeffer grew tractant. He looked smaller than ever up there in that ruined window—and still uncertain. Not an all-wise herod.

"What am I talking for?" he pulled like an angered schoolmaster. "I've said nothing new—nothing, that could be a credit to me. I've said nothing that each one of you couldn't figure out for himself if he be troubled to use brains and courage!

"We have all had a hard night. You're tired. I'm tired. But I'm busy. I have a thousand years of work ahead and thousands of years of interests to direct. Your problems are your problems! Live on—yourself! But the best of luck! Now, if you'll excuse me. . . ."

The small figure was gone then from the window. And Nord and his wife saw how it was. Schaeffer was great, perhaps. But against the great mass of humanity he was just a humble little man, sinking back into comparative obscurity.

Obviously he was no plotter but just another human product of his times, as was the pathetic and incompetent Barris, the fanatical Mother or Corina, who had done ghastly things, probably in the sincere belief that they were for the best good of the most people.

So, in recent history, there was no great plot to dominate anyone—there were no real villains. And from Mother's there seemed for the moment less to

worry about. For the time being people had emerged into reality as he had wanted. His threats now lacked a reason to be fulfilled.

There was still dangerous tension in the morning air. The great riddle of this era certainly could not draw an easy and glib solution just from a few words spoken by a famous scientist. People milled around restlessly before the ruined Ajax Tower.

"What'll we do now, An?" Marge asked. "Find my Dad and go home? I'd like to go back to our own home, An. Homecomings are wonderful after confusion. And old friends will be there. I've heard that Dave Clinton was our local leader of Minute Men. Or should we stick around here awhile—see how people are taking to—possibly a New Age?"

"I think we'd better stick around, Marge," Nerd said softly, almost with warning. Though seeing old friends was a nice thought.

ELLWYNN CARPENTER was optimistic. He smiled at his neighbors. "Guess I'll be back in medical school soon," he said, grinning. "Mind if I wander off by myself now & think things out?"

Nerd and Margaret wished him luck. His words were a sign of something. And they soon saw many similar signs in that milling, excited, questioning crowd. They saw a burly man, who must never have touched a medical instrument before in his life, hugging a huge bull-fiddle, which he must have just purchased. A gleam of grim purpose to master the thing showed in small eyes that hid under shaggy brows.

By exact contrast they even saw a little skinny man, who had probably taken his only exercise via Mickey Mouse sensapach sequences, hunched with a brand-new punching bag.

But as the morning wore on the classic example of a New Urge appeared to the Nerts in the form of Mrs. Kevie, spruced up but still somewhat awry, carrying—of all possible things—an ancient cookbook!

She paused with Nerd and Margaret for a moment there in the street—they had all wandered far from the most damaged section of the city—and chattered like a magpie.

"Would Ellwynn Carpenter laugh if he were here?" she said. "It was his idea—remember? Isn't it wonderful, what's happening to everybody? Dr. Schaeffer scolded us, didn't he? 'Interests' he said—'culture.' Well—I've got to go now. I think, while I'm about it, I might even consider handing down a new husband. I think my poor John would have wanted it. Till later then! So long."

Her eagerness was almost pathetic. And that was the way it seemed with so many of these super optimistic people. They'd had their taste of reality, of course, of usefulness. And they were thrilled by it. They were trying so hard to hang onto it—furiously, courageously, hardy—that they grasped at trifles.

But Nerd was wondering if it could ever last—after the drumbeats of excitement and novelty died down and plain day-to-day living in the deadening perfection of Utopia had a chance to bring back bored all-wise looks to faces that were now as eager as those of children at Christmas-time.

Then, once more with nothing substantial to aim at and to struggle for, would they backslide to miseries of the sensapach toward that ultimate decay he had seen in Jupiter? The chill of the thought seemed for the moment as inextinguishable as the chill of death centuries earlier.

Against all this he felt only a reacting and furious determination. "We must not slip back to the old ways, Marge," he growled. "Not now. We've got to find and hang onto purpose!"

Margaret smiled. "I've got a purpose. An," she said. "I think many other women have discovered it too—judging from certain smiles I've seen this morning. Dr. Schaeffer mentioned giving the joy of life to others."

"He shouldn't have had to say it because I knew it was true. So—there'll be children, An—sure. And many mil-

None more—actually born, and born apart from their mothers' flesh. They'll have to live somewhere, Anson Nord."

"You mean it, Marge—for us?" Nord demanded incredulously.

Marge nodded. Her self-assurance was easily the equal of Clara Harwell's.

The idea of having a child went through Nord like drumbeats. But this was less than half of the thrill he felt. The primitive drumbeats went on and on and they were glorious. Schaeffer had not talked foolishness.

"If life is worth having, then it is worth giving to others."

There was no perfection. The nearness of compassion to hate and horror proved that. But suddenly, in the eternal movement and change of human life, Anson Nord was no longer lost. There was purpose. The drumbeats would go on and on.

"I know now what must be done, Marge," he said softly. "And I'm sure that plenty of other people are agreeing with me and another hint Schaeffer gave us. They and I had better get together."

WAS it ironic that at that same moment the Harwells, who had done so much to break the grip of the anti-psych and had been living examples of the satisfaction of reality, were deep in a quiet dream-sequence of the Maine Coast?

It was wonderfully soothing psychotherapy. It was a change from harsh living to something gentle. It washed away memories of terror and dulled the faint echoes of pain that surged through dragged nerve-channels. It urged on the flickering impulses to live that might have wavered otherwise. It promoted healing.

Clara Harwell had always wanted to go to Maine to rest, to watch the sun on the ocean, to hear the pounding of the surf and the wild cries of the gulls.

Her manfolk liked being here too. During moments by himself Bob Harwell played the piano, his untutored fingers seeming to follow effortlessly the

recorded movements of a master hand. He had always wanted to learn to play. It was one of the many things he had meant to have a go at if he ever found the time. There was something amazing in the precise part of the sequence non-chalant.

"Time isn't me playing," he'd tell himself, chuckling. "And I'll never be this good. So it's sort of ridiculous."

Joey, the archer of the spaceways, found himself sprawled on a bench, reading a book. He liked doing that. Still, as the days passed, he began to find something wrong with the whole setup.

So, when the Harwells were finally brought out of the sleep after the first part of their consciousness and allowed to hobble around, Joe had a precept comment.

"Shucks," he said disgustedly. "If we can go to Maine by anti-psych why can't we really go? It would be more fun."

His father laughed aloud—because it was such sound philosophy, and was expressed with such blunt unthinking simplicity.

Really to do things was deep in the nature of man.

So the Harwells went to the real Maine. Clumsily Bob thumped on a real piano. His son read real books. His wife saw real gulls and rocky coast. And it was all more satisfying, more fun.

In Maine Bob finally learned that Mathair had been Corlies the clown—his best friend. With this information came the sequel, learned from some captive Mathair's henchman soon to have his brain changed and his memory blotted out so that he would become a new person. Treatment. It was supposed to be—not punishment.

After sending Bob and his family to Schaeffer Corlies had gone for a walk in the woods. Maybe to think about his defeat. Not knowing how close eternity was, and maybe not caring. It wasn't any fancy weapon that got him. Just a leaden bullet from an old-fashioned rifle in the hands of a Minute Man sniper.

Bob Harwell got a bad jolt out of

learning all this—for Corliss was still his admired friend, who he knew had been chosen.

Solemn feeling marked the end of a vacation and the return to thought about cold facts with which Corliss too had struggled. From across short Earthly distances plans and blueprints for a new age began to arrive for Bob Harwell's consideration. For the Harwells must be part of it.

There were blueprints for new settlements and ships of space. There were plans to roof the asteroids with crystals, give them atmosphere and water, make of those useless masses of rock and meteoric iron garden spots for the expanding race of man that would march on to fill the emptiness.

Bob Harwell's eyes began to shine. These plans were official. So there was no kidding about them. Here was solid purpose, where none had seemed possible before. So the Harwells too felt in their blood the excited drumbeats. There were even notes about the proposed expansion of the great genetic laboratories.

"More people, that means," Clara commented. "And why not? There's endless room. What difference does it make if most of them grow from ovum to birth in a solution? That's the modern way, isn't it?"

"And why shouldn't there be millions or in time billions more human beings to enjoy life—love, the awareness of and the building of beauty, the charm of accomplishment? What better purpose could people have than to give life generously? And what could provide better satisfaction than the needed work for such a gift?"

"How many dead worlds are there left in the solar system, counting the many moons of Jupiter and Saturn—worlds yet untouched? What difference does cold make when we have atomic energy—or airless acidity when there is transmutation of elements?"

CLARA was really excited. But Joey prohibited the subject away from her. He scowled into a corner of the

living room of the bungalow that had been provided for them.

"The best part is that the purpose can go on and on," he growled. "It doesn't have to stop with the limits of the Solar System. With transdimensional overdrive for spaceships already in the theoretical stages, who says that the planets of the stars are too many light-years away to be reached?"

"Many of them must be deserted and could be taken over without bothering anybody. Maybe in a hundred years the jump beyond the Solar System toward the nebulae can begin."

Bob grinned to himself. It sounded like the Ep' . Destiny of Man. It wasn't the kind of talk for the recent apophyctes, who looked always for selfish motives, backed by intricate reasoning—while they sneered or smiled at great sweeping simple concepts as being too crude for their delicacy of taste.

It also, he thought wryly, put the cart vastly ahead of the horse. The power of Earthly science, though great, was as yet by no means big enough to match some of the giants of Joey's leaping imagination. Though it well might be so in the interval that he had mentioned.

"Hold on," Bob chuckled. "So far we should think only about the asteroids. Those poor Ganymedeans on Jupiter are going to be undisturbed by any serious alien activity anywhere near them for a long time. Making the asteroids habitable again is job enough to keep a large horde of people and robot devices busy for the next thirty years at least—here and out there. That'll burn up human energies for that long anyway."

The next morning the Harwells had visitors. They had had others but not such special ones as these. Anzen Noed's face was sun-reddened because he had been much out in the open, busy with preliminaries to the asteroid project.

He was an engineer, specializing formerly in robot-repair. Many men such as he were very busy now. It was not that he wielded great authority that made his visit and his wife's special. It was that Ellwynn Carpenter and he

shared with the Harwells a memory of Jupiter and had helped save their lives and the future.

But Nord found that he had less to explain to Bob and Joe and Clara about things to come than he had expected. They already knew.

The Harwells walked along the beach with their guests.

"It's been almost unbelievable, Bob," Nord said. "People had their taste of fear and horror and compassion—and unselfish thinking—about Clara and Joe and you. The worst fear was broken and the savor of being worthwhile was good. They understood the emptiness of their former scared and superior cynicism. And they're hanging grimly onto what they think they can be.

"It makes them happy and excited. Effort is honored again. The semi-psych becomes a useful thing, not a master. That giving-of-the-gift-of-life idea and building for the millions to come has taken hold. Me? I'm going off to the asteroids with the first contingent. Marge will follow as soon as some reasonable habitations have been set up."

"I'll be out there as soon as I finish my medical course," Carpenter put in. "Maybe I'll even find time for a new cultural hobby there—archeology. Study of the few artifacts left by the ancients after their world exploded."

Margaret Nord was aware of the dangers and the strangeness ahead, aware that nothing would be easy. "There is no perfection," she mused. "But I guess maybe there is a Big Answer, after all. It's just the same old answer though—thought and interest and determination and industry. And generosity—and a willingness to adapt to ever-changing circumstances. With all that you can always find a purpose." She was smiling to herself.

Absently Clara Harwell hummed an aimless little tune.

Joey hurled a beach-pebble far out toward the incoming rollers that broke with a thrilling roar near him. Seagulls screamed and their cries were a sound of distance and high romance.

Just then the universe seemed infinite and Man and his works still very small indeed. There was a long, long way to go.

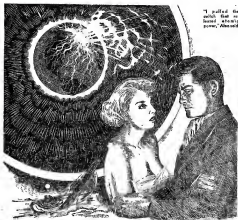
FASTER THAN LIGHT!



NOW that the sonic barrier has been successfully pierced, the next and greatest rampart blocking human progress toward the stars is the speed of light, which travels faster than 186,000 miles per second. Science today insists that travel at such speed is impossible since it would imply on the part of the traveler a mass greater than that of the universe itself.

But the Vardda, a race of star-travelers who have regularly and secretly visited Earth for centuries in the course of their Galactic trading expeditions, have mastered the technique—and they maintain their secret as the core of the mightiest monopoly of the Milky Way.

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"I pulled the
switch that re-
leased atomic
power," Alan said.

TIME TRACK

By CARTER SPRAGUE

Burnet's fabulous guesses were strange, too strange—as if he could peer through the murky veil of the future!

FROM the moment she met him, "Doc" Lord sensed there was something strange about Alan Burnet. It was not his appearance—he was almost handsome in a sensitive way, he handled his long lean body with easy grace and

he was as well dressed in a casual way as any man in the room.

It was an effluvia, an aura of sorts, that he carried with him. He was neither in conflict with his world nor master of it—nor was he conquered by it. He

seemed, in some odd way, to accept. It was the only word Dee could think of and Dee, like many women, was very much aware of such things.

Because he was different and she sensed it, she felt the inner antennae of her being quiver in response to the challenge. And she rather resented the fact, even though it was interesting.

She was having lunch with Mike Rogan, her lawyer, in the main dining room of Twenty-Second on a perfectly usual Saturday when Alan Burnett appeared at their table. Mike, who had fallen in love with her, was anything but pleased by his appearance.

"This is Alan Burnett, another client of mine," Mike told her when Alan simply could no longer be ignored. Mike, usually a cool and calm social practitioner hurtled, "Never bet with him—unless you're in a mood for charity."

"Oh, come now," said the newcomer, smiling faintly as he sat down in a chair pulled up by the waiter. "I'm not infatigable."

JUST then, as if to give him the lie, a well-fed stranger with gray hair came up, pulling hundred-dollar bills from a well-stuffed wallet. He apologized to Dee and Mike for intruding and handed the money, a considerable sum, to Alan.

"I've been looking for you ever since the fight," he said. "How did you know Charles was going to win by a knockout in the second round? You're either a seer or a doer."

"You pay your money and you takes your choice," said Alan, putting the bills away. He did not seem especially happy about it. He added, "Sorry, Fred, but I begged you not to bet with me."

"See?" said Mike Rogan when the bet-payer had left. "The guy's not human."

"Oh, I'm human—too human, I fear," said Alan Burnett. There were shadows back of the blue of his eyes.

"Don't you really ever lose?" said Dee Lord, fascinated.

He shrugged. "Of course. I'm like everyone else." She thought she detected disbelief in his statement. He went on

with, "I have to pick my spots. For instance, if I bet that the next person to come upstairs would be red-headed my chances of winning would be exactly the same as anyone else's."

"Don't you believe it," said Mike, looking increasingly sullen as Dee felt her attention drawn more and more to Alan.

"We'll see," said Dee, turning her eyes toward the stairwell. There was a long, exasperating wait before anyone came up. Then their waiter appeared and came hurrying toward them. His hair was virtually non-existent and what there was of it was white.

"I don't always win," he said to Dee and there was a note almost of entreaty in his voice.

"You didn't have any money down," said Mike half-angrily.

"Because you told Miss Lord not to bet and didn't want to put any down yourself," said Alan.

Dee thought, "Oh, dear" and hoped they weren't going to act like nasty little boys. But just then the waiter bobbed up at Mike's elbow and informed him he was wanted on the phone downstairs.

"Have a nice long talk," Alan Burnett told him as he rose reluctantly from the table. When he had vanished the newcomer slipped promptly into Mike's chair and began to eat his victuals. Dee looked at him with half-amused astonishment.

"It's all right," he said casually. "Our Mike will not be back."

"When he comes," she said, not wishing to be stampeded by a stranger, "it should be interesting." She met Alan Burnett's eyes accusingly but he only grinned and told her not to worry about it.

"I'll eat his lunch," he said, "and pay his check. Could anything be fairer than that?"

"Well, when you put it that way," she said. For some reason she was not surprised when a waiter appeared later and handed her a small envelope. She read the hastily scrawled note it contained, which said that Mike had been called away by unavoidable business, was sor-

rier than he could say and wanted her to run up a huge check on Alan Burnett. Finished, she passed it across the tablecloth to the newcomer. He read it in silence.

"How did you know?" she asked him finally. She was not an excessively curious person but she was feminine and wanted to know.

He made a deprecatory gesture, and again she noted how gracefully masculine was his every motion.

He said, "It wasn't exactly difficult. You see, I spotted you coming in with Mike. He handles some of my affairs and I was able to arrange to have a mutual friend put in a summons for him."

"And then you simply walked up here and took over," she said, meditating. She caught the eye of the wine steward, who promptly came over, his huge chain clanking about his neck. She said, "May I see the list?" Across the table Alan Burnett winced.

She ordered a magnum of Bollinger brut and, later, some 1854 Napoleon. Then she proceeded to enjoy the meal as she had not enjoyed a meal in too long. Nor was her enjoyment lessened by the fact that she knew Alan Burnett was dynamite for her—nor by the fact that the bill for the meal and drinks was going to cost him close to a hundred dollars. Dee was so fool but she was a woman who had been hurt by a man and wanted a little of her own back.

He paid the check, looked ruefully into his wallet, then across at her with a wry grin.

"Come on, darling," he said. "I guess we've got to make some money if this is your speed."

"I have a lot of speeds," said Dee with dignity, a trifle enhanced by the Bollinger. But she knew she was going to go with him, just as she knew his "darling" had not been the usual casual term of endearment so often tossed meaninglessly across the tables about them. She was woman and so, of course, she knew.

But in the back of her well-shaped auburn head, as Alan Burnett ushered her into a ridiculously low-chung little

MG roadster, one thing puzzled her. Alan had spoken of "making money" as if it were something he just went out and did. The delightful smoothness of her forehead was faintly creased as he headed the little English car out over the Trefore Bridge. Then he said something ridiculous and she forgot all about it.

It was Saturday and they were running the big race at Belmont. Alan had clubhouse entrée and they sat in the big bar and sipped long and luscious mint juleps through straws. Around them and outside the huge crowd milled and roared as the races were run. But they were locked in a little world of their own.

SUDDENLY Alan Burnett looked up, saw that the stake race was coming up, excused himself and left her to place a bet. He returned a few minutes later and they resumed their sipping and dreamy wonderful foolish talk. After awhile it was time to go.

"I hope you didn't lose too much," said Dee Lord, feeling suddenly guilty at what she had done at lunch. She had not been able to avoid learning from chatter around her that an outrageous outsider had won the big one at close to a hundred to one.

"Lose?" he looked at her in astonishment, pulled a small handful of hundred-dollar tickets from his side pocket casually. She looked at them and gasped. They were all of them on the winner. They represented the better part of a hundred thousand dollars.

"How can I—" he began, then stopped abruptly, his lips tightening, his light blue eyes suddenly haunted. She was all at once aware of his eyes—she was a bit enviously. They were much too long and dark for a man—for any other man but Alan Burnett.

"How can you what?" she asked, only half aware of her words.

"Never mind," he told her, his voice strained, almost harsh. "Never mind. I don't think I want you to know."

Dee let it go for the moment. Then, in the excitement of the evening that

followed, in the long drive back to the city after stopping for dinner at a fine farmhouse restaurant halfway across Long Island, in the mere exciting closeness of Alan Burnett, she forgot all about it.

Not until the next day, when she visited Mike Regan in his office for a very necessary conference about her affairs, did she remember it. And it was Mike, glowering, who reminded her.

"I hope you're not planning to see too much of Burnett," he said in his best it's-for-your-own-good advisory manner.

"Now, Mike, let's not be proprietary," she told him. "I'm a big girl now and I can pick my own wolves—it says here."

"I take it you've picked Alan," he said savagely.

"Is that any of your concern?" she countered a bit unfairly. Then, because she was not cruel and was fond of him, "Why, Mike? Is there something I should know about him?" This because she was also feminine and neither in-curious nor fond of making any move which might put such security as she had in jeopardy.

Mike poked moodily at an envelope on his blotter. "I guess not," he admitted grudgingly. "I guess it's more because of what I don't know where Alan is concerned."

"Who's he, Mike?" she asked then. "Why haven't I met him before? He seems to know his way around our part of the world."

"You haven't been around much the last few years, remember?" Mike shook his head. "Alan Burnett popped up literally out of nowhere two, three years ago. Beyond that—nothing."

"What do you mean—nothing?" she asked curiously.

"Just that," said Mike. "I'm not the only one who has tried to have him checked—you'll see why in a minute. He appeared and that was that. There weren't—and aren't—any records. He was here, on the scene, that was all. It was a little eerie."

"How did you happen to meet him, Mike?" she asked.

"He came in to see me, that's all," said Mike half-defiantly as if confessing to something wrong. "He wanted me to see to it that he didn't stumble into any pitfalls purchasing some stock. I took care of the deal for him—and since then I've handled the legal end of his affairs."

"What was he like then?" Dee wanted to know.

"Why—about the way he is now. Sure of himself. I don't think he had much money then. He told me the thousand he handed over was his total savings." Mike laughed with a tinge of bitterness. "He wanted me to buy some shares in Black Silvermine. It was off the list then—worth exactly ten cents per share."

"Mike—you didn't let him?" she said anxiously.

"Bah!" Mike was ironic. "I tried but he was not taking so for an answer. His money, less fees and commissions, bought him upwards of nine thousand shares. One week later we got word that uranium had been discovered in the Black Silvermine. The A.R.C. bought up the stock within a month. They paid twenty-four dollars per share."

"Good heavens!" said Dee, doing some mental arithmetic. "That means he must have made about a quarter of a million on the deal."

"Just about," said Mike unhappily. He hesitated, added, "I ran into a man who lived out there—he had never seen nor heard of Alan around the Black Silvermine. And not even the prospectors knew they had struck it rich until the ore was assayed—three days after Alan bought the stock."

"It doesn't seem—well, quite reasonable," said Dee. "He must have known something."

"Maybe," said Mike unhappily. "But that's only the starter. Take the last election. He put down a wad on Truman—I don't know how much but it was plenty—when things looked blackest for him. He hasn't missed a peasant winner or a Derby winner since. Honestly, Dee, it simply isn't human."

"He's just lucky," said Dee, hoping she was right.

SHE was very aware of the strange-ness about Alan just then—aware and a little afraid and wholly fascinated. "Sure—lucky!" said Mike. "But if you were ever with him when he scored one of those coups you'd wonder what he got out of it. He always seems to want to lose."

"Strange," said Dee, recalling how unpleasant Alan had been over his win at Belmont the day before. "I wonder why?"

"A fellow with his luck can afford to be a bit cracked," said Mike bitterly. "Now, about this husband-of-yours, Dee. We've got word he's coming back to New York to ask for a cut in his alimony. He claims he can't afford to pay it."

"I don't want to be unfair," said Dee, to whom both husband and alimony were distasteful subjects. "If Chuck can't afford it—"

"Can't afford it?" exploded Mike angrily. "Four ex-coups—sorry, I mean spouse—has just come into another trust fund. His Uncle Joe died in Mexico City last month. He's just trying to get out of his responsibility. After all, he was the one who did the playing around. He was the one who wanted the divorce. You had nothing whatever to do with it."

"I'm not so sure," said Dee a little dreamily. "After all, if I had handled him a bit more sympathetically—he was really just a big spoiled overgrown kid."

"Waaaaa!" cried Mike, raising eyes and hands to the ceiling. Then he sighed, counted ten almost visibly and smiled warily at her. "Dee, honey," he said, "how about dinner tonight?"

"I'm sorry," she told him, "but I have a date."

"With Alan Burnett?" Mike's eyebrows were lifted curiously.

"With Alan Burnett," she told him, then leaned across the desk to touch his wrist with a gloved finger. "I'm terribly sorry, Mike, but this is the way it is. It's better than pretending a thing I don't feel. I wish it were different but—"

"So do I," Mike sighed, managed a grin. "But look out for that spoiled overgrown ex-hubby of yours. I'm not actually sure why he's coming back to New York. Maybe he wants to remarry you."

"That," she said crisply, rising from her chair, "is out. So long, Mike—and, thanks for everything."

"Oh, sure—so long," said Mike as open self-decision.

Alan, in his foolish and costly little roadster, was waiting for her outside. She had told him about her appointment with Mike. At sight of his smile, at the touch of his hand on her arm, the vague misgivings she had felt upstairs about him vanished. She repressed a desire to say, "Oh, Alan!" softly and got into the car. From that moment she knew she was sunk without trace.

"We're going for a sail," he told her. "I have a little S-boat at Sands Point. It ought to be fun."

"It sounds lovely, Alan," she told him, squinting up at the bright blue of the sky. "But I'll have to go home and get some things first."

He kissed her when they were in her Beckman Place apartment and it took them quite awhile to get started for

(Turn page)

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Long Island. At one point the telephone rang but Alan simply lifted it from its cradle, leaving it to buzz its complaints unheeded.

The sun was busy in a metallic sky when they finally got out on the water but neither of them cared. They cruised the sound in the little sailboat, reveling in the freshness of the salt air, in the gentle clap-clap of the water against the hull, in the sweep of white canvas, in each other's company. They didn't talk much—they didn't have to.

The squall caught them unaware. One moment the air was still and the water smooth as an oil-disk. The next the sky was dark, the waves crashing on deck and cockpit as if seeking to engulf and devour the little sailboat. Terrified, Dee crouched in a corner of the rocking vessel while Alan coolly brought her through.

"We'll be all right," he told her and there was unhappiness in his voice as he shouted the words. He pulled savagely at the halyards after locking the tiller, still graceful as he held his balance on that precariously tilting deck. Even then, in her terror, she wondered a little why he should be unhappy in his confidence that they were not going to drown.

The wind gave a final furious blow and their makeshift was rent to shreds. Somehow Alan lowered the tattered canvas and they rocked less violently, powered only by the jib. The waters were growing calmer, the air, which had cooled, grew warm again.

"We'll be lucky to get back to the Point," said Alan somberly, rejoining her in the cockpit. "I'll bring her in wherever I can and we'll find a phone and call the club. Oh-oh!"

"What's wrong, darling?" Dee asked him.

"Fog," he told her briefly. "This damned freak weather." But he grinned at her reassuringly. She snuggled close to his wet body, not caring at the moment that she must look like a drowned rat. She felt almost worship for him—for the coolness with which he had brought them through the storm.

LONG ISLAND became shadowy and vanished as fog and night wrapped them closely. In a little while the only sentient thing around them was the slap-slap of water against the hull. It was like being wrapped in a vacuum. They sat still there for more than an hour, waiting for something to show.

"I've got to get you out of this," he told her finally, removing his arm from about her. His voice was oddly unsteady.

"Don't hurry, darling," Dee said, putting a restraining hand on his wet sleeve. "It's bound to lift sometime. And don't worry. I'm perfectly happy here alone with you."

"Sweet!" There was reassurance in the pressure of his fingers on her shoulder. "But if I can rig the flashlight..."

"To see through this?" She gestured at the fog about them, all but lost sight of her own hand in the process.

He said nothing, fumbled his way forward in the cockpit to the small emergency locker. She heard him grunt and mutter something, then caught the faint flare of his cigarette lighter. It reflected light briefly from the cylindrical tube of a flashlight.

Moments later a brilliant shaft of light cut through the fog like a drill, widening but not losing brightness as it progressed. Where it was, the fog simply wasn't. Alan lifted the beam until the shore of Long Island lay revealed a half mile or so away. He murmured something to himself, then came back to the tiller. They inched their way slowly via jib-power toward shore.

At last they reached a cove with a rotting wharf. Rickety wooden stairs led to a cluttered Charles Adams sort of house atop a low bluff. Alan moored the sloop to the wharf and held her fiercely for a long moment, his lips hard on hers.

"Stay here," he told her. "I'm going to find a phone and get help. You'll be all right."

"I want to come with you," she said.

"No—the going may be rough and I don't want to worry about you, honey. I can make it quicker alone."

"Okay, Alan," she said with a submission hitherto alien to her nature.

He kissed her again, softly, and was gone. She sat down in the cockpit and managed finally to get a damp cigarette going. At least, she thought, Alan hadn't guessed right on their seal. He had not foreseen the storm. It gave her an odd sense of relief. The idea of a man who knew everything was frightening.

How long she sat there she did not know but she smoked four moist cigarettes before she heard the clap-clap of water against the bottom of another vessel. She picked up the flashlight Alan had left with her, swung it in the direction of the sound and pushed the little button on its metallic side.

"Hey—short that off! Do you want to blind me?" shouted a rasping, too-familiar voice. She obeyed nervously, unable to believe the evidence of her eyes. It was Chuck Lord, her ex-husband, sailing alone in a Bristol Boat. Moments later he was alongside the S-boat, making fast with a painter.

"What was that thing you flashed at me?" he asked querulously in his post-five-beer-drunk-but-new-I'm-sober-and-what-about-it? tone. I spotted it in the fog and was able to follow you in." He saw Dee then, blinked, said, "Oh, it is you. Where's whee?"

"If you mean Alan Burnett, he has gone to get help," she said with all the laughlessness her damp condition would admit. She wished Chuck were drunk. When he was sober he was smart—too smart.

"All alone and no telephone," he said, grinning at her. Then, "Let's have a look at that light."

"It's just a stopped-up flashlight," she told him, glad to tell him anything that would keep the talk from personal subjects.

"Just a stopped-up—my foot!" He took the light from her nerveless fingers, studied it, pointed it out over the water, pushed the button. On the horizon the Connecticut shore line was clearly visible in the circle of brilliant light.

"From that used to be mine," Chuck Lord said softly, "I was all ready to be a seismologist. I was tired of paying that alimony check every three months

—and getting nothing in return. I was going to put the screws on her good."

"How did you get here?" Dee asked. She had huddled herself protectively into a ball, like a spineless porcupine or an armadillo, in the furthest corner of the cockpit.

"Partly back," He laughed, still studying the lamp in his hand. "I called your apartment this morning and you took the phone off the hook. So I went over there and waited and followed. I managed to rent me a boat—of sorts. I lost you leechbirds in the fog, of course, but this light brought me back on the beam." He put it on, peered at it in the reflection of the own light. For an instant it shone in Dee's eyes and she cried out in pain. It was like looking directly into the sun.

"Quite a gadget—who made it?" Chuck asked her casually.

"Alan put it together," she said, then wished she hadn't. Her Ex was showing much too much interest in the light.

"I'd like to meet him some time," said Chuck. "As I said, I was ready to kick up a stink—but maybe I won't. I'll make a deal. Let me take this light and I'll lay off. Okay?"

"But it's not mine," said Dee, relieved and fearful at once.

"That's right," he said mockingly. "Possession is nine points of the law, I believe. Well, here—I'll give you this." He tossed another flashlight into the S-boat cockpit, began undoing the painter. "So long—darling. Happy alimony."

PERHAP'S half an hour later she heard footsteps on the wooden stairs of the bluff. It was Alan and she clung to him, happy and afraid at once, crying a little against his shoulder.

"Hey?" he said, holding her off from him. "What gives? I wasn't gone that long. They're sending over a car from the Point."

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad you're back," she cried.

"Well, so am I," he told her. He lit them cigarettes, said, "Let's have that flashlight. I want to get it at normal."

"It is normal," she said, not wanting

to talk about Chuck and his swap. "I went back to normal just a few minutes ago. Alan, I don't like to seem inquisitive, but what did you do to it?"

"It went back!" he exclaimed, running a hand over his forehead and staring at her. "You're sure of it?"

"See for yourself," she told him. He picked up the flashlight from beside her, tried it, tried it again.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "It can't be! It simply can't be."

"Is something wrong?" Dee asked him.

"No!" he shouted, grabbing her close to him and hugging her madly. "Everything's wonderful." He blessed her until she struggled clear of him in near-exasperation.

"Alan Barnes," she said, "if you don't tell me what—"

"Okay," he told her. "I can tell you now, darling. But you must promise not to tell anyone about it—not anyone."

"I'll be good," she said meekly and meant it. Something in his tone told her he wasn't kidding.

"I palmed a switch in the batteries of that flash that released atomic power," he told her. "It should have held its light for two hundred years—in my world at any rate. And it didn't."

"What do you mean, Alan—'your world'?" she asked him, a sudden cold chill settling around her heart.

"I'm the one who got away," he told her grimly. "My world was wiped out by indiscriminate use of atomic power in nineteen sixty-two, darling. No, I'm not crazy. I can prove it."

From a pocket in his shirt he brought out a water-proof package, opened it. Under the dim glow of the flashlight they could see its contents clearly enough. There was money there, lots of it, in crisp thousand-dollar bills—all of them dated in the late nineteen fifties. There were newspaper clippings and an almanac, all of them placed in the future. There were a few other little go-dots whose nature Dee did not know.

"I saw the explosion coming," said Alan. "I was a scientist and, like others, I sought a way out. There were space expeditions planned, even time travel

Ma, I sought a parallel time track—an Earth in a universe whose future was dissimilar to that of the doomed Earth on which I was stuck.

"I found it," he told her excitedly. "I know how old man Archimedes felt when he shouted, 'Eureka!' No, honey, I'm sane."

"But, Alan," said Dee, frowning at the almanac and trying to comprehend what she had just been told, "this is only nineteen fifty. How can you be sure you're not on the same Earth?"

"That's what has had me terrified," he told her. "Every time I found a prediction fulfilled, every time I won a bet or a stock market play, I felt increasingly trapped. Perhaps, I thought I had merely gone backwards in time instead of across it. But not any more, darling, not any more."

"Why not, dear?" she countered.

"Because of you," he told her excitedly. "You and the flashlight. You've broken the chain. We're safe—see?" He turned the now-dull beam on the almanac, riffled through to a certain page, put it into her hands. "Read that, honey, read it."

"It" was a brief chronology of important and interesting events, year by year, in the world from which Alan had come. Dee looked at it, saw the entry 1959, read—

... first cheap and widespread use of atomic power obtained through sale bought by woman non-scientist against ex-husband who claimed had stolen it. Irene Dearing greatest name in science since Madame Curie. . . . St. Louis Cardinals won the World . . .

"You see, honey?" said Alan. "That's how the whole horror began. The fools thought it was progress—it was ruin, a cancer for the Earth. There was more to it than that, of course. It all ran according to Boyle right up to this flashlight falling." He grinned and tapped it fondly. "Good old failure," he said. He looked at her fondly and chuckled. "It's a good thing I made hay while I could, honey, or we'd be poor as churchgoers."

"Yes, it's swell, darling," said Irene Dearing ("Dee") Lord, wondering how she could recover that flashlight. The courts. . . .

By WALT
SHELDON



REPLICA

THE visitor was guest, and obviously another screwball but a note from Mr. Gamble's brother-in-law had brought him here and Mr. Gamble couldn't very well just have him tossed out. He glanced at the note again to remind himself of the man's name, Passmore—Dr. Nicholas Passmore.

"Look," said Mr. Gamble, napping some breakfast egg away from his plump jaws, "in this movie business I get screwballs every day, Mr. Passmore—why can't I just be let alone so I can finish this here picture we're making?"

Passmore ran his hand over tarnished white hair. He said, "It's not as though

Time travel comes to the aid of a harried director of Western movies—but not in the way that he plans it

I were another crackpot. I've showed you, my references, my degree, the clippings from the science journals."

"All right, all right," Mr. Gamble's tone was impatient. He glanced up from the breakfast nook and through the broad, plate-glass picture window. This window had been specially installed in the pre-fabricated electrified air-conditioned cottage in which Mr. Gamble was roughing it on location. Outside he could see the set for *Trigger Town*—the wonderful and perfect set which was an absolute replica of Broken Fork, Arizona, in the Eighties.

Mr. Gamble said, "Already I'm behind schedule with this picture. So I don't care how interesting this time travel of yours is. Or whatever you call it. I'm an artist, Mr. Passmore. When I am doing something I don't want to think of anything else it should distract me from that something."

"But that's the point," said Passmore in a thin hurried way. "You've wasted as much time already on historical research! Think what it would mean actually to visit the place and time of Trigger Dorgan's demise!"

Mr. Gamble took his head by the temples. "I was thinking, I'm thinking what a patric scene that death scene is anyway. It's antichromatic, superfluous, irrelevant—and it rocks. Look, I don't care if it really happened that way or not. I know a story when I see one. But what are I? A plain Executive Producer and Director. *Charisma* is a Vice-President Executive Producer. He says the scene stays in. He's ruining me."

Passmore appeared not to hear Gamble's complaints. He put his bony hands on the breakfast table, leaned close and spoke earnestly. "But I know time travel will work, Mr. Gamble. I've checked it all carefully. Except that I need a replica of the place we visit—such as your set. That's because of the Optimum Condition factor."

"Look—some other time. Please!" said Mr. Gamble.

"Scarcely you can understand my principles of time travel and see that they work." Passmore sat down and leaned

toward Mr. Gamble. There was scientific fire in his eye. "You've heard of theoretically traveling faster than light, then looking back into your own past—right?"

"What?" Mr. Gamble cocked his head. Then he shook it.

Mr. Gamble wondered if he'd ever really got used to the screwballs you met in this business. He had come to Hollywood heralded as Europe's greatest producer of musicals. The kind with horses, tinkling chandeliers, blond chambermaids and plenty of schmaltz in three-quarter time. To date Mr. Jonathan Gamble had produced westerns, detectives, sword-type documentaries, family pictures, epics—In short, everything but a musical.

PASSMORE went on—incessantly. "Mr. Gamble, my time travel is based on the idea of such speed. Except that the subject doesn't actually move in space—not as we conceive of movement. In effect he works from the other side of the equation. You remember Newton's second law of motion."

"I never studied law," said Mr. Gamble.

"Force equals Mass times Acceleration," said Passmore, pounding the breakfast nook with a curled, bony fist. "Very well. Turn it around. Acceleration equals Mass over Force. We alter the mass of the subject through atomic opposition—my own principle. We establish force—stationary force—in the form of energy or heat. What happens?"

"All right, what happens?" Mr. Gamble's voice was weary, resigned. "Another big word happens. Go ahead—tell me the other big word."

Passmore spread his hands triumphantly. "We have a rate of change to velocity—acceleration—without actual traverse of space. What is left to traverse?" He paused, leaned forward. "Time."

"Clear as mud," said Mr. Gamble.

"Of course I've oversimplified vastly," continued Passmore, stroking his faded white hair again. "The factors involved run into the thousands. Some I don't

even understand—except pragmatically. Optimum Condition, for instance. To get back to a certain place, at a certain time, it is necessary first to reproduce all of the surrounding physical conditions as accurately as possible. I haven't had time to eliminate and find which ones really matter."

"If you will excuse me, Mr. Passmore," said Mr. Gamble, gulping the last of his coffee.

And he left Nicholas Passmore there in the cottage, left him looking uncomfortable, self-conscious and disappointed. He struggled. One of his brother-in-law's friends. Oh well—some other time it might be interesting to see what this time travel business was all about. Maybe go back to Vienna, 1895, and do another musical.

Mr. Gamble sighed and stepped into the hot desert sun. Later he'd think of a way to get rid of this Passmore.

The company was ready to shoot. Mr. Gamble took his place in a canvas chair under a striped sun umbrella, and took the sound the script girl handed him. He glanced at Eddie Usaki, the cameraman and Eddie said, "Any time."

Mr. Gamble turned to the actors. Howard Hayworth, who played the part of the famous outlaw, Trigger Tom, was putting his last touch of cactus powder from the make-up man. He looked and talked the part of Tom Dorgan certainly—big, iron-jawed, handsome and tough in a chivalrous tender way. He might go far if only dopes like Charters, the Vice-President Executive Producer would stop looking up his pictures with such irrelevant things as this death scene.

"All right," Mr. Gamble said to everybody in the quiet pleasant voice he assumed when directing. "We went through it all yesterday and even tried some takes. So let's do it right today. Remember—this is costing a thousand dollars a minute."

Everyone nodded gravely. No one asked Mr. Gamble why he made those little speeches at a thousand dollars a minute.

"Now," said Mr. Gamble, "to rest. The scene, Tom Dorgan, after rising

from outlaw to peace officer has become an outlaw again. Another outlaw, Laredo King, is looking for him. So the town figures the two outlaws will kill each other—
—a extra—you township, you, to show out. You got to look anxious and half-pleased—only also a little scared at the same time. You understand that?"

Everybody understood. Or nodded as though he did.

"Check. So let's try it now for long and medium shots," said Mr. Gamble.

Movement. Soft babble. Assistants scurrying, dollars wheeling in, out; beams swinging. Eddie Usaki yelling and gesturing. "No—you can't beam out that far! I'm behind Trigger Tom for a travel shot—you'll catch my shadow!"

Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Usaki. Yes, Mr. Gamble. Yes, yes, yes indeed. Okay. Quiet.

The long main street of Broken Fork, yellow in the sun—the shadows on the porch of the Gran Quivira Hotel and Saloon, purple and sharply defined. Burr-muzzed cow-horses at a rail. Only their tails moving, switching at flies. Heads from windows, from around corners, from behind water barrels.

And then into the quiet, the jingle of spurs.

Trigger Tom Dorgan, the outlaw, always wore long spurs and jinglers. That was his trade mark. The sound came in soft rhythm along the board sidewalk—clink, clink, clink—steady steps. There was a close-up of those marching spurs already in the can—that would be cut in later.

NOW Tom Dorgan stepped into the dusty street and Eddie Usaki's camera swung behind to follow him.

Laredo King appeared—the other outlaw—big, black-bearded, rolling in his gait. The extras habited to each other, they widened their eyes and reacted and Camera 3 panned across a line of them at the rail of the Gran Quivira.

Mr. Gamble, in his deck chair, shook his head quietly and nodly. It smiled.

"It smiles," said a voice behind Mr. Gamble.

He whirled, startled, Richard V. Charters, Vice-president Executive Producer stood there. A tall man with a guard's mustache and a cropped head, he wore a navy-blue gabardine double-breasted draps, white shirt and a dark tie. Here on the desert heat he looked not a whit less sartorial than he did in his office-cottage back on the lot.

"All right, cut!" yelled Mr. Gamble, waving at the company. He turned and glared at Charters. "So you ruined that scene," he said.

Charters shrugged. "It was rotten anyway, old boy. Don't know why you can't do the death scene, Jonathan. It's really the backbone of the picture. I helped write it myself."

"Mr. Charters," said Gamble, from behind a slow boil, "as I have told you innumerable times, that death scene is—"

"Yes, I know. Anticlimactic, superfluous, irrelevant and it reeks. That's your opinion, Jonathan. Could it possibly be that you're directing it badly simply because you don't like it?"

Gamble tightened his lips and didn't say anything.

"Or perhaps you're losing your touch," said Charters coldly. "That happens, you know. Older chap—act in your ways. Not that I don't like you personally, Jonathan, please don't misunderstand me."

Mr. Gamble didn't misunderstand him, not in the slightest. Charters had a younger brother, a Playhouse kid with a lot of ideas about art and so forth. He wanted to put the kid into Mr. Gamble's place. Charters would lose no chance to make Gamble look bad.

So Gamble glared at the Vice-president Executive Producer for a while and then he turned back slowly and called to everybody, "Let's try it again." His voice was sad and weary.

He toiled all day to get the scene right. He went into long conferences with Eddie Usaki and personally checked all the camera angles. He had exhaustive talks with the actors. He moved the reflectors about, trying to achieve mood through light—he even went through the actors'

paces, demonstrating every step, every facial twist.

Charters, saturnine and silent, stood to one side through all of it. He made Mr. Gamble nervous enough to have torn his hair if he had had any.

Quitting time came. It still smelled.

In his cottage that evening, Mr. Gamble dined without taste on whitefish, red caviar, french-fried potatoes and a glass of imported Chablis made into a highball with seltzer water. The Hollywood touch. Back in the old days Mr. Gamble used to sip his Chablis plain, relish its bouquet. He was in the middle of his meal when Dr. Nicholas Panmore showed up again.

The great scientist sat down, unruffled, across from Mr. Gamble and picked idly at the french-fries. Mr. Gamble had the odd feeling of Fate walking into the room.

"Look," said Mr. Gamble, "I thought you went back to Los Angeles."

"No. I decided to stay awhile. I took a room in the tourist court down the road. Had to take another room for my equipment. You see, I've gone to so much trouble to get here, to have my apparatus shipped that—well—I just didn't want to give up so soon."

Mr. Gamble, through a mouthful of whitefish, said, "Panmore, why don't you listen to my troubles for a change?"

Panmore blinked. "Why, largely because they're unimportant compared to mine, I suppose."

Mr. Gamble made a disgusted growl. He sipped his wine highball again.

"The scientific method," said Panmore, out of his usual clear sky. "Is to eliminate all irrelevant factors one by one."

Panmore droned on, then, but Mr. Gamble scarcely heard him. He was trying to apply his own kind of scientific method to his own particular problem. How Charters was out to get him. How Charters had insisted on that death scene, knowing it would hurt Mr. Gamble's reputation.

The picture—well, the public would swallow it because it was a good enough Western and it starred Howard Hey-

worth. But in the industry itself—on state walks, in the trade columns, over starched linen at the Derby—that was where the damage would be done. With scalps. "To bad about old Gamble—personally I like him, he's a nice fella, y'understand—but that last stinker. Oh, brother!"

AND it all went back to that one irrelevant death scene. Out of key, entirely out of key with the rest. Why couldn't this outlaw, Trigger Tom Dorgan, have faded into obscurity after saving the cavalry from the Indians?

That was his real true climax. Why did he have to go get himself killed by some scout in Broken Park, Arizona, May 18, 1881, at three o'clock in the afternoon? The guy didn't know how to live his own life artistically, that was the trouble.

Dr. Nicholas Passmore, meanwhile, was saying to Mr. Gamble: "So that's the curious paradox of time travel. If you go back in time—by definition you alter historical events. To a degree—your own existence is the result of what has gone before. Do you then alter your own life? This, Mr. Gamble, is the question that could be answered for science if you would cooperate with me."

Mr. Gamble looked up, and a thoughtful frown came over his forehead.

"You understand," continued Passmore, "that I haven't sufficient data to interest a foundation or another group of scientists. Not to the extent of backing me. I have only my own convictions. But think of the glory in it for you, Mr. Gamble. I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll name the principle of Atomic Apposition after you. We'll call it the Gamble effect."

Gamble's frown became deeper, even more thoughtful. "Wait a minute," he said slowly, "what is this you are saying in the biggest possible words about altering events?"

"The paradox of time travel," said Passmore. "What actually happens, for instance, if we go back and rescue Napoleon a second time from exile? If we return—do we find history changed in

the very history books?"

"History changed," said Mr. Gamble just a bit hollowly. He raised his eyes and looked into the air above Passmore's head.

"Is there perhaps another plane of existence," said Passmore, "where Napoleon did escape a second time, and reconquer? Where today the United States is part of the French Empire? Are there perhaps infinite planes of existence in which every permutation of events exists? Is time-travel merely another expression of travel across these planes of probability?"

Mr. Gamble was still thinking. He thought for a long silent moment. Finally he looked up and now his voice was suddenly friendly to the lean scientist. ("Mr. Passmore," he said in the manner of a foreign minister opening negotiations, "have some whitfish with your potatoes.")

* * * *

It was four o'clock in the morning before Mr. Jonathan Gamble and Dr. Nicholas Passmore really got to it. In the first place the preparations had taken a long time and in the second place the set of Trigger Tom was completely deserted at that hour. Mr. Gamble had even sent the watchman away.

Passmore's time traveler stood in the middle of the dusty street of the set. Moonlight glittered on the metal edging, on knobs and dial-gradings. It was about the size of a 250-watt broadcast transmitter and its accompanying amplifying stages.

It had been brought from the tourist court in a studio truck, unloaded and the hands disassembled after signing their overtime slips. In the little shack, just beyond the set, a portable generator thrummed and a snaking length of cable ran from it to the time traveler.

Passmore was intense and intent as he worked on the settings. He carried a clip-board, pencil, slide-rule and table of logs, and he made swift calculations between each setting of dial and vernier. "It's all exquisitely critical," he explained to Gamble. "A change in one

factor shows up squared or cubed, or even to the tenth power in another. For instance—we want to get to Broken Fork, Arizona, May Eighteen, Eighteen Eighty-one, at a quarter to three P.M. The real rate of Broken Fork is exactly one hundred seventy-six and four tenths miles from here.

"If I don't get that distance correctly we may find ourselves off not in distance—but in time. By the curve taken time must be correct—or we might end up in Milwaukee instead of Broken Fork. You see how it's all interrelated? This is the philosophical expression of curvature in physical space."

"Sure, naturally," said Mr. Gamble, with just the right inoffensive touch of sarcasm.

MR. GAMBLE was dressed in old western clothes and so was Paasmore. They had decided they'd be less conspicuous in the real Broken Fork if they showed up in the costume of that day.

Mr. Gamble, besides a large hat, tight frontier pants and jack-boots, wore also a .44 caliber pistol strapped low to his thigh. It was not loaded with its usual blanks. The prep crew had been potting jackrabbits for sport out here on the desert and Mr. Gamble had obtained real cartridges. They were part of his scheme.

"One point one five one six dyads per astral minute," muttered Mr. Paasmore, setting the power scale.

Mr. Gamble nodded and looked at the moon and the desert and the night and said, "You're sure we got back, now?"

"Automatically," said Paasmore, nodding. "The force works on an exponential curve. Except that it's quite flat on top. During the flattening of the curve we will be back in time for exactly fourteen minutes. After the curve falls and we return—we merely disappear and materialize back here."

"I hope so," said Mr. Gamble.

"All things being equal you can depend on it," said Paasmore.

Sharply, Mr. Gamble said, "What do you mean—all things being equal?"

Paasmore shrugged, "Human fallibility. A slight mistake somewhere in the program. A flaw in my theory. But that's unlikely. And anyway there's always a slight element of chance in any undertaking."

Mr. Gamble didn't say anything. He was wondering whether he would have entered into this affair without his desperate need to tell Mr. Richard V. Charters' plans. He was also wondering if maybe this Paasmore wasn't just another crackpot in spite of his degrees and everything.

Paasmore adjusted the square grille that faced the area like radar antennae. He beckoned for Mr. Gamble to stand beside him in the glare of these grilles and Mr. Gamble complied. He shrugged and complied and plunged into all of it with a kind of dazed courage.

The scientist glanced at an electronic clock on the instrument panel. He glanced at Mr. Gamble. "Ready?"

"Uh—I wonder if it's really going to work," said Mr. Gamble. The back of his neck prickled. "I mean—is it really absolutely safe, like you say?"

"Breathe deeply," said Mr. Paasmore. "Hold it."

He threw a switch. At first Mr. Gamble could scarcely realize what was happening—even though he had expected something. It was like going under ether. Everything swirled and was very unreal, and one part of his mind knew that there was unconsciousness, but another part was content and amiably curious.

A kind of dream existence—his vision was as vision under water—or maybe it was gelatin, not water, because now it seemed to be melting away in front of his eyes so that twisted and distorted shapes fell into recognizable forms.

Mr. Jonathan Gamble found himself in an alley between the Grand Opera Hotel and Saloon and Mitchell's Every and Feed Stable in Broken Fork, Arizona.

It was daytime. There was no calendar in sight, but somehow he knew very well that it was May 18, 1881. He looked at his wrist watch. Four thirty-

too, it said—it still showed the time they had left the desert set for Trigger Tom. That was what his watch said but he looked about him at the dust and at the sun and knew very well that it was really 2:45 p.m. or thereabouts. His instinct or something akin to it knew all this.

Passmore spoke and there was in his voice a trailing hesitancy which his ordinarily lean manner couldn't quite hide. He said, "Well, here we are!"

And so they were—unencumbered, dressed in the dress of the period and to all appearances established citizens of Broken Fork. They moved cautiously from the alley to the main street.

Again it was a matter of feeling. The silence, the taw, quivering silence in Broken Fork—the first shock of it hit Mr. Gambile for a moment and then the artist in him came to the fore. He began to wonder how this taut ominous mood was achieved.

This was exactly the kind of thing he had unsuccessfully been trying to put into the death scene of Trigger Tom.

There was a soft clicking beside him, and he looked to see Passmore taking snaps with a miniature camera. He frowned once more at the street. That elusive portentousness—was it in the hot sun—the shadows? Was it in the lean squad of the weathered blacks—the looming of their fugates—the first curling from the street—the twitching of a horse's flank?

Mr. Gambile knew this. Mr. Gambile knew that something in Broken Fork said Death was coming.

HE watched the people. They moved about in their accustomed ways, it seemed to him. Through a half-open door and a disquieting window he saw a barber shaving someone. A woman and her small daughter curving into a dry-goods store. A tall man in a black jim-cracker coat thoughtfully scraped the ash of a used cigar on a porch rail. A freckled girl in a linen-wosey shirt gathered up his marbles near the corner of the livery stable.

It was not really silence—just the

sense of it. A lowering by a decided or so of the ordinary sounds of the afternoon.

Mr. Gambile knew how this scene should be done. His mistake had been in using all of the conventional devices to show it—pasting along strained quiet faces, feeding with moody artificial light, making the actors act. He had forgotten for a while the honesty and sincerity of portrayal that had always made his mistakes more than beguiling.

And now he heard the soft jangling of spurs.

"Here it comes, Gambile," said the gaunt scientist, touching his arm.

Mr. Gambile nodded. He touched the grip of the bolted revolver at his side and he was frightened. He squared his round shoulders manfully. He fought fear.

"You're all set?" whispered Passmore, "You know exactly what to do?"

Mr. Gambile nodded again—lightly, nervously.

Trigger Tom Dorgan appeared at the north end of the street to Mr. Gambile's right. Citizens began to disappear—usually rather than suddenly. Here and there a few faces could be seen peering from doors and windows. Mr. Gambile studied the famous fellow as he came.

Dorgan wasn't anything like his handsome Howard Hayworth who, in the Twentieth Century, portrayed him. He was rusty. His blond hair was dirty, unkempt and it spilled forward from a battered graying felt hat quite unlike Hayworth's sweeping Stetson. He came closer and Mr. Gambile saw that he had pimples and peck-marks all over his face.

Now his eyes were close enough to see. They were narrow and yellow and stupid and, Mr. Gambile felt, the cruelest eyes he had ever regarded. This was the man Mr. Gambile planned on saving from death.

"Here comes Laredo King," whispered Passmore. His camera began to click again.

Mr. Gambile switched his stare to the left. Laredo King in real life was more like his movie counterpart than Dorgan was. King was big and black-bearded

and filthy. Tobacco stains dribbled from each corner of his mouth and his jaws worked furiously upon a quid. Good tough—Mr. Gamble would have to remember!

The outlaws—now perhaps seventy yards apart—moved toward each other slowly. They looked at nothing but each other. They kept their right hands hooked, poised, near their holstered pistols.

Now, except for the flinging spurs, it was truly silent. Mr. Gamble knew that—the sudden real silence that followed the first faded bark.

"If we solve the paradox of time travel," Passmore whispered, "it will advance both science and philosophy centuries. I hardly dare dream what comes next. Where it will lead to—" His voice was hollow. His eyes had the next thing to a fanatical gleam.

Now Trigger Tom and Laredo were fifty yards apart. Forty—thirty—still walking forward—still eying each other. Laredo was very sober, working his cad. Trigger Tom wore a nervous half-grin across his ugly face.

Mr. Gamble looked at his watch. Then he looked up at Passmore. Passmore checked his own watch. The two outlaws were now twenty-five yards apart.

"Now?" asked Mr. Gamble.

"Now," said Passmore quickly.

Mr. Gamble was not in the physical sense a courageous man. But now he found courage. Enough courage—just enough to do what he had to do. His entire career, all of his happiness and the only thing really important to him—the worth of his work—depended on this brief action of his and on a little luck in its outcome. So he found courage for it.

He stepped forward into the street. He stepped almost directly between Laredo King and Trigger Tom and he kept looking back and forth at each of them. At the top of his lungs he roared, "Phonies! Cheap crooks! You couldn't hit a barn door—either of you! So pfil to both of you! You hear me—Pfil!"

Both Laredo King and Trigger Tom stared in profoundest surprise. It had

been silent before in Broken Fork. Now it was as though the entire town, animated, had drawn a sharp startled breath. The two outlaws raised their brows, opened very wide their eyes and straightened themselves.

Mr. Gamble glanced nervously at his wrist watch. He ought to start to disappear about now.

He looked up again. He felt his heart thunder at his ribs and he prayed a kind of prayer that his absolute inner fright wouldn't affect his voice.

"Tough! Cowards! Losers! No goods!" he said to the astounded outlaws, "You want to fight somebody? Fight me! I'll take you on both at once!"

STILL they stared back in amazement. Simply stared. Laredo King began to shake his black beard slowly back and forth. Trigger Tom's blotched face was frozen and ugly.

Mr. Gamble consulted his watch once more. And this time he frowned with all the plump fullness of his brows. It had already been fourteen minutes since they appeared in Broken Fork. His watch couldn't be wrong—it was an expensive, fine, jeweled Jantack-Fells, Imported.

So he should be disappearing by now. The time effect should be wearing off and he should be swinging back into the future where he belonged, after confounding Laredo King and Trigger Tom completely and, he hoped, altering the outcome of their quarrel.

Only something—some little calculation perhaps—had evidently gone wrong. He was still in Broken Fork. He was still in May 12, 1881. He was still in a perfect position to be blasted from either of two sides by the guns of two of the nastiest outlaws in the Old West.

"Passmore!" he muttered in a whisper. "Do something!"

The gaunt scientist was frowning at his own watch. "Strange," he was saying. "I don't understand this at all. Of course, I could have made an unwitting mistake somewhere. Some of these calculations were a little hard to see in the moonlight. But I don't understand it."

"You don't have to understand it. Just do something!"

Then a deep, rolling voice sounded. They stared to the left and saw that Laredo King was addressing them from the depths of his black beard. "Little man?" he rambled at Mr. Gamble. "Y'all jest better shakele off now, an let us horse fellows settle this here thing!"

Mr. Gamble was cased in a solid block of arguish. He hadn't planned things this way at all. He had admitted the possibility of a slip or two—but not this complete reversal. Way he'd planned it both Laredo King and Trigger Tom were to have turned to attack him or chase him at about the time he would disappear.

Pasmora was to have covered him—just in case. And he had the loaded pistol as a last, desperate defense measure. The miracle of his disappearance, he'd been sure, would rebound both outward enough to keep them from finishing their quarrel—at least for the time being. And it would alter the circumstances, as it already had.

BUT now Mr. Gamble's plans had come to utter chaos.

A gun sounded.

It was terribly loud, that pistol shot, in the hot silence of Broken Fork. Laredo King suddenly slackened his lower jaw and the black beard dropped with it. His eyes widened until they looked like white circles chalked upon his grimy face. He swayed. Blood appeared on his chest, and then he fell forward. Heavily.

Mr. Gamble heard hearing in his ears. His limbs became numb. He looked at his hand, saw it was dissolving out of sight—and then he knew that at last he was returning to the future.

But before Mr. Gamble disappeared completely he had time for one quick glance at Trigger Tom. The famous outlaw was blowing smoke from his gun and grinning in great and noisy satisfaction at his disposal of Laredo King.

He wasn't looking at Mr. Gamble. He hadn't noticed the disappearing act yet. But now Mr. Gamble's thoughts were

joyous. He had altered events. He had made it so—*not* Laredo King—not Trigger Tom—and this day.

So if it could be no more anticlimactic, *no* descent, inertial, which it also *was*, and, death scene in the picture. . .

The first thing that Mr. Gamble and Pasmora did, upon their return, of course, was to find the script of TRIGGER TOM and rifle through it. They made a bee-line for Mr. Gamble's cottage after materializing on the deserted set of Broken Fork, some fifteen or sixteen minutes after leaving it.

Gamble dashed into his living room, fumbled the papers from the desk drawers and scanned everything jerkily until he found the sequence of the death scene. He stared at this for a long moment, and then suddenly looked up at Pasmora. His face seemed deflated.

"No?" asked Pasmora.

"No," said Mr. Gamble.

"Then—" Pasmora spoke slowly, thoughtfully, dreamily. "There's one answer. We traveled not only in time, but across planes of probability. We entered an existence where Laredo King did not kill Trigger Tom on May 18, 1881, at three P.M." His eyes began to burn.

"That's the answer to the paradox of the time travel, then. It's impossible to move in time along the same plane of existence! My first basic principle—Pasmora's Law, I'll call it."

Mr. Gamble didn't answer. Nor did he really listen. He was staring from the picture window, watching the Arizona dawn crackle like a pomegranate over the replica-set of Broken Fork.

Somewhere on another plane of existence, he was thinking, Mr. Jonathan Gamble directed his beloved operettas and moved happily in an atmosphere of tinkling chandeliers and Viennese schmalts. And maybe in this happy plane Richard V. Charters and all like him directed two-bit westerns—probably not even as artistically as Mr. Gamble would direct that death scene when he got to it today.

Maybe that was it. Maybe that was a kind of answer to things. If nothing else the whole idea was comforting.

The Odyssey of

EVERY SO OFTEN—about every seven seconds, say—one of our more hide-bound readers lifts his reluctant eyebrows from the volume of Euclid, Aristotle, Herodotus or whatever learned authority he is reading and announces with loud and incisive accent that there is no room for fantasy in serious fiction. In which, of course, he is stating the most ignominious kind of nonsense.

For what is serious fiction save the other side of the "if"? If all molecular movement in a given object were suddenly to go into retirement the cleavage gaps in our edifice—well, some Boston B, Anthony plague were to wipe out all but one of the noses in the world—and so on, the matter how gadget-bound you choose to make your conception of it, escape fiction is still fantasy.

All of which is by way of prelude to a story which our more unbutton-minded readers will probably insist has no place in a serious fiction magazine. And for all we know they may be perfectly right. But when you read of the equally absurd of events that befell little Pippa Thrupp—and when you have got your acting stoppards mixed back into something, approximating their proper place—we have a hunch you'll agree with us that this is one story we had to run. Incidentally it introduces

to our pages a most promising young author whose work we hope soon to serve you again!—THE EDITOR

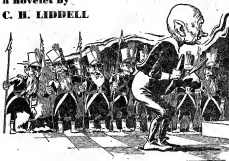
CHAPTER I

Why Did It Have to Happen to Me?

I'M just an ordinary gnome and why the thing should have happened to me I can't understand. If I'd been an elemental or a mermaid—they're always getting mixed up in water-magic—it'd be different. But, as I say, I'm a plain, down-to-earth gnome of the Middle Kingdom and I had never really believed in humans.

Of course as a youngling I'd been told all sorts of fantastic folklore by my nurses. You know the sort of thing, where in-offending vampires are captured by a

a novelet by
C. H. LIDDELL



Yiggar Throlg

hubbard and tortured to death with garlic and stinks and so on. But I'm a materialist. Most gnomes are. We believe in the unalterable laws of physics, such as the First Law—gold iron is poison.

But humans—well? It's always some

other gnome who has known a gnome who's seen one.

I've changed my mind now. That's why I'm considered a little cracked—me, Yiggar Throlg, whose family have been honest diggers and deliverers since back in the days of the Norway narrows

Here is what can happen to a perfectly respectable gnome who has the misfortune to come in contact with human beings!



*The tiny hobbled old man, "Too miserable
creaking clinging of a dog!"*

and beyond that, I've heard, to Yggdrasil.

By Valhalla, I'm no moon-struck wren-wolf and I know what I saw and what happened to me. Even now sometimes I dream about that haunted spot, with a living green carpet of grass hiding the brown earth, and the moonrays shining on—it!

It must be dreadful to be a human.

Well, I suppose I should start at the beginning. I'd got lost in the burrows. King Braggir was yelling for more rubies and I was bellowing in my quota. The bag over my shoulder was almost empty and I didn't dare slack it without at least a pound of gems.

Braggir was paying Red Street. He's an unreasonable gnome anyway, to my mind, and there wasn't any reason at all why the job should have to be finished in a week. But there it was. If I came back without my quota I'd be turned into a toad for seven hours. If I could have seen the future I'd have welcomed such a punishment rather than get tangled up with the supernatural.

The higher tunnels are seldom visited, you know, and adze say they weren't built by gnomes. And that, I believe now, is true. I must have traveled a long way, searching vainly for rubies, when I came without any warning whatsoever upon the inexplicable.

The ground under my feet changed to a hard smooth substance like whitish gritty rock and I found myself in a small tunnel, not much larger than my body. I'm an ordinary-sized gnome, but presently I had to squeeze my way forward. I simply couldn't turn back in that narrow space. And at last I found my way blocked by a grating which for a moment I thought was cold iron. Luckily it wasn't, so I wrenched it away and stuck my head out.

There was a park-like expanse all around me, with the moon shining down and trees casting their long shadows. I could hear water rippling far away and smell it. All at once I felt a hot shudder pass down my spine. Something was—wrong.

THERE are times, they say, when the Veil wears thin and we can see what lies beyond. This was such a time. I know now. For there was something in the park that should not have been there—something alive and very dreadful. I could sense it.

What I had taken to be a distorted tree near by suddenly stirred. Its shadow swayed on the grass. The moon washed it in white light. And I saw that it was a Horror.

I couldn't move. I was paralyzed. The creature wasn't ten feet away. It looked perfectly tangible and three-dimensional, not unlike a caty though the legs were straight and it wore clothing.

My reactions were surprising even to me. I didn't faint. I was too scared. I just remained where I was, with my head sticking up out of the hole where the grating had been, and the—being—watched me. The tables might have lasted for hours for all I know. It was broken when the human—for it was a human—lifted an arm and beckoned to me without making a sound.

Every muscle in my body shrieked protest but I couldn't disobey. I crawled out on the grass and stood there shivering, with the feeling of a hot wind blowing on my face. I faced worse than death, I knew—and then, all of a sudden, I remembered I was Yggir Throlfy, a gnome of the Middle Kingdom.

Bravado, perhaps, but I squared my shoulders and looked at the human undistinctly. I hope it isn't vanity that makes me believe I cut a good figure. I'm two feet tall in my sandals and thirty inches wide and my open, which look like brown eggs, did not fall or waver.

The human took something—a bottle—out of the folds of his garments. With deliberate, menacing slowness he uncapped it.

"All right," he said. "Get back in."

There was liquid in the bottle, swirling back and forth, and a strong alcoholic odor tainted the air like mud when they feast in Valhalla. But the figure's innocent appearance didn't fool me. I knew about the djinn and how Safel-

man had enslaved them. If I obeyed the bottle would be capped and flung into the ocean.

"I—I won't!" I managed to get out through chattering teeth.

"You came out of this bottle," the human told me. "Now, by heaven, get back in!"

"I didn't come out of it—" Imagine! I was arguing with a human!

The creature made an impatient sound that was almost growlish. "Dor : give me that," he snapped, swaying : ghily. "They all come out of bottles—snakes and mice and sea-serpents. Now—"

"I'm certainly not a sea-serpent," I said, "and as for snakes and mice there aren't any such things."

He smiled, very heartily, but didn't answer. I felt sure that he believed in snakes and mice and might even have seen them. "Anyway," I said, plucking up a bit of courage, "I'm not going into that bottle—please?"

He drank out of it and considered me thoughtfully. "Who are you?"

I told him. He shook his head. "No, I mean what are you?"

"I'm a gnome," I said.

I wasn't prepared for the reaction my words had. The being before me let out a wild yell and sprang straight up into the air. I trembled in every limb, expecting to be torn apart and dissolved instantly.

But instead the human pointed a shaking finger at me and pulped, "Hellfire and damnation! It isn't enough that I write about the blasted things, eh? Now they come popping out from under my feet when I take a walk in Central Park.

"Well, by all the pulps and sticks in New York, I'm not going to stand for it, drunk or sober!" He flung the bottle at my head but naturally it didn't hurt. We gnomes are thick-skinned.

"Sure I'm drunk!" he went on while I cowered before his fury. "If I wasn't drunk I wouldn't be seeing you. It's enough to make a guy split an infinitive! Look, you pot-bellied little rain-barrel!"

And he pulled out an oblong, flat object which I recognised as a tome. It looked like no book I had ever seen, ex-

cept perhaps the *Book of Enoch*, but I guessed it was a grimoire of human spells. I shrank back—do you blame me?

"Always the same!" the human screamed, clatching the book in both hands. "Three wishes or a curse! I know the formula backwards—you meet a gnome or a man with white whiskers or the devil himself and he gives you something you regret afterward. Well, I'll be published in *Realist* if I let you poll a fast one on me, you miserable exhalation from a rum bottle. I've written too much about you."

HE wagged his hideously skinny finger at me. "Try some of your own—arp—medicine for a change. How'd you like that, eh? I know what you're getting ready to do. Work some of your magic on me so that when I wake up tomorrow I'll find that everything I touch turns to gold. Or a pudding on my nose. Or whenever I say anything silver dollars fall out of my mouth. Ha!"

I could only stare, petrified. The human raved on, glaring down at me. "Okay, gnome! You asked for it. Whenever you say anything from now on cold iron will fall out of your mouth. How do you like that, eh?"

I stumbled back, sick and shaking. My lips formed the word, "No—"

The being's grin was hideous. "So you don't like cold iron, eh? I thought so. I've written enough about you and your pals. Well, I won't be too tough. You'll be immune to the cold iron yourself—it won't hurt you. Gnomes—oh, my lord! Why don't I dig ditches for a living?"

He was overcome by fury and fell on his face. Before he could recover I whirled and leaped to safety. The black depths of the hole in the ground swallowed me. I flung myself into the tunnel, my back crawling with fear of attack. Perhaps I wait a little longer then for I have no recollection of getting back to the Middle Kingdom.

In my brain two words were throbbing over and over as I raved on—"Cold iron. . . Cold iron!"

Somewhat I found my den and I lay myself down, trying to shut out from my mind all memories of what had happened. The exhaustion and fear overcame me and I fell asleep. My sleep was broken by a

I awoke to find Trocklar, my closest friend, shaking me. "Ylgrar," he said. "The King is furious. You didn't check in yesterday and the rabies are short. Did you make up your supply?"

Tee dashed to answer. I could only shake my head. Trocklar's nose thumped up and down against his chin as he chattered worriedly. "Pafair and Loki aid you, then. The King has sworn to turn you into a salamander for ten moons. You'd better hide."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Trocklar gave me no time.

"Not in the Middle Kingdoms, of course. Perhaps Neptune will accept you for a while. Or—or even Hel might give you a haven if you bring her a big enough belbo. But you've got to hurry."

"Trocklar," I said, "I have seen a human."

Click—click! Trocklar went a pasty green and screamed hoarsely. He jumped back, eyes tightly closed and stumbled toward the door, hands clutching. I heard him gasp, "Iron!"

"Trocklar?" I followed him, and felt something hard and round under my sandal. Looking down, I was just in time to see a small dull object fall out of my mouth and thud on the rock.

It was—cold iron!

No wonder Trocklar was clinging to the door latch, lips twisted in a grin of agony. No wonder his eyes were squeezed shut against the blinding brilliance of iron. But—why didn't it affect me?

Then I remembered. The human's curse!

Trocklar peered around the door at me. "A heaven of a joke," he said sourly, still blinking. "What's the idea? If the King hears of this—"

"I can't help it," I said.

Click—click!

Trocklar yelped and jerked back. I ran after him.

"It's—click—the—click—the—human—click!" At every word cold iron fell from my mouth. I tried to hold on to Trocklar but he tore free and went yodling away down the corridor and around a bend out of sight. I stood looking after him, feeling sick. Loki! There are things with which mortals should not meddle!

And what now? I went back into my lair and blinked at the round pebbles on the ground. They seemed quite inoffensive and harmless. But they were as deadly as garlic to a vampire or wolfsbane to a werewolf. Such tiny things to be so packed with the power for evil.

CHAPTER II

In the Click

MY sack wasn't hanging on its peg by the door. I'd forgotten it, lost it above ground in my panic to escape, and it had contained only a dozen rubies anyway. And King Breggir had sworn to turn me into a salamander.

To a gnome, born of the deep earth, the land of the fire-dwellers is ghastly. The Sun Realm isn't so bad and Triton and his gang are a gay lot. Even dark Hel is endurable for a time. But frost—night! Maybe if I threw myself on Breggir's mercy and apologized he'd forgive me—perhaps help me, somehow. I—well, I was frightened.

I didn't know what to do. I wandered around the lair, looking at the rainbow, cold sparkles of a myriad colors flashing from the jagged walls, the black pool in the corner. It wasn't much but it was home to me. I'm just an ordinary gnome and I confess that cold bears were in my eyes as I stared around.

But that did no good. I slipped out into the passage, wondering whether or not to flee. My decision was taken out of my hands as a couple of guards, armed with barbed spears, came scuttling toward me. Both wore green-and-brown uniforms and the scarlet caps of the royal troops.

"Yiggar Throgl?" one said. "Old Breggir's bleeding af lava again. You're under arrest—come along."

Just in time I remembered the curse on me and shut my mouth without saying a word. Things were bad enough as they were without my scattering cold iron and making them worse. I let the guards grab my arm and pull me along the tunnel under the big shining jewels in the roof.

We went through the Major Caverns—I noticed Red Street had a hundred gnomes working on it—and entered the throne room, where Breggir sat on a diamond larger than himself. He was an imposing figure, with a beard that came down to his knees, mottled becomingly with foam, and like all gnomes he was bald. He was a beautiful gnome.

His mouth stretched around under each pointed ear and his nose was as big as my fist. His eyes bulged so that it seemed as though three large balls had been stuck on his face. He was drinking warm mead out of a silver cup and arguing with his physician, Crog.

"You're a stubborn idiot," Crog was snarling. "I've warned you about your lchor-posture. Yet you keep on drinking mead, morning, noon and night!"

"Oh, carboe!" Breggir granted and ate me. His mouth made a square. His voice was earthquake-thunder.

"Yiggar Throgl!" he bellowed at me. "You miserable crawling slithering of a slug! You wood-bark on the bark of Yggdrasil!" That was a nasty crack at my ancestors but I let it pass. I couldn't have said anything anyway for the King was still shouting.

"You nasty little lump of anthracite! You short-nosed verminous leech on a harp's tail! I'll have you treated in Vervain and chased by scorpions! I'll tie a millstone to your beard and give you to the Giants! Where in Helvot are those rubies?"

"Don't tell me! You went to sleep in some far cavern and thought you could lie out of your lachaise. Well, you can't! There's been too much laxness in the Middle Kingdom lately. I'm going to make an example of you, Yiggar Throgl!

Just wait!" he promised and waved his sceptre at me.

There were dozens of gnomes all around me now, staring, some of them grinning furtively. I guess they thought it was fun to see somebody else in trouble for a change. Being part of Breggir's retinue is no bargain. It's like putting Cerberus on the head.

The King extended his huge gnarly hands and clutched at the air in my direction. "Speak up!" he bellowed. "What's your lying excuse, you crawling little ratworm? It doesn't matter. I passed sentence on you hours ago. A salamander, that's what you'll be. Hear that? A salamander!"

"Well? Are you going to speak up or do we use cold pincers on your tongue?" He grinned maliciously. "You don't like that, do you? Ice-cold pincers, frozen by the Frost Giants. Speak up!"

The last two words came out like lava. Involuntarily my mouth opened. I was so scared I forgot all about the inevitable results. "It wasn't my fault!" I gasped. "I met a human—"

"Ho! A ho—pooh!"

It had happened. Cold iron clicked on the marble at my feet. There were immediate shrieks from all around me as gnomes fell over each other in their anxiety to get away from the vicinity of the deadly metal.

King Breggir fell over backward. His skinny legs were visible from behind the diamond throne, waving frantically. Crog, the physician, shrieked and fled. Breggir scrambled to his feet and followed. But he took time to look back, squinting against the glare of cold iron, and to roar in an agonized voice, "You'll be missed for this, Yiggar Throgl!"

I was alone in the splendid cold silence of the throne room.

It was like a desert, of course, but there was the silver cup standing on a pedestal, almost filled with warm mead. I drank it at a gulp and instantly felt a surge of false courage. I was still scared at heart but I was remembering that even the King had fled from my presence.

Every gnome in the Middle Kingdom

would be afraid of me—oh! Hecate! For an instant a mad thought entered my mind. Nothing less than revolution. With cold iron I'd be invulnerable—

Oh—oh—no I wouldn't. Magic would still work on me. And if I were turned into a salamander I'd be in a worse fix than ever.

WHAT to do? I couldn't explain.

With every word I spoke I'd only get deeper into the maze. I longed for the understanding touch of a friendly hand—but even Trecklar, my best friend, had fled from me.

Then I thought of Nigzar Doog. She'd understand. Somehow she had always understood my troubles, ever since we'd been gnomes together. I—well, I was in love with Nigzar. To me she was the most beautiful gnome under the world.

She wouldn't run from me. She wouldn't be afraid. And Nigzar would help me somehow. That I knew.

I ran into a side passage, hurrying toward her lair. A telepathic message quivered through the air, making me gasp. King Breggir had sent it forth.

"All gnomes attention! Calling all gnomes! Tigger Thorg is practicing forbidden magic! He is armed with cold iron! Enchant him on sight—he is dangerous!"

I quickened my pace, shivering. What a predicament! We gnomes are immortal, of course, but spells can be pretty uncomfortable. I sent up a silent prayer to Fafnir and either through his intervention or by sheer good luck I encountered no one during my hasty flight. At the door of Nigzar Doog's den I paused, looking around furtively.

There was only silence in the passage. But the sound of voices came through the door. I put my hand on the latch, then hesitated as I caught a few words. Nigzar's soft tones. . . .

"No! You're lying! There must be some explanation."

And the voice of Trecklar, my dearest friend. "He's gone bad, Nigzar, that's all. Cold iron! He's to be enchanted on sight. Breggir will spell him under Vana-vius for eternity."

A soft sob made my heart ache. "No—I don't believe you, Trecklar. I know Tigger better than that."

"Anyway, the King has spoken. You'd better forget about Tigger Thorg."

There was subtle meaning in Trecklar's tone. Unbelieving I stood and heard Nigzar ask, "What do you mean?"

"That I want you—I, Trecklar. Tigger never was good enough for you. And he's dearest now. Take me instead, Nigzar. Where in the Middle Kingdoms could you hope to find a better gnome?"

Blind fury surged up within me. I heard Nigzar cry out, heard Trecklar's voice raised in hoarse passion.

"No—don't! Don't Nigzar—take your hands off me!"

As I kicked the door open I heard Trecklar moaning, "You're mine, if you hear! The King will give you to me if I ask him I want you—"

He had Nigzar in his arms and she was fighting him off with all her strength. Her tunic was torn, baring one soft hairy shoulder and I went a little mad at the sight. I took one leap forward and clutched Trecklar by the neck, spinning him around to face me.

Nigzar cried, "Fugue!" She pulled out of her attacker's grasp and fled into the adjoining chamber.

Trecklar's face was a study in fear and rage. "You! Still at large, eh? Well, you won't be for long. The King has given free leave to use every spell against you."

I couldn't speak. I choked with rage.

He threw a spell at me, and it bounced off helplessly. I saw his eyes widen. He tried another and that too failed.

"Lol!" he cried. "You're invulnerable!"

I smiled, realising what had happened. Human magic protected me. As long as I was under a human curse no other sorcery could touch me by the law of Precedence of Power, laid down by Odin when Hagle and Munia were hatched.

Then I went cold with fury again. My best friend—ah! Well, I had a weapon which he, like every other gnome, feared.

"Cold iron," I said deliberately. *Click!*
 "Cold iron. Cold iron. Cold-cold-cold.
 Iron-iron-iron," *Click-click-click!* At
 every word small round ingots fell from
 my mouth, rattling around our feet.

TROCKLAF'S eyes were bulging
 crescents of agony. He lowered his
 head till only the dome was visible above
 his broad hunched shoulders and claved
 at the air. He made hoarse choking
 sounds. "No," he choked. "No!"

"Yes," I said. "Yes, yes, yes." *Click—
 click-click-click!* I kept on talking, repeat-
 ing meaningless words, and a small
 pile of cold iron grew at my feet. I drove
 Trocklaf back into a corner.

Unable to endure the torture longer
 he fainted. His lumpy gaunt body col-
 lapsed in a heap and I felt the anger
 leave me. Staring the cold iron on the
 ground I remembered the curse upon
 me.

Nigar. I entered the adjoining cham-
 ber to see her lying unconscious on her
 couch of pebbles. She was very lovely
 and I sank to my knees beside her and
 took her in my arms.

Her soft, muddy eyes opened. She
 whispered, "Yiglar—you're all right?"

"Yes," I said.

By Father Ymir I could have cut out
 my tongue! You've guessed what hap-
 pened. I was leaning over Nigar, my
 face above hers, and before I realized
 what had happened a lump of cold iron
 fell out of my mouth and bounced off
 Nigar's nose. I might have stabbed her
 with an iron stake for the screech she let
 out. She gave me one glance of unbeliev-
 ing pained horror and fainted again.

I ground my teeth together, wishing
 I'd never have to open my lips again.
 Somehow I got up, brushed the iron
 away and kicked it into a corner, stum-
 bled out of Nigar's apartment into
 the corridor. There I stood, dazed, and
 heard that faint whispering in my mind
 that meant King Braggir was again or-
 dering my capture.

"Resist him on sight!"

Well, no enchantment could harm me
 now—I'd found that out. But I was a
 parish. No gnome would ever come near

me in the future, not even Nigar. I
 couldn't ask it of her. For her own sake
 I must never see her again.

As I treaded along the tunnel my
 heart was heavy. I felt like a Gargoyle. In
 all the Middle Kingdom there was not
 one who would not fear me once I opened
 my mouth. I was lonely for greenish
 companionship, the hammer of picks
 and shovels in the good brown earth,
 the happy fights I remembered and the
 quiet evenings in my den. I was a gnome
 without a home. My mind sought fever-
 ously for some means of escape.

I tried to summon logic to my aid.
 First of all I couldn't tell any gnome
 what had happened to me—for the mo-
 ment I spoke my listeners would flee!
 You may wonder why I didn't employ
 telepathy but King Braggir uses a ma-
 chine of some kind to transmit his
 thoughts when necessary and not even
 he can read them. *Wuff!* I had an idea!

Remember the little dark pool in my
 den? It isn't shallow by any means and
 connects with an underground sea,
 which is a territory of Neptune though
 under a provisional governorship.

The water folk aren't afraid of cold
 iron, and I'd sometimes had to throw
 pebbles into the pool to keep them quiet
 at night. All the merods want to be
 members of the Lorcins and the way they
 practice slinging at all hours is a shame
 and a caution. But I hoped they'd forget
 my rudeness now.

Nevertheless I took the precaution of
 drawing some ichor from a vein in my
 arm and letting a drop or two of it
 trickle into the pool as I called. I'd
 barred the door and had reached my
 lair by unfrequented tunnels so I didn't
 really expect interruption. I waited.

CHAPTER III

Going to Bed

I DIDN'T actually know whether or
 not the sea folk could help me. Yet
 I had to tell someone what had hap-

pered. I felt so awfully alone. Never until that moment had I realized the necessity of other gnomes' companionship.

The black water bubbled and a green head came up, the gills flushed and quivering with excitement. "Oh, a gnome!" the mermaid said, staring at me, then fastening a greedy stare on the cup of ichor in my hand. "Give me that, gnome."

I drew back. "Now wait a minute," I hedged. "I want something first."

"Never knew a gnome who didn't," was the reply. "Dissatisfied dirty little wretches. Well? Want your death foretold? That was a joke, of course, because gnomes don't die."

"I want to find out something about humans—"

"Oh, ho." The mermaid's delicate eyes widened. "There's a spell on you, gnome. King Brangli do it? But no—he'd never deal with cold iron. Maybe Vulkan then?"

"Never you mind," I snapped. "Have you ever seen a human? That's all I want to know."

"Ouch!" the mermaid bubbled, sinking below the surface briefly. "Careful where you lean. You're dropping cold iron on my head."

"Sorry," I said, leaning to the side. "But what about humans?"

"They don't exist. You're too old to believe in such things. Next thing you'll be telling me you believe in science."

"All right," I snapped, turning away. "Just forget it." There was a cold lump of hopelessness in my chest.

The mermaid splashed excitedly. "But the ichor? Don't I get any?"

I shook my head. "Why? You can't help me."

"Well—wait a minute. Maybe some other mermaid can help you, gnome. Tell you what. I'll go and see, if you'll give me that ichor."

"I'll give you half," I compromised and let her have it, though I was forced to yank the cup from her hand when she tried to gulp all the contents down at once. I'll say one thing—mermaids keep their word. It was scarcely ten minutes before she was back with a bedraggled

companion, tilted in one eye and with scars all over her. She could only wrangle unintelligibly till I showed her the ichor. Then she brightened.

"Gimme! Gimme!"

The first mermaid said, "This is Sahaya. She's crazy—tried to swim between Seyla and Charybdis a few centuries ago and never had a lick of sense since. But sometimes she'll talk about humans."

"Humans," Sahaya mumbled, scratching her gills. "They're real, I know. I know where the Drowned come from too. Before they come out of their chrysalis and come below they're humans."

"Hear that?" the first mermaid giggled. "Looney as a sea-urchin." She flipped her tail and dived indignantly as I shushed at her.

Sahaya was still watching my cup of ichor. "For me?" she begged.

"If you can help me. Notice anything funny about me?"

"The cold iron, you mean? An enchantment."

"A human did it," I said, trying to ignore the continual click-click at my feet.

Sahaya nodded and blew bubbles. She bobbed up and down partly in the pool. "See? See? There are such things?"

It was difficult trying to get Sahaya to understand what I wanted but I managed to at last. She squeezed her eyes shut.

"I don't know. I used to swim up almost to the Light. I've heard things. But where you can go to get a human curse taken away is more than I can tell."

"You—you've heard things?"

"Voices. Some say I'm mad, gnome, but I know what I know. Voices speak to me out of the sea. I hear—humans—talking."

A little chill went through me at that. But I kept on doggedly. "Maybe you've heard them mention something that might help. If a human gets in trouble—fantastic thought!—how would he get out of it?"

Sahaya's answer surprised me. "Ah, trouble, yes. They do. I've heard them. Their + can sometimes rise with pain

and annoyance but their problems are always solved. It is Hel who aids them."

"Hel! Loki's child—the sister of Fenris-wolf!"

"Yes indeed. If a human is in trouble he is advised to go to Hel for aid. I presume he does though—well, I don't really know."

My voice shook with excitement. "If I went to Hel now do you suppose she could take off the curse?"

But Sahaya could only shrug her gills for answer. She saw the cap of whor again and went to pieces. I tried to question her again but all she could say was, "Give me that!" So I did and she sank, drooping and bubbling, back into the depths.

I HAD made up my mind. I'd go to Hel. The way was known to me, of course, though gnomes do little traveling. But the earth is our domain.

What suitable bribe could I take Hel, queen of the Underworld? I had no idea. Finally I ended up by taking nothing at all, determined to throw myself on her mercy. Not that she had any or she wouldn't have been Hel—but my brain just wasn't functioning any more.

I slipped out of my den. The Middle Kingdom was in an uproar. It was a wonder I wasn't discovered though my way led into an unfrequented district where the Well of Tartarus is. I just climbed over the well-rail and dropped. It's an interesting descent but the well known to every gnome for me to take the time to describe now.

So at the lower opening I called on Air and Darkness to carry me into the Fields and there they left me before the gates and went waiting back into the under-abyss. The granite walls of Dis rose up to the red lava sky. There was not a sound as I stood before those towering ramparts, watching the iron gates. How could I enter Dis?

Well, before I had a chance to think a gigantic three-headed shaggy monster charged at me, barking like mad, his fangs dripping with saliva, his six eyes glaring. Cerberus is a disconcerting sight always and I'd forgotten to bring

him any cakes or bones. He couldn't injure me seriously but his teeth could hurt a lot, so I waited till he'd come close and then tried a magic spell on myself.

At the last moment I remembered that I was under a human curse but it was too late to do anything about it then. For some reason my own enchantment worked where the spells of other gnomes had failed. Perhaps I was inside the curse and that's why I succeeded in turning myself into a flea.

Cerberus stopped, staring, and I jumped on his back. Perhaps it was pure meanness but I bit and bit hard and then regretted it as Cerberus started to scratch like an earthquake. I shut my eyes and clung to a hair and at last the tremors subsided. Then I settled down to wait.

They feed Cerberus at sundown. It didn't seem very long before the dog started and pranced back toward Dis. A little door at the bottom of one of the gates opened and closed behind us. Then everything was quite still.

If I'd cared to look around, I could have seen Dis. But I kept my eyes turned down. The stiffness affected me unpleasantly and I knew from whose lair Hel's father had sprung in the gray dawn of the Universe when Ymir's roars had not yet died. Dis is not a good place to be in . . .

Then I knew I was with Hel. I turned back into my own gnomish shape and jumped off Cerberus' back. He turned on me with a snarl but paused instead and slunk into a corner, where he crouched, regarding me balefully out of his six red-rimmed eyes.

I got down very respectfully on my knees before Hel. The vast chamber in which I stood wasn't very long or broad but it went up and up to a tapering cone far above. It was like the interior of a castle-hall.

I heard a voice say, "You may stand, gnome."

I obeyed, but stared at the floor.

"You may look at me, gnome."

Hel is all white, like a woman of lambent snow. Her flowing hair isn't faded at all—it's naturally white and so are

her lips and her eyes. She had the sweetly round face of a virgin girl and a very tender smile—but her eyes were fair and far away. She sat leaning forward slightly on a plain oaken throne, her hands clasped about one knee. She wore light.

"Do not speak," she said. "Let me read your mind instead. I feel a curse and cold iron. . . ."

I wasn't afraid of Hel somehow. But I felt very little, very much alone, in that vast tall room in Dís.

At last she sighed and shook her head. "I cannot help you, gnome. My power does not reach above the surface of the earth."

She saw my despondency. "Here is one who may help you if he chooses. It is my father."

"Ei!" I thought.

"Hail the Laugher, whose children were his greatest joys! Aye," the dim, soft voice went on, "dearer to the stroke and the wolf are I—and child of the traitor god. But not Fenrir nor Midgard serpent can help you, gnome. Loki may. Go to him."

"Na," she answered my unspoken thought. "You need take him no bribe. None would tempt the Laugher. He does what he wishes and is kind and cruel by turns. You may find him when he is kind. If so he will aid you."

I bowed my head in grateful thanks. And the white woman said, "I give you warning. Beware of Loki's jests. Now I send you to him."

Somewhere I knew that Hel's hand hovered over my head. I had a horrible unreasoning dread that those cold fingers might touch me. They would be very soft and gentle, I knew, but I cowered down nevertheless.

Then magic took me and whirled me away. The tall room in Dís was gone. Hel vanished. I stood on yielding gray cloud with a laughing giant who reclined before me, spitting into the sunlight.

CHAPTER IV

Go Place Like Gnomes

HEL propped himself up on one elbow and stared at me, a huge redbearded fox of a man with sly eyes and a wide mouth.

"Ho!" he chuckled. "Hel told me you were coming. Well, I am Loki!"

I bowed, but dared not speak with the curse on me. Loki laughed again.

"Do you think I fear cold iron? But you need not say anything—your mind is open to my eyes. You met a human and he cursed you. You wish the curse removed. Well, that is simple enough."

Loki lifted his great arm in a commanding gesture. For a space nothing happened while I stole surreptitious glances around. But there was nothing to see save the carpet of gray cloud that stretched to the horizon under a blue sky where Apollo rode high.

Steadily I wondered. Had I caught Loki in a kind mood or in a cruel one? The red god laughed. He had caught my thought. He nodded to me reassuringly.

"Well, I'll take off the curse. Humans seek, gnomes, but I'm very seldom that any of them pass the Veil. Sometimes we see them as phantoms, dimly and vaguely. Yet they have their own world." Loki squinted at me. "Humans shouldn't practice magic. I don't like it. Well—"

Somewhere I felt a little tug of uneasiness at his words. It was gone immediately as a dark shape rose up through the floor of shifting cloud.

It was a gray woman, a withered ancient crone. She held a spool of threads in one knobby hand. Shortly she selected one thread from the reel and gave it to Loki. Then she sank down and vanished without trace. The mist closed above her cowered head.

Loki stretched the thread between his fingers. "The Norns weave the destiny of humans. This thread will lead you to the one who put the spell upon

NEXT ISSUE

THE TWO SHADOWS

A Novel of the Future

By WILLIAM F. TEMPLE

you. But you must take him a bribe or else he will not take off the curse."

"What bribe?" I asked. Cold iron fell down through the floor-boards.

Loki grinned. "I'll provide you with that. Just do as I say and you'll be all right."

"Well—" I hesitated. "What shall I do with the thread afterward?"

"Eh? Oh—just let go of it. It'll snap back into its place on the Norns' spool." Loki's aquiline eyes held a look I didn't like. He resembled a fox more than ever. But before I could say another word the god waved his hand and I went spinning and dropping through the gray cloud-masses. I found I had the thread, one end of it, clutched tightly in my fist.

And somehow, I thought I heard Loki's voice whispering, "Humans shouldn't practice magic."

The clouds were gone. I felt solid wood under my feet. It was dark but gradually my eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom. The moon was shining through rectangular gaps in what I took to be a wall.

I was in a cavern—a huge square one made of wood. There was the same crawling heat down my spine I had first felt when I encountered the human. This must be one of their dens!

I held the thread in a sweaty palm. Its other end I couldn't see though it seemed to stretch up and up.

There were big square objects piled up all around me, with lettering on them. And signs in some alien language which nevertheless bore a strange resemblance to Ancient Elf. I couldn't understand them but I still recall how they looked, and jotted them down from memory afterward, for curiosity's sake.

They looked like this:
NO SMOKING! DANGER! HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

Loki's disembodied voice said in my mind, "That box beside you—"

"Box?" The word was unfamiliar to me.

"There." My gaze was dragged to a wooden container which held dozens of neatly-packed roundish objects. Cold iron! But they couldn't harm me while

I was under the curse.

"Take one," Loki said. I obeyed, examining the thing with curiosity. But I didn't know what it was.

I remember the legend on the side of the box. It looked like hand-grenades, whatever that meant.

Loki's voice came, with an undercurrent of laughter. "The Norns' thread will lead you to your human. When you face him take out that little pin in the side of the—bribe—and throw it at his feet. After that, you've only to ask him to take off the curse and he'll be glad to oblige. Good luck, little gnome," the red god ended—and his voice fell silent.

I felt almost happy again. Soon I'd be free from the doom of cold iron. Once that curse was removed I could face anything else—even King Braggi's anger. So I shut my eyes and waited.

I FELT the destiny-thread jerk me through dimensions. When I looked again, I was in—

A den of humans!

No wonder I clutched the bribe to my breast, shivering with fright. I can't begin to describe the place. It was all square and curves with the most horrible alien colors you can imagine. A place where the blackest sort of science might be practiced!

I saw the human at the same time he saw me. He let out a perfectly indescribable sound and dropped the bottle he was holding. "Again!" he yelled. "Or is it another one?"

"I'm the same gnome," I said placatingly. "You ought to know that after what you did."

He retrieved the bottle and drank out of it. "Ah—what I did! I don't get you."

"The curse. The one you put on me. Cold iron, you know." And now he noticed the round pebbles that were falling from my mouth. His eyes got large.

"I—oh—I did that?"

"Yes."

Crink.

"Oh," he said. "I'm sorry. Drunk or dreaming, I apologize."

"Won't you take it off?" I begged.

He blinked at me. "Take it off?"

"The curse."

"Look," he said. "I'd be glad to after what you did for me but I don't know how."

I let out a squeak of disappointment. "But you've got to! I've brought you a bribe."

"Glory," said the human. "I don't want any more. I've got enough now. Those rubies you left were plenty."

I stared—and suddenly remembered the bag of rubies I'd abandoned during my hasty flight from the first interview with the creature. He'd found them then.

"Thousands," the Man gloated cryptically, waving the bottle. "I'm living in a penthouse now. I'm writing a novel. A good one too—earthly. The old Hamlet-way touch. Those rubies—well, thanks."

"You're quite welcome," I said politely. "But you must be able to take off the curse. You put it on me just by saying cold iron would drop out of my mouth."

He took another drink, considered, and nodded. "It's worth trying. Okay. I take the curse off you."

"Thank you," I said experimentally, and then stood with my mouth wide open. No cold iron had dropped out of it!

"It—it worked?" I gasped. "It worked! Thank Lok!"

Perhaps I was a bit hysterical, but for the moment I really forgot I was talking to a human. It was so wonderful just to be able to speak without iron falling from my lips at every word. I—well, I told the Man everything. And he sat and listened, still drinking out of the bottle. Soon he got out another one and started on that.

Finally he took the bribe out of my hand and considered it thoughtfully. "You'd better let me have that," he said. "I'll dispose of this thing. Uh—thanks for bringing it. A grenade's an unusual present at least."

"The thread," I reminded him, holding up the Nora-thread. He didn't touch it. He looked very white.

"Yes. Just—let it go, will you?"

I obeyed. The thread snapped out of my hand and vanished. The human drew a deep breath and I saw that his lips were bleeding. "Okay," he said after a second. "I guess I'm safe. What's next on the program?"

"I'm going back to the Middle Kingdom," I said. "If I can find my way. Could you, maybe, show me the hole I came out of last time?"

"In Central Park? Sure. But you say King Breggir's mad at you?"

I shrugged philosophically. "He may forgive me. If not, I'll just have to be a salamander for awhile."

BUT the human was thinking. "Yeah. Maybe I can give you a bribe to take him. Here. . ." He went out, came back with a sack and filled it up with bottles that he took out of a small den in the wall. "This is better than warm mud. It may soften the old so-and-so up a bit."

"I—I can't thank you enough," I said, and my voice trembled with emotion. "Somehow you—you're almost like a grenade to me."

He shuddered at that, though I can't imagine why, and took my hand. "We'll go down in the service elevator. We're just across the street from the park so—"

I kept my eyes tightly shut and let the human guide me. It was better, I felt, that I did not see too much of this strange human-world. And at last I stood at the edge of the hole with the sack of bottles over my shoulder.

The Man squeezed my hand. "Good luck," he said. "I'll never believe this, of course, but it seems quite real to me just now." He eyed the sack. "Can you spare one of those bottles?"

I gave it to him and he drank a good deal of the liquid in it. After that he fell on his face and didn't move so I crawled down into the hole, dragging the sack after me. And hours later I was in the Middle Kingdom. . . .

There isn't much more to tell. I had to talk fast or I'd have been turned into a salamander like waking—but the minute Breggir found I'd brought him

a belch he softened up. He mixed a cocktail of warm mud and human-sfuir and grinned so widely the top of his head almost came off.

He never believed my story, of course. He thought I'd found the bottles where some ancient godling had buried them but he said the stuff was better than nectar. Not that the old gopher had ever tasted nectar in his life but I didn't contradict him.

Anyway Hreggir forgave me and so did my dear Niggar Deeg. We are to be married within the month. It will be a

great feast to which all the Middle Kingdom is invited. I have spared no expense and mud will flow like lava.

What if the gnomes whisper that there's insanity in my family—me, Tiggar Throg, whose ichor has come down from Yggdrasil and Tyrir? I don't mind, really.

I'm completely happy with Niggar, and my recent dreadful experiences have almost faded from my mind.

Well—that isn't exactly true. My dreams have been troubled. I—I dream of—humans!



Stranger than Fiction

TENTHUM, the triple-weight hydrogen that is vital to H-bomb planners at present, has been discovered in moisture in the air. However, since the element is present in only one part to one quadrillion (1,000,000,000,000,000,000) parts of water those who fear fusion explosions of morning dew scarcely need worry.

RATS and cats, long held "natural" enemies, have been taught to work and play not only together but in teams by Dr. Lok Sang Tsui, Tulane University psychologist. In one instance when, after getting its tail caught in a cage gate, a cat shied away from pulling food in another cage, its rat partner went back, unhooked the cat inside.

ULTRASOUND, invisible to human ears, rakes hob with the nerve tissues of the human body. According to Dr. Warren A. Bennett of the Mayo Foundation, who has been studying the effect of ultrasound on abnormal growths, "Lack of destructive selectivity has led to the destruction of normal tissues as well as the tumor. Marked changes appear to be irreversible."

TALKING fast does not mean untellability, says Dr. Richard H. Benuzman of the University of Virginia. Recent tests, conducted with tape recordings, reveal that rapid speech may be a time saver, as human ability to understand the spoken word does not appreciably lessen until it is more than twice as fast as normal.

NOW polio and other virus diseases are manufactured from a single virus by the human body itself has been the subject of recent experiments by Drs. Joseph L. Melnick and John B. Leroy of Yale. Apparently, once a virus cell has taken root in the system, our bodies themselves do the deadly duplication work needed.

**A Captain Future
NOVELET**



MOON of the UNFORGOTTEN

CHAPTER I **By EDMOND HAMILTON**

The Second Life

THE machines hummed and whirled and a man's life changed. He was an old man, with an old man's burden of weariness and sorrow. But now that burden dropped from him and his years dropped from him and he was young again.

He felt the hot blood burst along his veins and the slinging excitement in his nerves, the pulse and thrash of long-forgotten youth. For youth was his once more and once more a whole universe of adventure lured and beckoned, far-off worlds calling and calling to him.

And Ezra Gurney, he who had been old, shouted a glad young cry that was answer to that call.

A message went to Earth's Moon, flashing across the millions of empty miles. It went by a secret wave-frequency that only a half-dozen people knew.

Back across the empty leagues of the void, in-reply to that urgent summons, came a ship, driving hard for Europa,

moon of Jupiter. There was a man in the small ship and one who had been a man and two who were manlike-but who were not truly human.

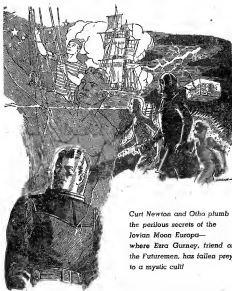
The ship came down toward the dark side of Europa with the rush of a shooting star and landed in the rigidly restricted Patrol area of Europolis spaceport. The four came out of it and looked around in the magnificent glow of Jupiter. Then they heard the light running steps and the urgent voice.

"Curt!" And again, with a desperate gladness, "Curt, I knew you'd hurry!"

Curt Newton took the girl's tense-outstretched hands in his own. He thought for a moment she was going to weep and he spoke to her with an affectionate roughness, not giving her time to be emotional. "What's all this nonsense about Ezra? If anyone but you had sent that message . . ."

"It's true, Curt. He's gone. I think—I think he won't ever come back."

Newton shook her. "Come on, Joan! Ezra! Why, he's been up and down the



*Curt Newton and Otto plumb
the perilous secrets of the
Jovian Moon Europa—
where Eera Gurney, friend of
the Futuremen, has fallen prey
to a mystic cult*

System since before you and I were born, first in the old space-frontier days of the Patrol and now with your Section Three. He wouldn't get himself into any jam."

"He has," said Joan Randall flatly. "And if you'll stop being comforting I have all the data ready to show you—what there is of it."

SHE led the way toward the low buildings of Patrol headquarters. The four followed her, the tall red-haired man whom the System called Captain Future and his three companions, his lifelong friends, the three who were closer to him even than this girl and the missing Eera Gurney—Grag, the metal giant, Otto, the Elbe keen-

eyed android, and Simon Wright, who had once been a human scientist but who for half a lifetime ago had been divorced from human form.

It was the latter who spoke to Joan. His voice was metallic and expressionless, issuing from the artificial resonator set in one side of his "body." That "body" was a hovering square metal case that contained all that was human of Simon Wright—his brilliant deathless brain.

"You say," said Simon, "that Eura is gone. Where precisely did he go?"

Joan glanced at Simon, who was watching her intently with his lifelike eyes as he glided silently along on the pale traction beams that were his equivalent of limbs.

"If I knew where I wouldn't hide it from you," she said with an undertone of irritation.

In the next breath she said contritely, "I'm sorry. Waiting here has got me down. There's something about Europa—it's so old and cruel and somehow patient . . ."

Otto said wryly, "You need a double header of something strong and cheering." His green slightly-tipped eyes were compassionate beneath their habitual irony.

Geag, the towering manlike giant who bore in his metal frame the strength of an army and an artificial intelligence equal to the human, rumbled a question in his deep booming voice. But Curt Newton only vaguely heard him. His gaze had followed Joan's out into the alien night.

This was not his first visit to Europa. And he was surprised to find that Joan had put into words exactly what he had always felt about the silent moon, the old old moon that was mirrored so deep by time.

Here, on one side, were the modern glare and thunder of the spaceport, busy with freighters and one or two sleek liners. Beyond the spaceport was Eareopolis, a glow of light behind a barren ridge. But on the other side, before him and behind him, was a sadness of ancient rock and distant hills, of breeding

forest hairy with shadow, of great plains empty in the red glow of Jupiter, dusty wastes where no herds had grazed and no armies fought for a hundred thousand years.

The woods and plains were scattered with the time-gnawed bones of cities, dead and forsaken even before the last descendants of their builders had sunk into final barbarism. A thin old wind wandered aimlessly among the ruins, whispering as though it remembered other days and wept.

Newton could not suppress a slight shiver. The death of any great culture is a mournful thing and the culture that had built the shining cities of Europa was the greatest ever known—the proud Old Empire that once had held two galaxies. To Curt Newton, who had followed the shadow of that glory far back toward its source, the very stones of these ruins spoke of cosmic tragedy, of the age-long night that succeeded the blazing highest noon of human splendor.

The functional planning Patrol building brought his mind back to the present. Joan took them into a small office. From a locked file she drew a neat folder of papers and placed it on the desk.

"Eura and I," she said, "were called into this case some time ago. The Planet Police had been handling it as a routine matter until some peculiar angles turned up that required the attention of Section Three.

"People had been disappearing. Not only people from Earth but other planets as well—and nearly all of these alien people. In each case when they vanished, they took most of their wealth with them.

"Planet Police discovered that all these missing persons without exception had come to Europa. And here in Eareopolis their trails ended."

Simon Wright asked in his toneless voice, "Did they leave no clue as to why they came to this particular moon?"

"A few of them did," answered Joan. "A few of them before they left talked a little of something called the Second Life. That was all—just the name. But they seemed so eager and excited about

it that it was remembered."

She continued, "Since they were nearly all aging people it seems obvious that the Second Life they were hoping for was some form of rejuvenation. A form of rejuvenation that must be illegal in nature or it wouldn't be carried on secretly."

Curt nodded. "That sounds reasonable enough. 'The Second Life'—the term is a new one to me. However, Jupiter and its moons retained the civilization and science of the Old Empire long after the other planets had relapsed into barbar-

"When we came here to investigate we found that the missing people who had arrived here had simply dropped out of sight. The Europeans themselves refused to talk to us. But Ears wouldn't give up and finally got a lead. He found that the missing folk had hired native mounts at an inn called the Three Red Moons and had ridden out of the city."

"Ears planned to follow that lead out into the hills. He made me wait here—he said he had to have a contact here. I waited many days before Ears got in touch with me through our micro-wave

Galactic Trouble-Shooters



TIME WAS, not so long ago, when Captain Future and his eddy assorted his at companion-shooting, the robot Otto, the android, and Moon Wright, the disoriented Irish-American—were undisputed rulers of the spaceways field. In their own magazine they covered the story in galactic trouble-shooting, keeping from the system to the system even as we and I occasionally ran across the street for lunch.

As science fiction drew closer and closer to actual reality in at least some of its more thrilling phases, demand for such breath-taking action faded—well at least Captain Future was assigned to what was generally believed to be permanent and honorable rest.

But like Markham Holmes, the Silverman could not die. Their readers refused to let them. So a little over a year ago, we had Edward Heathcote bring them back to life—in somewhat kinder form, in somewhat more mature form as befits a science fiction that is rapidly growing up. If you want to relive the adventures of the illustrious Curt Merwin and his colleagues it is high time you did—in this, one of the most interesting episodes of the entire series. If you remember yourself among that legion of followers you will need no urging.

—THE EDITOR

him. To this day odd scraps of that ancient wisdom keep trying to plague us."

"Quite," said Simon dryly. "You will recall the case of Kenneth Lester, also that of the Martian, Ull Queen. Europe in particular has always had a reputation in the System as a repository of knowledge that has been lost elsewhere. It's an interesting problem. It occurs to me—"

JOAN cut him short, genuinely angry now. "Are you and Curt going to start on that archaeological obsession of yours at a time like this? Ears may be dead or dying?"

Captain Future said, "Steady on, Joan—you haven't yet told us exactly what happened to Ears."

Joan caught a deep breath and went on more calmly.

He spoke briefly to me and switched off—and I've never heard from him since."

"His message?" asked Curt tensely.

Joan took out a slip of paper. "I wrote it down word for word."

Curt read aloud, "Listen, carefully, Joan! I'm all right—safe, well and happy. But I'm not coming back, not for a while. Now this is an order, Joan—drop the investigation, and go back to Earth. I'll follow you later!"

That was all.

Otto said sharply, "He was forced to make that call?"

"No," Joan shook her head. "We have a secret code. He could have said the same words and yet could have let me know that he spoke under duress merely by a certain inflection. No, Ears was talking of his own free will."

"Maybe he fell for this rejuvenation process, whatever it is?" suggested Greg.

"No," said Simon decisively. "Eura would not do anything so foolish."

Curt nodded agreement. "Eura has had plenty of tragedy in his life that few people know anything about. It's why he's always a little grim. He wouldn't want to live a second life."

"Second Life?" murmured Otha. "The name tells nothing. Yet there must be a clue in it."

Captain Future stood up. "This isn't a case for cleverness or subtlety. Eura may be in danger and we're going to work fast. We'll go into Europolis and make those who know something talk."

Otha, his eyes sparkling, spring to his feet. Greg took a clanking step toward the door.

"Wait, Curt." Joan's face was worried. "You know the Patrol can't legally arrest European citizens on their own world—"

He smiled without much mirth. "We're not Patrol. We'll take the consequences if any."

"It's not that," she cried. "I have a feeling that since Eura's vanishing you Futuremen have been expected—and prepared for."

Curt Newton nodded gravely. "Very likely. However, we're not exactly unprepared ourselves." He turned to the others. "Simon, will you stay here and go over Joan's data on the case till we return? And you, Greg—you'll remain to guard them both."

Greg looked and sounded as upset as his physical structure would permit. "But there's no telling what kind of trouble you'll run into! You'll need me with you!"

"Joan needs you worse. She's in every bit as much danger as we are."

That was partly true. It was also true that Greg's seven-foot-high clanking bulk was somewhat too conspicuous for what Curt Newton had in mind. Otha started to say so and Curt stopped him by saying, "Let's go."

He went out and Otha followed him, chuckling.

"Save your humor," said Curt dryly. "We may wish we had old Bone-crasher with us before we're through."

They walked swiftly toward the slope of the low ridge beyond which lay the city. The thin dust blew beneath their feet and the old wind sang of danger out of the long long memories of blood and death.

CHAPTER II

The Inn of the Three Red Moons

THE city lay in a shallow bowl between two spurs of a range so worn by the scuffing ages that it was now little more than a line of hills. Under the red glow of Jupiter the lordly towers slept in a sanguine mist that softened the scars of the broken stone. The cool light filled the roofless colonnades, the grand and empty avenues, and touched with a casual pity the facious monuments that had long collected their forgotten victories.

Curt Newton stood in a still and shadowy street and listened to the silence.

On the near side of the ridge he could see the outworld settlement near the spaceport—infinitely farther away in time than it was in distance. There were the brilliant lights, the steel and plastic buildings of today, crowned by the white facade of the resort hotel. They had a curiously impermanent look. He took three steps along the winding way and they were gone.

The paving stones were hollow under his feet, rutted by the tread of a myriad generations. The walls of the buildings rose on either side, some mere shells with the coppery planet-light shining through their graceful arches, others still tolerably whole with window-places like peering eyes, showing here and there a gleam of light.

Otha, moving catlike at Curt's side, lifted his shoulders uneasily. "My back hurts," he said.

Curt nodded. "We're being watched."

There was nothing to show that this was so but he knew it as Otho did, without needing to see.

They came out into a wide square, from which many streets led off. In the center was a winged monument, so effaced by effluviations of wind and dust that it had the look of a grotesque skeleton, its eroded pinions stark against the sky. Curt and Otho passed beneath it, tiny figures beside that hundred-foot bulk of greenish marble.

Nothing stirred in the square. The deserted avenues stretched away, edged with dotted shadow. The fallen palaces and shattered temples reared to unknown gods stood still and brooding, remembering the banners and the glory, the incense and the crimson robes.

One or two of the streets showed life, where flaring light marked the wine-shops and the inns.

"Down there," said Captain Future and they went on, their boots ringing on the paving blocks.

They entered the street that Curt had chosen. And as they walked a little crowd began to gather, softly, unobtrusively, the dark-faced men in dusty cloaks coming without sound from the doorways, from the mouths of alleys, from nowhere and everywhere.

They were not the young men, the hot-headed fighters. Most of them were gray and some were bent and even the youngest of them had an indelible look of age, a thing of the spirit rather than the flesh. They did not speak. They watched the tall Earthman and the little one beside him that seemed to be a man. Their dark eyes glinted and they followed the strangers, borne with them like a ring of tailored shadows shifting, flowing, thickening.

There was a coldness on Curt Newton's flesh. It was an effort to keep his hand away from the butt of his weapon.

"There it is ahead," said Otho quietly. "The sign of the Three Red Moons."

The soft-footed multitude around them swirled and coalesced into a silent barrier across the windy street.

Curt stopped. He did not seem to be afraid or even angry—merely curi-

ous. He regarded the wall of men with a patience equal to their own.

An old white-bearded man stepped forward. He was shorter by a head than the Earthman but he stood erect and there was an ancient beauty in his high-boned face, a deep grand sorrowful pride. His cloak was as old as he, drab-colored with the sifting dust, but he carried it as splendidly as though it had been fashioned of the purple cloth of kings.

He said with an odd sort of courtesy, "There is no passage here for strangers."

Captain Future smiled. "Come now, father—surely a thirsty man may refresh himself with wine."

The old man shook his head. "You do not come for wine. Return to your own kind—there is nothing for you here but sorrow."

"It has been told to me," said Curt slowly, "that others have come here seeking joy."

"Does not all mankind seek for joy? That is why I tell you—return to your own!"

CURT looked over the heads of the old man and the other men who were old and the men who should have been young but were not. He looked at the sign of the Three Red Moons and he said quite softly, "Will you stop me, father?"

The old man's eyes were very sad. "No," he said, "I will not stop you. I will only tell you this, that no man or woman has yet been harmed nor will be harmed—but that he who comes in search of death shall surely find it."

"I shall remember," Curt said and began again to walk forward against the crowd, with Otho close beside him.

The ranks held unbroken, the rows of silent hostile faces, until he was almost touching them. Then the old man raised his hand and let it fall again in a gesture of finality. The crowd broke and the way was open. Curt passed on and behind him the men vanished one by one into the shadows again, like old leaves caught by the wind and whirled away.

Curt and Otha entered the inn of the Three Red Moons.

The common room was large, with a vaulted roof of stone, black as though carved from jet. Lights flared in the corners and a score of men sat around antique massive metal tables. They glanced at the two strangers, then ignored them.

Curt and Otha sat down in an empty place and presently a dark girl came and brought them wine and slipped away again.

They sipped the strong spicy brown liquid. They might have been no more than two specimens off from the port for a night's pleasure in old Europolia. And yet they knew that eyes watched them, that the inn was too quiet. Captain Futura's muscles quivered with anticipation and Otha's gaze was very bright.

Presently Otha said in a language not likely to be understood, "That young chap at the next table hasn't taken his eyes off us since we came in."

"I know." The dark fierce young face and hungry glance were only too obviously turned toward the strangers. Curt thought that if anything happened it would be men like this they would have to deal with, men still free of the withering taint of age that seemed to overtake the Europeans in their prime.

He beckoned to the girl again. "We're minded to take a ride into the hills," he said. "Can we hire mounts here?"

The girl's face was expressionless. "That is Shargo's province."

"And where may we find Shargo?"

"Through that passageway." The paddocks are behind the inn."

Curt laid a coin on the table and rose. "Come on, Otha, it's getting late."

They crossed the common room and entered the passage. Without seeming to notice Curt saw that the young man who had watched them left swiftly by the front door and that the others hant together in a sudden murmur of guarded talk.

The girl glanced after them. Her face held bitter resentment.

The passage was long and shadowy.

They traversed it swiftly, hearing nothing to warn them of any danger. At its end it opened into a court containing ruined outbuildings and a stone-walled paddock in good repair. The wall was high, for the European beasts are good jumpers, and the gate was of iron bars.

A man came toward them from one of the ruined sheds. He was old and not nimble. He wore the leather tunic of a hunter and it was not even clean. But still there was about him the same look that Curt had seen before, the look of pride and lowered vision, as though he saw the flutter of silken banners in the wind and heard the trumpets sounding far away.

Captain Futura repeated his request for two mounts.

He had expected refusal, at the least arguments and evasions. There were none. The old man shrugged and answered. "You will have to bridle them yourselves. In the day there is a young man here to hold the brutes and rein them—but the fools who wish to ride at night must catch their own."

"Very well," said Curt. "Give us the halters."

The old man produced two arrangements of leather straps, bitted with iron. "Get them by the cords," he granted, "and watch their forefeet."

He led the way to the paddock gate.

Curt looked around. The court was empty. It was very still. Otha whispered, "What are they waiting for?"

"Perhaps they want us clear of the city," Curt answered. Another disappearance in the shadowy hills would be preferable from the Europeans' viewpoint.

Otha nodded. "The trap could be at the other end. These beasts have been there before. They must know the way without being guided."

"One thing sure," said Captain Futura, "they'll have to stop us somewhere."

The old man lifted the heavy bar of the gate.

The paddock was not too large for the herd of twenty or so European mounts that it contained. They were

huddled together, drowsing in the Jupiter-light—serpentine scaly creatures with powerful legs and tails like wire lukes. Their narrow heads were crowned with fleshy yellow combs. They blinked and peered at the men with shining wicked eyes as red as coals.

"Take your choice," said the old European, standing by the gate.

Curt and Otho went forward with the bridle.

At their approach the beasts blinked softly and backed away. Their padded feet made a nervous thumping on the ground. Curt spoke softly but the herd began to shift.

"I don't think they like the smell of us," said Otho.

Curt reached out swiftly and caught one golden comb. The creature plunged and whistled as he fitted the rude bridle. Then suddenly from behind them there came the clang of the gate-bar dropping and he knew that there would be no waiting for the silence of the dark hills, that this, here and now, was the trap—and that they were in it.

Otho had spun around, holding his bearded mount. He was cursing the old man, Curt kept his grip on his strivling mount, turning with it to keep clear of the clawed forest. The paddock walls were high, worn smooth as glass by the rubbing of many flanks. There was no escape that way.

The herd was stirring uneasily, moving with a hiss and flickering of scaly tails, a quivering of muscles. Curt cried out a warning to Otho but it was already too late.

A makeshift torch of flaming rage whirled in over the gate, leaving a trail of oily smoke. Curt heard the old man's voice lifted in a cracked *Mei-kei*, urgent, shrill. A second wad of burning cloth shot in, dropping in the middle of the herd with a burst of sparks. Instantly there was brute panic, part up and turned upon itself by the paddock walls.

Plunging, trampling, screaming, the panicked beasts tried to see the smoke and the stinging fire. Curt's mount reared and dragged him and he clung

to its comb with the grip of a man who knows he is lost if he lets go. He dug his heels into the dusty ground, twisted the brute's head until its neckbones cracked and leaped up, clamping his legs around the slender belly.

Clarity through the dust and turmoil he saw Otho. An ordinary man would have been trampled to death in those first seconds. But Otho was not a man. Swift, sure-footed, incredibly strong, the android had imitated Curt's example and had swung himself to the back of his plunging mount, getting an iron grip on the comb.

It was only temporary escape. The maddened beasts had turned to fighting among themselves. Curt knew it was only a matter of time and not much of it before his creature would fall or be thrown. The paddock was a swirling madness of leaping bodies and tearing jaws and dust and noise. Nothing could stand for long in that.

The old European remained beyond the gate. He held another of the makeshift torches in his hands, waving it slowly back and forth so that all the beasts shied away from the opening.

A solemn proud fine-out old man. Later he would be very sorry for this tragic accident. He would know nothing more than that two spacemen had drunk wine in the tavern and had then gone staggering in among the beasts and frightened them and been most regretably slain.

Even in that moment of fury Curt found time to wonder what strange madness drove these men—the madness of the mysterious Second Life that urged them to any length.

He was trying to reach the gate when his mount stumbling over another that was down and kicking its life out in the dust and blood. He heard a wild yell from Otho and a commotion by the gate. The straining body under him staggered and fell. Desperately he pulled the creature's head back, forcing it up, forcing it on its feet again, and suddenly there was a rush past him of slaty backs and outstretched necks, a squealing stampede outward and the gate

new eyes.

He fought his infant to keep it back. Over the wall, Otho was riding a frantic demon, twisting its comb until it shrieked. In a matter of seconds they were alone in the paddock and the herd was stampeding through the courtyard, scattering away down the dark alleys.

The old man was gone, presumably to cover in one of the sheds.

"The young one," Otho panted. "Stand still, you son of a worm's egg! The young one that watched us inside the inn—he drove the old man off. He opened the gate."

The court was clear now. From the shelter of a broken wall a figure leaped and ran.

"Get him!" Curt yelled. "Get him!"

He took his heels in the early flanks and the creature blazed and went hard after the running shadow.

CHAPTER III

The House of Returning

TULLEY caught him. They rode him down in a narrow alley, the dark young man with the fierce eyes, and he fought them but he did not draw any weapon.

Curt had no time for pleasantries. He leaped over and struck the young man hard on the side of the jaw, and pulled the limp body up before him.

"Out of the city," he said to Otho. "This way, toward the hills. After that we can talk."

They found their way out of the maze of alleys into a broad avenue spanned by massive arches, broken now, their heroic carvings shattered by the slow hammer of time. Curt and Otho sped beneath their shadows, alone with the wind and the blowing dust.

Beyond the arches there were no more buildings but only the straight road that ran into the hills between two rows of ancient stones, stark and rigid under the glow of the great planet. Beyond the

stake there was nothing, only the gaunt slopes and the sighing in the stiff dry grass.

There had been no alarm behind them and there was no pursuit. The warning night was blank and still. Captain Future led the way at random, until he found a place that suited him. Then he stopped and motioned Otho to dismount.

The young man was cautious. Curt thought he had been cautious for some time but he had made no move. He was breathless now from the jolting of the beast. He crouched where Curt had set him, shaking his head, gasping.

Presently Curt asked, "Why did you open the paddock gate?"

The young man answered, "Because I did not wish for you to die."

"Do you know why we were supposed to die?"

"I know." He looked at them and his eyes were hot and angry. "Yes, I know!"

"Ah," said Curt Newton. "Then you do not worship the Second Life."

Otho laughed. "He doesn't need rejuvenation."

"It is not rejuvenation," said the young man bitterly. "It is death, the death of my world and my people. Almost before our heads are grown the Second Life takes hold of us and we forget the first life that we have not yet lived. Our walls fall about us stone by stone and we have not cloth to wrap our bodies in and the great change in other worlds does not touch us—but all that is nothing so long as we live the glorious life, the Second Life!"

He sprang up, glaring at Curt and Otho as though he hated them, but it was not their faces he saw. It was the sore and sterile faces of men grown old before their time, dead men on a dying moon.

"You of the other worlds are not like us. Life goes forward for you. Man learns and grows and the fields are rich and the cities are bright and tall. Even your oldest worlds have young minds—is that not so?"

Captain Future nodded. "It is so."

"Yes. But on Europa what is there for a young man? Dust and dreams! There

is a wall against us and after a while we learn that we cannot break it down. Then we too grow old."

He turned away. "Go back to your own world. You have life. Keep it."

Curt caught him by the arm. "What is the Second Life?"

"Death," said the young man, "to those who live it—and to those who would destroy it. We know. We have tried."

A sharp light came suddenly into Curt Newton's eyes. "Then there are others in the city who feel as you do?"

"Oh, yes—all of us who are still young." He laughed. It was not pleasant laughter. "We banded together once. We went up to the valley, angry, full of hate—we were going to make our world free. And they shot us down in the pass—the old men shot us down!"

He shook himself free of the Earthman's grasp. "I have told you. Go back to your own while you still live."

"No," said Captain Future softly. "We are going to the valley. And you will guide us."

The eyes of the young man widened. He stepped back and Otho caught him from behind, holding him helpless. He turned his head from side to side and cried out, "Three men, where a hundred of us failed? You don't know Kommar, the Guardian of the Second Life. You don't know the punishment. I am a prescribed man! I am forbidden the valley!"

"Prescription, punishment!" Curt Newton's voice was heavy with contempt. "You don't deserve your youth. Your bones are already crumbling." He reached out and slapped the young man's face, lightly, deliberately, one cheek and then the other.

"You will guide us to the valley. After that, you're free to tack your tail and run. We can end the Second Life without such help as yours."

Captain Future saw the flame of anger leap in the young man's eyes, the dark flush in his cheeks. He strained against the android's grip and Curt laughed.

"So there's still a bit of pride left if

a man can find it! Set him up here, Otho." He swung up onto the scaly back of his mount and roggred the European between his arms, where Otho lifted him as though he had been a child.

"Now," said Curt, "which way?"

The young man pointed.

They rode on through the dark hills, and after awhile the dawn came and found them before the shadowy throat of a pass—the dawn of pale far Sam that was only a little lighter than the night.

Curt dismounted and stood holding the bridle. He said to the European, "Go back to the spaceport, to the Patrol base. Tell those who wait there for us where we are."

A gleam that was almost a light of hope began to show in the young man's eyes. "And you?" he asked.

Curt nodded toward the blind notch of the pass. "We are going in."

"Perhaps," whispered the young man softly, "perhaps it is true that you can end the Second Life—you and those who wait for you. We know of you even here, where we know so little. I will go. And after I have said your message I will go into the city to gather those who fought once and who can fight again!"

CAPTAIN FUTURE let go the rein. The young man wheeled the squealing beast around and sent it flying back toward the city. Otho's mount ran with it.

"Let us hope," said the android dryly, "that our boy doesn't come to grief along the way."

He turned and walked with Curt up into the darkness of the pass.

"If the Second Life isn't reprobation, what is it?" Otho asked. "Some kind of pleasure-dream by artificial sensory stimuli? No, Ezra wouldn't stoop to that."

"No, it isn't that," Curt said. "I'm beginning to think that it's something more pitiful and terrible than that."

It was quiet in the pass. The screen of broken rock rose up on either side, with here and there a stunted tree. An army might have hidden there and been unseen but even Curt's keen ears could

detect no sound of life.

And yet he was not surprised when, as they reached the end of the pass, he looked back and saw men closing in behind them.

He waited for them. They were youngish men and strong but in their eyes already was the shadow of decay. He could see why the young European had called them "the old men," too.

"I have come to speak to Kennur," Captain Future said to them.

The one who seemed to be the leader nodded. "He is waiting for you. You will give us your weapons, please."

They had weapons of their own and there was not much point in arguing. Curt and Otto handed them over. Then they walked on and the men with the old eyes came close behind them.

The valley was deep and there were forests in it and a thin stream. Not far from the pass was a massive house of stone, very long and wide, that looked as though it might have been a place of learning in the days when the moon was young.

"There," said the leader, and pointed to a gateway of which the valves were fine-worked gold, bright as the day they were hung there. Captain Future passed between them with Otto at his side.

Inside there was the soft gloom of vaulted chambers, cool and dim, with old flagged floors that rang hollow under their striding boots. The great house was only a shell of stone, stripped of all but its enduring bones. It was empty and very still.

They waited and presently a man came walking toward them down a long passage, a tall man, erect and very proud. An aging man but not dusty, not decayed. His eyes were bright and clear, the eyes of a fanatic or a saint.

Looking at him, Curt knew that he was faced with the most dangerous kind of an enemy—a man with a belief.

"You are Kennur?" he asked.

"I am. And you are Curt Newton and—ah, yes, the one who is called Otto." Kennur made a slight inclination of his head. "I have expected you. The man Gurney was afraid the girl would

send for you in spite of his message."

"And where is Gurney?"

"I will take you to him," said Kennur. "Come."

He led the way down the long dim corridor and Curt and Otto followed. Behind them still came the grim-faced men.

Kennur passed beside a massive door of some tarnished metal and pushed it open.

"Enter," he said.

Captain Future stepped through into a long low hall that might have held a regiment. And he stopped with a queer chill shiver running through him. Beside him he heard Otto catch his breath.

There was a stillness on that place. Above it and below it and through it was a sound, a deep and gentle humming that only made the silence greater.

Spaced along the hall were many slabs of marble, mortuary couches hollowed deep by the pressure of uncounted bodies. Above each slab there stood a coiled machine as ancient as the marble, of a manufacture utterly foreign to any present mechanism of Earth. They had been kept bright with loving care but even so a number of them seemed worn out and useless. It was the machines that made the humming, the whirring song of sleep.

Men and women lay upon the slabs. Curt lost count of their numbers in the uncertain shadows. They lay as though in slumber, their limbs relaxed, their faces peaceful. Around each sleeper's head was bound a strap of some unfamiliar metal, having round electrodes fitted to the temples. The electrodes were connected, not by wires but by tendrils of glowing force, to the hooded mechanism above, from which a number light poured down.

Otto whispered, "There they are—all the old ones who have disappeared from other worlds."

Old men, old women—the sad, the hardened, the careworn. They slept here on the ancient slabs and Curt saw that in their faces there was more than peace. There was happiness, the joy of young days when the sun was bright

and the body strong and tomorrow was only a vague mist on the horizon.

There were many Europeans also and they too had found happiness under the humming machines. But in their faces was reflected a different joy—a lofty pride as though behind their closed eyelids passed visions of magnificence and strength.

KONNUR beckoned. "Here your friend lies sleeping."

Curt stood beside the slab, looking down into the face of Rara Gurney. The familiar face that to Curt was almost that of a father—and yet it was not the bleak face he remembered. The grimness was gone, the scars of time and pain had softened. The mouth smiled and it was the smile of a young man, a boy who has not yet lost the laughter from his heart.

"Waken him?" cried Curt.

And Konnur said, "Not yet."

Others asked, "But—is it all illusion? Is he drugged or dreaming?"

"No," said Konnur. "He is remembering—returning—*re-doing*. Everyone has times within his life that he would like to live again. The man Gurney has re-captured the period of his youth. He is young. He walks and speaks and feels, reliving every action as he lived it then. That is what we call the Second Life."

"But how?" said Curt. "How?"

"These instruments of the ancients," said Konnur, "enable man to remember—not just as a vague fitting vision but to recall with every one of his senses so that he completely relives the remembered experience."

Curt began to understand. Each experience left a new neural path in the synaptic labyrinth of the brain and the brief retraveling of that path roused a partial passing re-experience that was called "memory."

The Twentieth Century psychologists had speculated long ago that what they called "reintegration" might arise upon one single remembered impression and evoke from it all the many sensory impressions of which it had formed a part. The subtle probing rays of these ma-

chines accomplished "reintegration" in the fullest sense.

"And the memories of the fathers lie buried in the brains of the sons," Konnur was continuing. "Those parts of the brain formerly thought purposeless are a great storehouse of ancestral memories, inherited through some unimaginably subtle change in the chromosomes that even the ancients could not understand."

"So that you can reach back through these layers of buried inherited memory?" exclaimed Curt. "How far back?"

"Far and far," Konnur replied. "Back to the days of our world's glory, indeed—and is it wonderful that we prefer to live in the great past of Europe and not in its sad present?"

Captain Future said soberly, "But that is a rejection of the only real life. It is a retreat, a dying."

"Yet it is glory and triumph and joy," said Konnur.

His hand reached out to touch the humming mechanism. There was something reverent in the gesture.

"We do not understand these machines that give us the Second Life. The ancients had the knowledge and it is lost. But we can duplicate them bit by bit. You will see that many of them are worn out, beyond repair. We needed rare metals, the radioactive substances that are the core of the machine."

"They are found no longer on Europa and so we needed money to buy from other worlds, to build new machines. That is why we brought these people here." He nodded to the aging folk of Earth and the other planets who had come to Europa to live the past again.

Captain Future faced Konnur. He spoke almost in the words of the young European.

"This is not life but death! Your cities are crumbling, your people are wasting away. This poison of the Second Life is destroying your world and must be stopped!"

"And," asked Konnur softly, "will you stop it?"

"Yes! I have sent for the other Futuremen and behind them are the

Patrol—and some hundreds of your own people, Konnur, the young man who prefer to live one life rather than to die in two."

"It may be so," said Konnur. "And yet who knows? The man Gurney came here to stop it. He changed his mind. Perhaps you will change yours!"

Curt gave him a look of contempt. "You can't bribe me with memories of my youth. They're too close behind me—and most of them were not pleasant."

Konnur nodded. "I would not attempt anything so childish. There are other memories. The whole System knows of your long struggle to delve into the ancient past, the lost cosmic history of mankind. You, yourself, can live in that past. Through ancestral memory, you can live again in the days of the Old Empire—perhaps even before it."

He smiled and added slowly, "You have a thirst for knowledge. And there are no limits to the learning you might acquire in the Second Life!"

Curt stood silent and there was a strange look in his eyes.

Otho laughed, a peculiarly jarring sound. "There is nothing in this for me, Konnur. I had no ancestors!"

"I know. The guards will care for you," Konnur turned to Newton. "Well?"

"No," said Curt, with a certain harshness. "No! I won't have anything to do with it."

He turned and there was a solid phalanx of men against him, barring his way. Konnur's voice came to him softly. "I'm afraid you have no choice."

Instantly, with a whiteness around his mouth, Curt Newton looked from Konnur to the guards and back again and a tremor ran through his muscles that was more of excitement than fear.

Otho sighed.

The guards moved forward one short step. Curt struggled. He lifted his head and glanced at Konnur, challenging him, and Konnur pointed to an empty slab.

Captain Futura lay down, in the hollowed place. The marble was cold beneath him.

Another man had come, an old man in a threadbare gown who stood ready at the controls of the machine. Konnur set the metal band on the Earthman's head, fitting the shell plates of metal over his temples. He smiled and raised his hand.

The machine came humming into life. A number glow illumined Curt's face and then two shining tendrils of force sprang out and spun themselves swiftly downward.

They touched the twin electrodes. Curt Newton felt a flash of fire inside his skull and then there was the darkness.

CHAPTER IV

The Unforgotten

ONE by one disappointed far-separated slices of his past suddenly came real and living again to Curt Newton. Each one was farther back in the past. And he did not just remember them. He lived each one with every one of his five senses, with almost all his conscious being.

Almost all—but not quite. Some inner corner of his mind remained aloof from this overpoweringly vivid playback of memory, and watched.

He was striding with Otho and Greg and the gliding Simon upon a night-shrouded world. In the heavens flamed the vast stunning star-stream of Andromeda galaxy and out of the darkness ahead of them loomed the mighty Hall of Ninety Signs. . . .

He was in the bridge of the Red Hope, Bark King's ship. That towering Martian pirate stood beside him and the brake-rockets were crashing frantically as they came in fast, fast, toward the red sullen sphere of Outlaw World. . . .

He was running, running toward the ships. The whole world beneath him was rocking and shaking, the sky wreathed in lightning and great winds moaning. He was back on Katala, that

lost world of time that was rocking now toward its final cataclysmic doom. . . .

"Back farther—farther—" whispered the faraway voice, and the humming note of the machines seemed to deepen.

"You will do as I say, Curtis!"

Curt stood, rebelliously facing the implacable gaze of Simon Wright, in the corridor of the Moon-laboratory under Tycho. He was only a fourteen-year-old boy and he felt all a boy's resentment of restrictions, of fancied injustice.

"All I've ever seen is this place and you and Otto and Grog," he muttered. "I want to go to Earth and Mars and all the other worlds."

"You will someday," said Simon. "But not until you are ready. Grog and Otto and I have reared you here, in preparation for what is to come. And when the time arrives you will go. . . ."

He could not see very clearly nor could he understand. He had only an infant's eyes and an infant's mind.

It was the big main room of the Moon-laboratory. A man and woman lay sprawled on the floor and other men with weapons stood over them.

Simon Wright, his blue-eyes facing these men, was saying tensely, "You will pay for this very quickly. Death is coming now."

There was a rush of feet. Grog and Otto burst into the room. A terrible booming cry came from the metal giant and he leaped forward.

To Curt's infant eyes it was a whirl of staggering shapes, a spurt and flash of light—and then Grog standing with Otto over the broken bodies of the men.

The scene darkened—but the aloof detached corner of Curt's adult mind knew that he had seen the death of his own parents and their avenging by the Fufermen. . . .

"Back beyond his own memories!" whispered the voice. "His father's and his father's father's. . . ."

He was in an ancient 20th Century airplane. Curt felt—felt, even though he knew it was a 20th Century ancestor who had really felt it—the pressure as he swung the plane around to dive to-

ward its target. . . .

He was on the sun-parched deck of an old sailing-ship, becalmed, the sails hanging limp and dead. He started toward the stern. . . .

He was one of many men, men clad in bronze and leather, carrying long spears. They were running into a rude village of huts and somewhere there was a shrieking. . . .

Under a somber sky on a bare brown hillside he stood as a skin-garmented savage. The chill wind ruffled the dead grass but he saw the movement down on the slope that was not of the wind and he raised his heavy stone axe more slowly. . . .

"Farther—"

Thunder shook the night sky and reverberated across the city of glittering pylons in the nearer distance as one by one the great liners came swinging majestically down.

Curt Newton—or the faraway ancestor whose memories he now relived—spoke with casual interest to the grave-robed man who was walking with him toward the checkpoint terminal.

"We'll see what kind of officials Deneb is sending on this time! I must admit these bored sophisticates from the capital, with their patronizing attitude toward our Earth and the System, get on my nerves!"

"But after all we're only a tiny part of the Empire," the other reminded. "Administrators who have to think of worlds across the whole galaxy can't consider our little System as too important."

"It is important! Even though it has only nine little worlds it's as important as any part of the Empire!"

"Perhaps it will be someday. The Empire will last forever and someday—"

EVEN as the scene changed the watching corner of Curt's mind knew that for a moment he had actually lived in the legendary Old Empire. . . .

"Back farther still—farther—"

He could hear them singing the song through all the ship. The old song that

was like a banner streaming, the song that they had sung for generations in the mighty ships that went on and on through the intergalactic void.

"How many, many centuries since the last of the First Born died—the First Born who raised us from the dust! How many centuries since we men went forth!"

He heard and he looked ahead through the port and there was nothing but the same eternal scene—the vast mass of cosmic deep space with the hosts of the far-flung galaxies mere drowned points of light.

All except the one galaxy ahead, the mighty wheel-shaped continent of stars that slowly, slowly, kept growing into a universe of fire and splendor.

"By the arts that the First Born taught us, by the sacred behest that they laid upon us, we go forth to create the cosmic dream they dreamed!"

The blinding revelation came only to that little part of his mind that was still Curt Newton—the revelation of that first epic coming of men to found the Empire of old, to fulfill the command of the mysterious First Born.

If he could hear that song a little longer, that marching-song of the elder human race as it followed its destiny from far beginnings! If he could hear but a little more—

"Now!" spoke the voice and light crashed destructively upon the whole scene—and he was Curt Newton wholly and lying upon a cold slab and waking—waking. . . .

It was cruel, that awakening, unendurably cruel—he have gone so far and yet not far enough! He heard himself cry out, an incoherent cry of demand for the machine to burn again, to send his memories plunging back along the endless track of time.

Then his sight cleared and he saw Otto watching him, his green eyes calculating and ironic. He saw Kennur, smiling.

Curt stripped off the metal band and stood erect. His hands were unsteady and somehow he could not meet Otto's gaze. He tried to speak but the words

did not come and in his mind, already fading, was still the burden of that song and the blinding light of galaxies untouched and new, ready for the conqueror.

He shivered and Kennur said so though he knew quite well what was passing in the Earthman's thoughts. "Remain here then. You can order the others away and remain here and follow your own dream. There are no limits to the memory of man."

"Yes," said Curt to himself and not to Kennur. "One limit—the beginning, the time before ever there were men, before the First Born. Who—and where and how?"

"Learn," said the quiet voice of Kennur. "Send the others away when they come and remain and learn."

From a great distance then there came to Curt the sudden sound of fighting in the pass.

For a moment he stood motionless, caught between that song of lost eons and the pitiless present. Then, savagely, like a creature driven against his will, he moved. He tore the metal band from Ezra Gurney's head and shook him and shouted, "Wake up, Ezra! Wake!"

The guards had started forward. Otto said sharply, "Wait! If you touch him now, it will only mean complete destruction for you all."

Kennur listened to the sound of fighting in the valley. He sighed and motioned the guards to halt.

"Yes," said Kennur, "let us wait. There is always time to die."

Ezra Gurney was looking up at Curt, his eyes bewildered and full of uncomprehending pain.

Captain Future turned away. He said heavily, "Kennur, go and tell your people to lay down their weapons. There is no need for bloodshed."

"Perhaps," said Kennur, "it would be better for us to die fighting for the Second Life."

Curt shook his head. "The Second Life must be ended for Europa. By bringing in these folk from other worlds you have given the Planet Police and the Government power to act and they will

act very swiftly. But . . ."

Konour's eyes blazed. "But?"

"It need not be destroyed. Go now and speak to your people."

Konour hesitated. His gaze was fixed on Curt's. Then, abruptly, he turned and went away. Curt took Kara Gurney's hand. He said gently, "Get up. Kara. It's time to go."

The old man got slowly to his feet and then sank back, sitting on the edge of the slab, his face between his hands.

PRESENTLY he said, "I couldn't help it, Curt. It was a chance to go back to the time when I was young, to the time when we were together and all that had not yet happened . . ."

Curt did not need to ask whom he meant by "we". He was one of the few who knew Kara's tragedy, the loved brother whom he had long ago been forced to slay as an outlaw in space.

He took hold of Kara's shoulder. "Sure," he said. "Sure, I understand."

Kara looked up at him. "Yes," he muttered, "I think you do. Well . . ." He stood up, groping for something to say, something normal and expected. "Well, I guess there's nothing else to do but go and face Joan. Is she angry?"

"Not now," said Otto, grinning, "but she will be?"

Kara smiled back gratefully but his heart was not in it.

They went out of the place of the sleepers, down the long passage to the outer chambers. The notes of strife had ceased. They heard a tumult of many voices shouting and then Grog came striding mightily through the tall gates.

He bellowed, "Are you all right, Curt? I knew Otto would get you into a jam!"

Simon Wright glided beside him and behind them a press of eager dusty young Europeans crowding like wiles.

"Shall we destroy them now?" they shouted. "Shall we break the machines?"

"No!" Curt told them. "Hold your tempers! And listen, Konour! Where is Konour?"

They thrust him inward through the crowd. They had handled him roughly but even so he had not lost his dignity

nor his pride. He stood waiting.

Curt Newton spoke slowly, so that everyone should hear and understand.

"This is my proposal. There are many of the old ones who have lived so long in the Second Life of memory that without it they would die—and the secret itself is too valuable to be lost.

"Therefore I offer this solution—that the machines shall be removed to one of the small uninhabited moons of this system and that those who wish to shall go with them. It would be a sort of quarantine, under the authority of the Planet Police, and the Second Life would be gone forever from Europa. Does that meet with your approval?"

He looked at Konour, who had no choice and knew it, but who did not care as long as his beloved dream was safe.

"It is well," he said. "Better than I had hoped."

"And you," demanded Curt of the young Europeans, "what is your word?"

"They had many words among themselves. They shook their fists and argued, hungry for destruction, but at the last the young man who had come with Curt and Otto from the city stepped forward and said, "As long as the Second Life goes forever from this world we will not oppose you." He paused, then added, "We owe you that much. If it had not been for you we would never have broken free."

Curt felt a great relief, greater than he should have had for the mere saving of a bit of antique science. Again he avoided Otto's gaze and even more the cold penetrating glance of Simon Wright's lone-eyes.

He said to Konour, "It is done then. Wake the sleepers and let them have time to think and choose. I will see that the arrangements are made to transship and settle all those who wish to go."

He took Kara by the arm, shaking him from the reverie into which he had sunk again. "Come on," he said. "We're finished here for good."

* * * * *

They were walking across the space-

part, the six of them, the Futuremen and Joan and Kara, heading for the ships under the red glow of Jupiter. And Simon Wright said something that had been on his mind to say these days during which Curt had labored to finish the removal of willing exiles to a remote and barren moon.

"Was it out of pity for them, Curtis—or did you wish to live the Second Life again yourself some day?"

Curt answered slowly. "I'm not sure. It's too dangerous a thing to meddle with overmuch and yet—much knowledge could be gained that way. If a man could be sure of himself, of his own mind..."

He shook his head and Simon said dryly, "The last thing a man is ever sure of is the strength of his own mind."

Othe looked up at Greg.

"But you really ought to try it some time, Greg."

"The Second Life?" rumbled Greg. "Why, now, come to think of it maybe I should."

"Certainly," Othe told him. "It would be a fascinating experience to learn how your ancestral pig-iron felt in the forge."

Greg turned on him. "Listen, android—"

Curt's voice cut them short and their stop quickened as they went on toward the ships.

But Kara walked last, slowly, the shadow still on his lined old face as he looked back—back to the remembered past, the bright lost days, the forever forgotten.



To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

JOHAN CAREY, pioneer spaceman, had been quick-frozen in deep space for centuries when Curtis Newton and the rest of the Futuremen found him in the wreckage of his derelict ship and brought him back to life. Shortly afterward, sickened by the gross corruption of the Earth to which they carried him, Carey wished he had been allowed to sleep on forever.

But other elements existed in civilization—elements fighting hard as ever against the static evils of overindulged civilization—elements still reaching for the freedom of the stars. And among these elements Curt Newton and his little group of followers played as always a vital role.

It did not take long for them to find a job in which Carey's long-dormant crusading instincts could have full rein—a job that meant danger, new frontiers and actual combat against the agents of human decay. You'll find out about it when you read **EARTHMEN NO MORE**, another in the new series of Captain Future novelets by Edmond Hamilton, appearing in our next issue!

Blake grabbed the torch,
but the Arches
held on.



CRITERION

By ROBERTSON OSBORNE

Perhaps Dooley and Blake could repair their spaceship—but could they keep those strange, tiny inhabitants from putting with it?

LIEUTENANT ANTHEMUS DOOLEY tried to play it safe, as instructed. The important thing was to avoid risks, to return to Earth with the information he and Ensign Perry Blake had spent dangerous months in getting. With knowledge of the Orion Group's impending attack, the Solar

Federation could lay a defensive trap—the only hope against a more powerful enemy. And the only way to get that warning through undetected was to fly homeward in an innocent, unarmed old two-man tub, looking as inconspicuous as possible.

Hence, Lieutenant Dooley slipped his

little vessel back into normal space cautiously for a look-see. He kept it hovering near the third planet of blue-white Kamah, with even the radar shut off, while Kanga Blake took a first bearing on far-off Sol. Dooley listened intently, trying to pick up the drive-lux of an enemy ship, while his cerphores crackled with cosmic static. Beside him, Blake completed the sight and switched on a mezzar scanner to search for anything moving among the stars.

Both men jumped as the scanner alarm buzzed. On its screen, red lines bracketed a dull, shifting sparkle that grew rapidly brighter.

"Metecor, coming at us!" exclaimed Dooley. He lunged at the controls to turn the ship away from the deadly swarms. The tough old vessel bucked and dodged, but suddenly there was a vicious little clunk! and then two more.

The Punctate Alarm began to howl as air hissed out. As the pressure dropped, automatic airlocks clunked shut and the Air Alarm added its jabber to the confusion. The two men closed down their helmets.

Somewhere aft there was a muffled explosion. The drive went dead; the ship was dark. Emergency lights came on, to show Dooley grabbing a red lever.

"Strap in, Perry!" he barked. "We'll have to ride her down and try to break the fall with jets."

Listening critically to the emergency jets as they warmed up—BLAM! BLAM! blaaaawwwwww—Dooley tried to reckon the chances of survival. Relative velocity, three miles a second toward the planet; height, 130 miles; deceleration, four G. There'd be a chance, he figured. Just a chance. Turning to the young ensign, he warned: "This won't be like space-drive, Perry. Try to relax."

BLAKE nodded, looking out the port with worried brown eyes. As the accelerating shoves him into the seat, he said: "I've read about this planet, Art. Pretty bad."

But Dooley's attention was on the controls. A thin screaming announced the beginning of the planet's atmosphere. The shriek grew louder, dropping in pitch, becoming a deafening wall even through the double hull. Dooley

muttered angrily as the half-temperature gauge climbed into the red. He fought the ship into a long, flat glide, but she pitched and yawed stubbornly.

The shrieks ticked by, with the wind changing to a terrible roar, as the planet's surface incessantly seared, took on detail, blurred and rushed past . . .

The ship strugled viciously, at a tangent, and bounced. It struck and bounced again, plowed a quarter-mile furrow through the brush, and finally shuddered to a stop, blistering and blackening the purplish vegetation.

* * * * *

Dejectedly the two men fought their way back to consciousness. Dooley, his left arm and shoulder smashed, found himself being dragged toward the airlock. The heat, even inside his space-suit, was almost unbearable.

Letting him sag to the deck, Blake wrestled with the airlock. "Stuck," he gasped. "Try power room." The two men scampered through the chase of the power room to find the second airlock hopelessly jammed.

"Stem launching tube," suggested Dooley, tugging at the interlock. Blake swung open the inboard and outboard doors of the space-torpedo tube, crowded through, and dropped to the ground, standing by to catch Dooley. The lieutenant fell awkwardly, though, and fainted when he struck the hard ground.

Blake dragged him through burning vegetation to a sheltering ravine. He manipulated the lieutenant's chestplate controls, giving him more oxygen, squirting water on his face through the drinking tube.

Dooley blinked, groaned, and sat up. He managed a feeble wink, though his face was gray with pain. "We got down alive, anyway," he said. "How bad is she, Perry?"

The ensign stood up to look at the ship, which was shimmering and making metallic little noises as it cooled.

"Not so good," he answered. "The hull doesn't seem to be weakened much, but the inside looked like a mess." He squinted brown eyes at the wreck. "What happened, anyway?"

"Must've got a short in something from a ship when those metecors hit." Dooley pulled his good arm in from its sleeve to rummage through his inner

pockets. "The parawave circuit probably formed a standing loop somewhere and shorted out. I've seen 'em do that, when the monitor circuit failed." He swallowed a pain-killer tablet. "We'll probably find one of the tank circuits, or even a junction box, fused into junk." He reached up inside his helmet, feeling a cut on his scalp. "You say you've read about this planet?"

Blake nodded. "Aroa's Planet, Named after a Martian explorer, killed in rescuing a pleasure-craft in the region. It's—not a good place, Art."

Doolley stood up, weak and dizzy. "Eh? Why not?" He looked around. "Oh, Purple vegetation. That means—am—methane atmosphere? Ammonia?"

"Worse than that, in this case. Ten percent hydrogen cyanide. One little scratch, and you don't even struggle." Davis helped the lieutenant out of the ravine. "There isn't much more information. No mineral surveys yet. No intelligent life known, except maybe some insect-like things with tools that one party reported seeing. Big beetles, maybe: the report was vague."

THE two men made their way around the ship, inspecting the outer hull. Doolley thumped it with an armored fist. "This old girl was one of the best personal ships built," he said. "They really made her tough. I see a few sprung plates, but the main beams are probably all right. The hull isn't as important, of course, as we can live in our suits. But weakened beams are likely to throw the drive out of line, or fold up."

Limping around the stern, he stared wonderingly at the long gouge through the brush and dirt. Then his eyes sprang skyward, and he instinctively ducked into the shadow of the stern fin. "Better try to get an airlock open, now that she's cooled a little, Perry. We're wasting time."

Blake scrambled into the launching tube and disappeared. After a moment there was a thumping and lanking; the power room airlock squealed open. Doolley held up his good hand and the engine helped him into the ship.

"First thing," announced the lieutenant, "is to get an idea of the damage. You can climb in between the hulls, while—" He bumped his shoulder on a projecting bar; the pain made him sag weakly against a bulkhead.

"Let's take care of that shoulder first," Blake said, catching him. "You won't be much help this way."

Doolley nodded. "Have to hurry, though. A lot depends on us, Perry!" With the engine, he made his way through the jumble of equipment wrecked when a transformer had slammed across the power room.

In the control room, the two men sealed the hull punctures with battle patches and let the airpumps flush out the cyanide. Then, with the slightest a safe green, they slumped off their heavy suits.

The engine broke out the medical gear and gave Doolley a shot of Selected 22 while the flascopes warmed up. When the damaged arm and shoulder were numb, he wheeled the instrument over, set it for "Bone," and brought it to bear on the shoulder. A splintered clavicle stood out clearly on the screen. Missing the instrument, Blake scowled at a broken humerus. "Collar bone and upper arm, Art. That calls for an airplane spirit."

Lighting a cigarette, Doolley shook his head. "Couldn't wear my space suit. Better just strap the arm to my chest and put on a cast. The surgeons at Main Base can take it apart again later."

In half an hour the quick-set cellulite cast was hard and the scalp wound had been drained. Doolley swallowed another anti-shock capsule, plus a double dose of bloodstifler for the bleeding bones. He walked around the control room, twisting his body and getting used to the cast. "Let's go, laddie," he said then. "You climb into the bilge and check the power leads. I'll do what I can inside."

Blake helped him into the rubberized metal-fabric suit. The two men valved themselves into the power room. Blake was undoing the dogs on a bilge-access manhole when Doolley stopped him. "Listen!"

Blake turned up his audio pickup again. He stared wide-eyed at Doolley.

"You hear it too, then," the lieutenant murmured. Moving quietly to look out the open airlock, he beckoned for Blake to join him.

Even to an old-timer like Doolley, the scene had an unreal, night-mare feeling. Space travelers get used to strange forms of life—some even claimed the deep-sea life of Earth itself was weird—out of all—but at least the members of

a group usually look somewhat alike. This was a group, obviously, in front of the ship. To be exact, it seemed to be an orchestra. But no, two members were alike.

Dodley squinted his eyes, shut and tried again, but the strange music went on and the group looked just as improbable.

"Welcoming committee of Arokan natives," murmured Blake, sounding as if he were about to giggle. "Look, they make those sounds themselves, without instruments. And some of 'em have four legs, some six. There's one with no legs at all." He glanced at Dodley's drawn gun. "Surely they're friendly, Art! After all, if so many different kinds of them can get along peacefully—uh?"

"Maybe." Dodley's characteristic caution was evident now. "But we haven't time to establish full contact. I suppose we ought to show 'em we're friendly, but we'll have to let it go at that." He studied the insect-like Arokans. "Try the Standard Basic Contact Procedure. I'll cover you."

BLAKE climbed down slowly, careful to make no sudden moves. Holding his empty gloved hands out to the sides, he walked to within ten feet of the serencers. The music continued.

After a long, awkward wait, Blake murmured into his microphone: "They won't stop to listen. What now, Art?"

"Oh—that isn't in the book. Maybe they're waiting for you to say something."

Blake snatched the thin metal diaphragm in the throat of his helmet. "How! He two-fellow friended along you plenty-felloes. What-fellow chief bring you? Him speak, me listen."

The wailing and clumping continued. Dodley snorted. "What the heckers have you been reading, Perry! You'd better study some Basic and let those magazine thrillers alone!" Climbing down stiffly, he limped over to the group. With great dignity, he addressed a four-foot Arokan, the largest one there.

Five minutes later, Dodley was red-faced and angry, having been utterly ignored as he talked, shouted, scratched marks in the dirt, and waved his one good arm. Blake managed, somehow, to keep a respectful straight face.

The lieutenant was muttering bitter comments when, abruptly, the music

died. The "musicians" left, being immediately replaced by another group of Arokans. These, somewhat smaller, carried devices which could have been tools or weapons.

The two men waited, motionless, guns ready. The natives began to examine Dodley. When one of them prodded a braided thigh, the lieutenant involuntarily jerked away. He was promptly abandoned in favor of Blake. The on-again backed away warily, and immediately faked himself ignored. The Arokans headed for the ship.

"Hey!" exclaimed Dodley. "Up the ladder, quick!" He scrambled up after Blake, shutting the airlock.

"Funny," said Blake. "As soon as we moved—"

"No time for that," Dodley interrupted. "Climb into the bilge. They might get in through a rip in the hull."

"Should I shoot 'em?" Blake was crawling through the manhole, after switching on the bilge lights.

"Not unless you have to. Carry on with the damage survey while you're in there." As Blake's answer was scarcely audible, Dodley added: "Better plug into an intercom connection. Radio won't carry through the hull."

The lieutenant plugged into a phone socket, letting the reel on his back take up slack as he wandered around the power room. He couldn't do much with one arm, but he put away some of the gear spilled from burst lockers, disintegrated wires, and traced out connections.

He was examining a one-hand soldering job critically when Blake's voice interrupted. "Hey, Art! They're coming in through a spring plate!"

Dodley ran to the open manhole, tugging out his gun. He heard a metallic tapping, and saw a four-legged Arokan clumping among the girders, hammering and apparently listening. Dodley's jaw dropped when he saw a second creature shaving off little samples of porcelain as though the extremely hard metal were cheese. Others followed, using various little tools. One seemed to be measuring, while the other—Dodley felt certain—was memorizing the arrangement of girders, cables.

"They don't seem to be hurting anything," Blake's voice jared the lieutenant out of his fascinated stare. "Shall I just keep an eye on them?"

Dooley hesitated, while one of the Arolans gazed at him with emotionless, glittering black eyes. Far more than the lives of two men, he knew, hung on his decision. The ship was virtually help- less, and the Arolans were an unknown quantity.

"Yes," he answered finally. "Be careful, Perry. I can't figure out what they're up to."

The many-jointed creature facing him moved forward slowly, like a wary, giant spider. Dooley felt the hairs on his neck rising. If the things only acted hostile, at least he'd know something about them. But the way they just stared, and refused to communicate, worried him.

HE waited until the Arolan tried to climb along a girder into the power room. He pushed it back, firmly. The thing almost slipped off the girder. Regaining its footing, it started to climb in again with calm indifference. Dooley rapped it warningly with his gun. Drawing back, the creature suddenly sprang at him. It struck his chest plate with surprising force, knocking him aside. Swearing, Dooley whirled to see the thing examining the room, paying him no attention.

At that moment a globular one slipped in behind him. While Dooley kept his gun on the two creatures suspiciously, they clambered around the wreckage, occasionally picking up loose objects for examination. The lieutenant began to notice a pattern in their poking about. They followed wires extensively, played a thin pencil of violet light on the panels that hid circuits, and examined damaged parts with obvious interest.

"By the Kings!" Dooley muttered. "It must be!"

"Did you say something?" came Blake's voice.

Dooley began removing circuit-access panels. "Perry, these creatures are intelligent, all right! They're tracing circuits, and I believe they can tell the difference between damaged parts and good ones. Though how they do, when they've never seen—" His voice faded away.

"I was about to say they're doing it here, too." The engine sounded strained.

"But I have bad news, Art. The oxygen—main supply and forward reserve are both gone. Punctured. All we have left

is the after reserve. Five days' supply."

Dooley looked bleakly at a handful of tangled wires. "Eight days, if we live in our suits. And we're six days from home." He frowned at the wrecked equipment, gloomily estimating the days it would take to get the ship barely running with a minimum of repairs. "How's the hull?"

"It'll do. But you made a good guess about the circuit. A surge looped across the junction box in back of the control deck. There's fused apparatus and insulation all over the inside. Some more! I can't even get the cover off; one of the hull plates is stove in against it."

Dooley squinted blue-gray eyes, thinking. "We could jury-rig the controls. But that would mean drilling through the ported deck—wif's hand took! Take at least a day for that alone." For the hundredth time, he wondered why BuShips didn't make their design engineers serve a couple of years aboard a ship. He heard a clatter at the manhole, and turned to see Blake climbing through.

"I think I can by-pass that j-bar," the ensign said. He was hooking tools onto his suit when he caught sight of the two Arolans. "Listen, Art, why not let me have another try at communicating with those fellows? They seem to have some technical knowledge. Maybe they could help, even if they are hard to get along with."

Dooley shook his head. "No time, Perry. We'd have to establish direct communication first. Then we'd have to find a working vocabulary, explain how everything works, what's wrong, and how to fix it. And then they'd have to figure out how to do it. We'd lose weeks on it. They probably think in an entirely different way. In fact, it might even be impossible to communicate with them!"

The younger man's eyebrows went up. "Impossible?"

"Sure. Even the greatest experts have never been able to communicate with the Ahtah Six creatures, though they're obviously friendly. Both sides have tried, but we just don't have the same sense impressions, or something."

A startling crash of thunder shook the deck. Both men ran to look out a viewport. Brilliant blue lightning split the air again, leaving a smoky trail of soot as the HCN broke up. More thunder followed. A sheet of rain came sweeping

across the purplish landscape.

There was silence in the ship. Dooley realized the Arakans were gone. Presently he saw them scattering away through the brush along a faint trail. In the distance, a tree fell before the wind.

Blake began gathering his tools. "Notice how surprising the thunder is! This planet seems to be almost entirely silent. He clambered through the manhole.

TWO hours later Dooley crawled up laboriously to sit beside him. Blake was crousty inside his "Iron Maiden," cramped in the small space and angrily frustrated. He had broken two back-saw blades, tangled his 'cut 'n a hick of molten ironfold, beashed his mouth against his helmet, and fallen headlong into a tangle of gardens, among other troubles. And he had repaired just one control lead of twenty-four vastly necessary. He tried to grin cheerfully, but didn't succeed.

Dooley looked things over. "Pretty tough," he agreed. "I'm going to fix a little chew, Perry. We haven't eaten for almost a day. Come down in about five minutes. And incidentally, I've managed to get the warning break running on battery power, so at least we won't be taken by surprise if an Orion Group ship finds us."

After crawling down again, he let himself into the control room, opened some ration cans, and let them heat. He was putting away spilled charts when his eye fell on the ejection escape. He glanced into the apertures casually.

He was still staring into it when Blake entered. "Look here, Perry," he said. "What do you make of that?"

The ensign looked. "Seems to be a metal hemisphere, with a few Arakans around it, slight to be a hive, huh?"

Dooley rubbed the back of his neck and looked doubtful. "Might be an incubator—too small to be a hive life about six feet high, and some of the natives are a good four feet." He swung his chair around. "Well, let's forget them and eat." His long thin nose wrinkled in annoyance as he picked up a can of synthesized chicken. "Blindfold test or not," he mumbled, mouth full. "I still don't like this stuff!"

Later, having sopped up the fragment gravy with a hot canned biscuit, he saw Blake grinning at him. He laughed then,

reluctant for the first time in a week. "All right," he admitted. "I was born in Twenty-Sixty-One, and this is Twenty-Ninety-Six, and I'm old-fashioned. Okay."

They were fastening their helmets when they heard a noise. "The Arakans are back!" exclaimed Dooley. The ensign ran after him into the power room. "Nobody here," said Blake. "Hey! Where's the protontorch?" He looked behind the parawave "tank." "I had it up here!"

"There!" Dooley pointed through the viewport. "One of those bugs has it. Must be heading for that dome we saw."

The ensign swung open the airlock and grabbed a blast rifle from a wall clip. Dooley took another gun, saying: "I'll cover you from here."

Blake, lumbering slow in his heavy suit, caught up with the creature beside the dome. He grabbed the torch, but the Arakan held on. The unexpectedly heavy weight threw Blake off balance. He fell against the dome, grabbing feebly for a handhold on the smooth surface. His weight dented the thin metallic skin only slightly, but the reaction was instantaneous. Three other natives, previously motionless, launched themselves at him in unmistakable attack. He moved his head back instinctively, just as something collided with the back of his helmet. He fell, stunned.

By radio, Dooley heard the ensign's grunts, the clunk/ on his helmet, the pained gasp. "Perry!" he called. "Blake! Are you all right?" Silence answered him. Swearing, blaming himself, he hobbled down the steel rungs and hurried toward the dome with his rifle ready. Several Arakans passed him. He glared suspiciously at them, but they paid no attention. He got to the dome just as Blake was beginning to sit up.

"What happened?" the ensign inquired feebly. He sat up and shook his head.

"I dunno, but it looks like you're all right. Can you stand up?" Dooley helped him up. "Where's the torch you came after?"

BLAKE looked around, then pointed. An Arakan was backing out of the dome, carrying the missing tool. Starting for the ship, the creature seemed to see the two men. It dropped the torch at Blake's feet.

"I remember now; all of a sudden they jumped me, and I got knocked out. What made them do that?" The engine sound bewildered. He examined the berth, which was undamaged. "All I did was lose my balance and dent that hemisphere a little."

Dookey stared at the dome's bent surface, absently trying to scratch his chin through the helmet. His attention was attracted by a column of Arolans moving toward another hemisphere, glittering in the brush a hundred yards away. There were still other domes, he saw now, scattered far up a hillside. He picked up his blast-rifle.

"You go on back," he said. "I'll scout around a little." He waited until Blake had reached the ship, then made his way to the second hemisphere.

He found it partly crushed by a fallen tree, which was being cut up and removed by a number of Arolans. A separate group of the insect-like creatures stood nearby, making only an occasional feeble, spasmodic movement.

Up close, the metallic shell of the dome seemed to be a skin grown from a pulpy layer just beneath. Dookey studied the exposed, quivering interior. There were hollow spaces, and little veins from which black stuff dripped, and— He stopped for a closer look. Yes, there were metallic filaments and tubes, several clumps of crystals, a network of glittering wire, and a kind of woody structure holding everything.

It didn't make sense, in Terrestrial terms. Maybe it produced eggs, or gave birth to the Arolans. It could have been a pet. Or even a food source—if it were alive at all. At any rate, the insects were busy caring for it. Some of them, Dookey saw, were suturing the torn parts and connecting broken wires. Others were setting up a device looking like a health-lamp of some sort.

Well, Dookey reflected, sampling back, it explained their familiarity with wiring. Maybe. Though what kind of a thing that dome was— His meditations were interrupted by a call from Blake.

"These critters are up to something, Art!" The voice in his earphone sounded dazed. "I'd tell you about it, but you ought to see it yourself."

Dookey could guess, though. The Arolans would be trying to patch up the ship, acting on blind instincts as they did with the domes, and would soon be

making an even worse mess with hundreds of wrong connections.

He was partly right, he found, as he clumped into the power room. The insects were connecting broken leads. He grabbed a heavy wrench to drive them away, but Blake intervened.

"Look, Art, wait a minute. I checked in the bilge, and they'd already connected a jumper on the next lead around the p-box. And insulated it. I came down here, and—look! Those connections are right!"

Incredulous, Dookey looked. Position indicator fed from the arbitrary centrix and the flight integrator, right! Permease generator through modifier into wave tank and drive. That was right too.

"It can't be," Dookey mumbled. "But obviously it is!" He saw at least a dozen Arolans at work, looking like strange grubs, intent on their obscure business. All were stripping, welding, and gilding spare parts out of the lockers.

Bewildered, the two men let themselves into the control room and opened their helmets for some "fresh" air. Dookey got out his favorite pipe, of translucent ruby-wood from Mlog II, and gathered his wife while fragrant coffee heated.

"With I could figure this out," He shook his head in wonder. "These Arolans have no eyes, no vehicles—as far as we know—and yet they're at work as if they had." He blew a smoke-ring and stared at it unseeing. "I guess we'll have to take the Truth Test, as Liang and Sarapat did, to prove we didn't make it all up."

OVER at the table, Blake was pouring coffee. "What happened to them?"

"Well, they were the first to land on Beta Oriens Six. Their ship had hardly grounded when it started coming apart under them. In twenty minutes the whole thing was just about dismantled. Turned out the natives thought it was another puzzle from their 5th-stargate friends. They were apologetic about it, and put the ship back together in thirty minutes or so. When Liang and Sarapat left, a few days later, the natives asked them whether they knew of any really difficult puzzles."

The younger man cocked a suspicious eyebrow, but Dookey's face was invari-

sense itself. There was a short silence.

"What are those Arolans after, Art?" Blake asked finally. "They could be planning to seize the ship; they certainly don't act as though we mattered at all. Or maybe they're learning how to build a ship. They might have a war in mind, for instance."

"I've been wondering," Dooley admitted, sipping coffee. "We'd better keep a sharp eye on them. Maybe we should have tried to keep them out. But that would have taken a lot of time and attention. And besides, our situation would be hopeless without their help. We might have a chance, this way." He stood up, rubbing his eyes wearily. "I wish we had time to get a little sleep. It's been—"

He was interrupted by an alarm bell, clanging furiously. It settled down to a steady ding-ding, ding-ding, as the detector identified two hostile ships. Dooley, reaching the controls first, switched on the screen. The two men stared grimly at a pair of red dots.

"Cruiers," said Blake, flicking a glance at a row of smaller screens. "They must have noticed our drive radiation when the meters lit up. They're bound to pick us up, Art. We'd better take to the brush, huh?"

The lieutenant pursed his lips. "This soil is iron-bearing. I don't think their radar will pick us up."

Blake busied himself gathering weapons and jungle gear. "If they do land," he said, "maybe we can capture one of their ships."

But the enemy didn't land. Dooley watched the two red dots grow smaller until the detector lost them. "They've a hunch we're in this region," he decided. "Let's hustle, Perry. We'll run trace-current tests on whatever we can."

Blake let himself into the power room, plugged into a phone socket, and began checking the temperamental parawave circuit with its pseudo-resistances, dynamic capacitances, and fantastically tricky standing waves. All the circuits repaired so far seemed to be all right, but there was a lot left to fix. Blake began doing what he could to help the busy Arolans, and Dooley even let some into the control room.

Night came, and the work went on. It was daylight again before Blake, looking dazedly for a mislaid meter, realized he needed something to wake him

up. He lurched into the control room, where he found Dooley pale and bleary-eyed.

"Better get sleep," the ensign croaked, falling into a seat. "I'll stand watch."

Dooley awoke vaguely, fighting to stay awake. "No, I'm senior officer. You—" His head dropped; he slept. Blake made coffee, smoked, and kept himself moving, somehow. Two hours later he woke the lieutenant, and immediately yawned to sleep.

Before midday, both men were working again. The Arolans apparently had not stopped at all. Dooley was sure some of them had been working a full day without showing fatigue; their endurance seemed remarkable.

LOOKING around Blake saw him staring at them. "Art," he said, "I wish you'd let me try to establish contact with them."

"What for?" asked Dooley bluntly. "We might find out why they're doing this, and we could thank them. But that's assuming we wouldn't waste time doing it. Besides, I have a little hunch we'd actually lose ground by communicating with them."

"Huh?" Blake showed astonishment.

"Why did they ignore us when they saw us move? What does the ship mean to them? What are the demands?" Dooley passed through the vitroid viewport. "I think I have the answers. You try working them out independently." He chuckled. "Look. Out there by the fin. They're going to treat the old girl's sides with a health-lamp."

He pointed to several Arolans, setting up three little projectors like those near the damaged hemisphere. It occurred to him to watch the devices to make sure they weren't dangerous. But they were not switched on, and he turned to other tasks. He tried to work calmly, and not to worry about the desperate importance of hurrying. Years of space had taught him the life-saving value of quiet efficiency and the futility of panic-stricken haste.

Four hours later, taking time out to rest his one good arm, he glanced idly into the telescope viewport. The damaged hemisphere, he saw, was now a dull gray, like the ship's hull. The Arolans around it were gathered in a semicircle, apparently surrounding. The tele-microphones picked up a wailing dirge.

A moment later the "heat lamp" facing the dome was switched on. A beam of green light reached out—and began to slice through the dome. Dooley's jaw dropped as he saw heavy beamers also being sliced up behind the dome. He ran to a viewport and found the projectors beside the ship still unattended.

He jabbed at his phone connection. "Blake! These aren't health lamps out there! They can destroy this ship. Keep a close watch on those critters!"

Blake's voice was quiet and alert. "They're still working here, Art. What's up?"

"They just sliced up a dome and some big beamers with one of those things. Those projectors are far better weapons than anything we have—or the enemy either!" After a moment, Dooley added: "Here's some information for you to think over, Perry. When the domes are badly damaged, beyond repair, they change color, and they're cut up. May be part of a reproductive cycle."

It was late afternoon when Dooley noticed a sudden silence. Blake's voice came over the phone. "They've left the ship, Art. Gathered outside. Looks like a severading beginning."

Dooley moved fast. He stood in the open power-room lock with Blake, blue-rifle ready, while the Arkane strilled a rhythmic, strangely moving chant. There was silence, then, for a few minutes, as if the creatures were waiting, and the chant began again. There was no activity near the three projectors facing the ship.

Dooley lifted his good shoulder. "Guess they're not ready for the slicing ceremony. Let's get busy."

He was back in the control room when an idea hit him between the eyes. Things suddenly made sense. He ran to the vitroid viewport in alarm. Sure enough, the projectors were being tinkered with. Dooley flipped the phase switch on his chest. "Perry! They are going to slice us up!"

There was a clatter in the power room. "I'll blast 'em!"

Dooley looked around the control room desperately for inspiration. "No, no! Not unless they actually begin. They mean well, Perry." His eyes danced on something. He snapped his fingers. "Got an idea. Stand by!"

He hobbled over to the Outside Speak-

er microphone, used in landing operations. He carried it over to the little music player and switched on both instruments.

BEETHOVEN'S Fifth Symphony came booming from the outboard speaker. Wedging the microphone into the player cabinet, Dooley limped back to the viewport. The Arkane had abandoned the projectors to stand in a semi-circle as if listening in awe.

Blake's astonishment was audible. "I don't get it, Art!"

"Never mind. Stand by for a quick check!"

The power calibration, usually a two-hour procedure, was run through somehow in twelve minutes. Blake pegged four rotors simultaneously by ear, threw switches with both hands and one foot, estimated dial readings, and made adjustments all over the room. The shape of the parawave trace on the oscilloscope made him shudder, but he knew it would grab space, and that was good enough.

"Looks like we've got enough to run on; let's try it," Dooley said at last. He fed power slowly, feeling out the ship's equilibrium, winding as she backed. The drive groaned as he held the ship just off the ground.

"Perry!" he barked. "Think you can swipe one of those critter-beams?"

"Wow!" There was a clatter of activity in the power room. A moment later, an alarm blared. "Let's go home, Art!" the engine yelled. "I got it!"

The ship lifted peckily at first, but the speed picked up and the drive smoothed out as Dooley expected. It was good enough to get the ship home.

In the power room, Blake took a moment to switch on the stern retrogression scope. He found the scene of the crash, already twenty miles down, and switched to high power, vaguely hoping to see a wildful group of insects staring upward. But the atmosphere was too wavy, and he gave up. He adjusted a rheostat absentmindedly and spoke into his chest mike. "Art, what was it all about, anyway?"

Dooley's chuckle was sympathetic. "Fooling, wasn't it? Well, we've just seen sheer engineering genius demonstrated. And we made a mistake by applying the wrong criterion. So did they."

"I can see the entire part. You mean

the Aroians make, or at least repair, the domes, and from that much they figured out how to fix the ship, eh?"

"Almost, Perry. Think a minute. Why did they cut up the dome, and then start in on the ship?"

"Well, the dome evidently didn't work any more, and they thought the ship didn't either, although the vital parts had been repaired."

"Right. The hemisphere was dead. And they thought the ship was."

There was a pause before Blake answered.

"Dead? The ship?"

"Sure. That accounts for the sabotage. They hoped for an answer. They thought the ship was alive and intelligent, and needed help. That's why we'd have lost time if we'd shown them that you and I were the intelligent ones; they'd probably have lost interest then."

Blake sounded bewildered.

"But then—the domes?"

"That's right. The domes are the intelligent life. We made the mistake of assuming the 'insects' were, because they moved. The reverse mistake was made about us."

Doskey's voice carried the certainty that he'd found the explanation. "The mechanical things we called insects are manufactured or grown in various convenient shapes by the domes, and simply act as extensions or robots. That planet actually has no moving form of life!"

After a long silence, Blake spoke. "Those domes aren't even animal life, by our standards. I wonder what they'll think of us!" He sighed, staring thoughtfully at the cutting-beam device. "I wish we could thank them."

He pondered the matter a long time, while the little ship flew through hyperspace—toward home and the laying of a gigantic trap.

THE ETHER VIBRATES

(Continued from Page 6)

speakingly removing A-bomb situation carries its own satisfactory answer.

Actually science fiction can play and perhaps is playing to some extent a far more important role for each of humanity as it reaches than the mere forecasting of gadgets, great and small.

One of the more recently noted and most vital factors in modern thinking and adjustment to life is the so-called "emotional lag." This is in effect a sort of non-emotional time-lag, which finds the bulk of us, in an era of rushing and constant and cosmic change, thinking and feeling and therefore reacting in the past.

It is an affliction that applies especially where it is most contagious, where it can do the most widespread harm—among those men of middle age or more who have won success and leadership in our politics, our professions, our industry. For it is natural to wish to listen to men and women who have proved themselves capable of rising above the norm in such matters—whatever the norm is.

Unfortunately it is equally natural for those who have attained success and prominence to seek rationalization of their attainments through maxims, rules and principles—even though the conditions to which they originally applied may well have al-

tered beyond recognition or even have vanished without trace.

Horse-and-Buggy Minds

Certainly we still have the horse-and-buggy mind with us—though not in such quantity as a decade ago. Today, no rapid has been recent human material progress, we are afflicted simultaneously with the railroad, the trolley car, the automobile, the airplane and the space-rocket mentality. The resulting confusion has made a mass ailment of the stomach glow, turned psychiatry into big business and caused our logical systems to howl at the seams.

From the settlement of Jamestown and Plymouth to the beginning of the present century it was possible for most of us to live with reasonable fulfillment within the tenets laid down by the local pastor and schoolmaster—or, if the latter were lacking, by parental and grandparental precept. The rules were simple and, when followed, worked fairly well for most.

The few who saw or attempted to see into the future, or delved into the true origins and functions of the then-current creeds were for the most part unable to reach the conforming mass of the populace at all. They were generally suppressed or reviled as crankpots or simply ignored until, after

their deaths, their insights were made pitifully clear by subsequent events.

Today, if we are to survive as a civilization or even as a species, each of us who can must begin early to question every maxim handed down to us in home, church or school. We must consider constantly that such maxims, far from being divine, were created by men out of living experience under definitely limited sets of conditions and experiences. We must consider constantly whether such conditions, such experiences and therefore such maxims are in any way applicable to the present.

Change is Constant

Having made our own rules we must constantly re-examine them to make certain that they are not already passed. In short, we must accept continual and ever-increasing change as the only constant in the world that surrounds us.

There is a task intensely difficult for a species whose intelligence causes it generally to dislike change almost as much as it dislikes thought itself. Hence the mass desire for escape from reality, in reading, in sports—in all the sorts and forms of entertainment.

The western or detective or romance story addict finds his fractionally-comprehended environment in favor of a world better suited to the longings of his reverie—that half-world of the imagination in which visions are created without aid from the senseless mind. Such escape is usually beneficial when not overindulged in—it can give fresh perspective to stale intellects, relax overworked nerves, offer the benefits of a long weekend with none of the fatiguing rigors or expense.

Those who seek such escape through science fiction, however, have opportunity to push farther through their flight. For it is a basic function of sci-fi to build its stories on speculation. They are marked on possibility—past, present or future—rather than on symbolic distortion of reality.

What could happen to any one of us who finds himself selected as a wind-contact for the probing of alien investigators? If we achieve artificial travel faster than light, would our individual natures exceed that of the universe—and would we make our return to yesterday or the day before? What if the flying saucers really are scouts of extra-terrestrial origin?

These are the very stuff of science fiction—and all are based on speculative thought.

It is on such speculation that true prophecy is founded, rather than on mere description of gadgets to come. Furthermore, it is only through such speculation, that we can hope to keep inwardly alertest of our constantly shifting environment. If science fiction breeds such speculation, as it must, then it is far more than escape literature.

We find far more encouragement for sci-fi in the recent widespread editorial condemnation of the *Science Fiction* of *Yakov G. Malkin* at *Lake Superior* last August to that of the chief propagandist of the late George Orwell's 1944 than we find in all the gadgetierial forecasts of *Minsky*, *Vernon*, *Lambert*, etc. For here was science fiction playing its truly prophetic role!

ETHEREGRAMS

A GLANCE at the type-size in which the letters immediately to follow are printed should be sufficient preparation for the shock to come. In the interests of the continued good viewpoint of those who read this column we are at last trimming ship.

It is our hope furthermore to produce a better organized, more provocative and far more adult letter section than ever before. We shall, to an even greater extent than in the past, welcome letters of ideas, of constructive criticism and of controversial topics—as long as they have some remote connection with sci-fi.

Humor—sure. But let's be certain there is more laughter than groans in the reader reaction. Personalities—fine. We'd all be lost without them. Verne—why not? But let it be either extremely good or dreadful bad. With which—let's go.

FAST AND PROBABLE

by Rick O'Leary

Dear Editor: Gather 'round O' children and let us consider a fascinating subject sometimes called science-fiction, though more familiarly known as sci-fi, with regard to its past and probable future.

No authority on the subject and all of its ramifications (for which thanks to Mr. Webster, Noah, that is), I nevertheless have been indulging in it for some years and have of late been—think—thinking about it.

Here, without preamble or commercial (that comes later) are a few other observations about the subject.

The literature of science-fiction has, as we now all aware, undergone a tremendous over a period of years which has sufficed to make it acceptable reading matter to both the club

publications and the general book publishers, as well as making its pulp magazines to read some without being accused of degeneracy and/or sensibility.

Except for the art-work, which has lagged lamentably behind the times, the better pulp magazine publish stuff which is often dense, intelligent and adult. Of course you have to bring an open mind to the reading of it. You cannot read it to rest. But that is another subject.

The old-timers to whom science-fiction was new and far less restricted in treatment, wrote with a vigor and enthusiasm that should put many a modern-day author to shame. They didn't try to wrap the far future with the same bland mesh which distinguishes much of the fiction in other fields.

In the fiction of ten or twenty years ago you will find a certain degree of overwriting, of digressing for credibility or melodrama, etc. But what you will find in the fiction of present day, is a certain quality of awe, of wonder, which made it first-rate escape reading. This is not largely true today. Today's science-fiction writers too often tend to be blasé, to treat such themes as the far future or distant worlds and dimensions with a fine disregard for that quality. And in so doing they lose much of that which distinguished all from who-dunnits or other craft.

I, for one, would rather read a simple story about the first spaceship off-Earth landing on Mars or the dark side of the Moon and human reactions to same (see R. Bradbury) than a far-future story which quickly, almost automatically, quotes everything from interstellar flight to aliens from another dimension to the same way that we today accept the Existence of Africa or superatomic fission.

Therefore, I feel that all may be in grave danger of writing ahead of itself and defeating its own purpose. After all, when a reader gets to the place where absolutely nothing is new or stimulating to him anymore, what possible reason can he have for reading it?

If you want plot, action, etc., you can find it, and in much stiffer doses, in any good detective or my story. Or maybe even—shudder—a Western. But the average reader reads (well, you can't deny that) all because it affords more pleasure and effective escape value than the other fields.

All of which brings us right down to one thing: Magnify that the purpose of science-fiction, as I see it, is not to bring the far future or the remote reaches of space down into our laps so that we can sit to marvel at same, but to give us, as well as men's imaginative and descriptive powers are capable, vivid pictures into times and places which most of us will never live to see, but which effectively serve to relieve the tedium of today and perhaps give us something to work toward.

The day that men reaches the stars—in a large body—is probably not within our lifetime. But we can imagine how it will be. And we can lay the imagination for the day when a later generation will achieve what we can only fantasize—Chapel Street, Broadwade, New York.

We find ourselves in at least partial agreement with your ultimate conclusion as to the purpose of sf, Mr. Dehman. However, it is our branch that the future, far

space and the far past also have their place in the field.

In short, any story—from pure far to a pure inversion of science tale—has a place in science fiction as long as it holds for a fair proportion of its readers, some of that stuff you mention earlier in your article—"a certain quality of awe, of wonder, . . ."

There is room for humor, fantasy, romance, drama and heavy science—as long as each is well and convincingly conceived and written. It is our very definite belief that any attempt to narrow the limits of the field is correspondingly weakening it. Perhaps its greatest strength is its variety.

You object to the kind of underwritten approach—thereby revealing a somewhat lamentable fondness for the "purple patch" authorship that is supposedly behind us by the time we pass from grammar school. However, it is possible to underwrite a story, just as it is to overwrite—and the results in their different fashions are equally painful. We'll try to ensure that this does not become a habit.

VIEWPOINTS AND MAGAZINES

by Robert Parker, Radio Editor,
University of Connecticut

Dear Editor: May a fan of the "good old days" come back into the field? It's been almost seven years since I penned my last fan letter, about the cover on *STARTLING* and took myself off to give Uncle Sam the benefit (!) of my wondering what those that now, science-fiction and I have been struggling to see another until the last few months, when my imagination finally confessed its war on time under the "don't think for yourself" blanket the army had wrapped around it. It's good to be back—and glad to imagine again.

Viewpoints and magazines can change a lot in a few years, especially those from the "here and into the 20's. Mine has; the old space genre, story has lost its appeal, while the "thick" stories have come to the front.

While we're talking about coming to the front, I'd like to talk for a moment on the change in SF. Now, you're still putting out adventure papers to sell the magazine—any fan who can't realize why you do that doesn't do much thinking. The general reading public wants cheap literature, we're all a bit Walter Mittyish at heart, and that's what you've got to give them in order to sell circulation and keep your advertisers.

But—and this is the change in SF as far as I'm concerned—there's a new tone in the stories (most of them). The formula has been lightened and the plotting is generally better! When you finish a story, there's the glow of satisfaction you usually get from a good poem, and there's also a stirring of a few constructive calls to make you think about what you've read. Enough of this, except to say SF is much better than it was, may it ever be so.

I want to mention the letter section. Thank

God that the Old Sarge has gone to his well-deserved and Emerson-Rotation will never reach the place it deserves until the Milton Bates of London have left the scene. The current letter section is good, except for the doggerel which passes as verse at times. The first couple of poems are entertaining and the rest—until—*Dear Sir, 23, Street, Cleveland.*

Curiously enough, in view of your closing comment, we are veracious this time out. Hereafter we shall really seek to run only those poems that offer a little something more than a frantic effort to get random words into some sort of rhyming pattern. Yes, and that goes for us too.

For the rest of your opinion, we can only be grateful. You show not only appreciation of our development in recent years but also insight and understanding of some of the problems which continue to face us. We shall do our utmost to live up to same.

When you mention the Walter Mitty in most of us you are skimming the problem of reader identification with the characters in the tales we publish—one of the most intriguing of all editorial problems. Incidentally, via the newspaper, it is a problem Raymond E. Gallun has tackled almost to its ultimate conclusion in his current novel, *PASSPORT TO JUPITER*. Like anything else it can be overdone—but a story, especially a long story, is lost without it.

WE DON'T REMEMBER by Bill Moore

Sir: Was it not yourself who, some months back, expressed my surprise at the use of the term "Mittens" in regard to Mitty. At the time I was uncertain whether you were chewing false modesty or an inferiority complex. Now I am convinced it is the latter. You often comment to have TWS and SN hit a more stopping place role for Hamilton, Bradbury and Co. (to whom I owe my eye in humble admiration).

Shame on you, sir (and everyone of "pretentious old-on's art"). Surely an editor can exercise some control over the make-up of his product. Using better paper, trimmed edges and a rather more conservative cover, you could extend circulation enough to make up for the wretched mode. Maybe we should present a petition to the publishers.

CYBERNETIC BRAINS gave me a night mare: What a story! Your last three lead words easily prove the claim of literature. Just one thing—which rises from both Raymond Jones and the Colon—how can one make "one" equal "potential"? It should mean that, no matter of a size I had to be larger than the average of a 24—but often means the opposite. How come? Jones was a species of shock treatment to get full use of the brain. How do the Colon propose to do it with a brain in its more ordinary surroundings?

We seem to have more humor than usual this month—and a good thing, really, since the nightmare quality of the Jones novel

(it seems more, though, classier). Magnus Edgely is—himself. Good, Matt Lee's poem I suggested for no good reason. I was delighted to find I was right.

Cream of the shorts, for me, was Mark Reynolds' tale. What a blow for the pompous pomposh of humanity! Between the Spring season and waiting!

Showdown Can Future didn't go down as well this month. Either the absence of Greg from most of it or your own suggestion that Hamilton is now the hero on the scene spoiled it. It seemed more like a retort than (then, say, *CHILDREN OF THE SUN*). And, according to Sonardi and Lay, there's something in Greg on the surface.

THE ENERGY EATERS kept up the higher standard of the shorts. Somebody borrowed the idea a few years back for one of your chief novels—inspiration is the cheapest form of literary plagiarism.

You know, of SN keeps up this standard, you'll be forced to improve the format (even Borgey is better). So perhaps a readers' petition won't be necessary.—W.E.E. (RAF Signals) MCAP Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Maybe we were a bit shy about our literary standards recently. Bill—we really don't remember, however. On the other hand, we have gone to bat for the best literary quality of fantastic literature any number of times. Virtually every author of any real achievement has turned his hand to fantasy—ranging from *AR (THE AVATARS)* to David Langwell (WE).

For the rest, we're glad you enjoyed the Jones "breins"—although we remain mildly confused at your confusion over hat-ness—and will do our best to make a readers' petition unnecessary. How do you like Borgey's Jupiter on this cover? If you go for this sort of thing—as well as for his space-memo on the February TWS, for Peter's sake write us to that effect. We'd like to see interpretatory or gaudy science fiction often than in the immediate past and approving letters will help make it possible.

DOWN THE RIVER by Frank Smith

Dear Editor: I see by the September issue of SN that you've got hold of one of Mark Reynolds' stories. It was good. Get some more. I understand that Reynolds is new to the writing game. Despite that he has a technique that more established authors might well envy.

There was a note of grim irony in his story, "Down The River." Just imagine, the intellectuals and experts of this little sand-maze desert of ours suddenly informed that they in turn are to be exploited and dis-owned by a primary-embarking interstellar empire! It would be funny if it were not sober truth that millions of human beings are fated to suffer and die exactly as have so imperialism and racism continue to divide the world.

The theme is not unworthy of the serious attention of all writers. Just what would pale-

He visitors think of men and his master? Does the question give any ideas to the authors in the house?—415 Madison Ave., Brooklyn 22, N. Y.

Inevitably, Frank, we shall find out—as ultimately will yourself. There is plenty of room for the satire, the parable and the allegory in sci—f and as long as such theses do not denigrate the human on whose values of the story. In such instances we come up with serious blaspemy a truce of fictional anecdotes rather than true fiction.

NEOPHYTE

by Ronnie Miller

Dear Editor: Although this is my first letter [I am no newcomer to the ranks of sci. I have been reading A for the past three years and I think your magazines are just about the best! With this letter I enter the ranks of active sciense, no needness to say I want to join, I can talk somewhere close to me and would very much like to have you pals write me. All letters will be answered.

Santa Ana is a pretty big town but I have yet to see another real human to goodness! Ah, how I envy those people in New York who go mad from seeing fellow fans and their meetings and conventions and the like.

While reading through the Sunday papers Wednesday, I came across a story on how a couple of men from "Destination Moon" dressed in their space suits, dived their faces red and went parading about the streets of a town in New York (what was I saying about NY a while back?) to see what the public reaction would be. Who happened? Nothing!

The few people who did notice them laughed themselves silly. I wonder what would have happened if they had headed out a war gun or two and that Destination a citizen for a pretty straight purpose. The National Guard would probably have been called out and maybe even an A-bomb or two. The newspapers would have read: INVASION FROM OUTER WORLD. Oh, well.

Your editorial was read and dissected, very good as always. The stories were wonderful, as always. By the way, let me fall on my knees and worship Raymond F. Jones for his masterpiece. Edward Hamilton I will adore for his THOT—wonderful. The rest was average but good—as the whole an above average issue of STANTLING.

And to the man who slowly in the past, we were a fond farewell to the Red, and may it find its way into FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY.—507 Eastwood Ave., Santa Ana, Calif.

Good luck with your fun existence. It seems to us that there are a number of other sciense in your more or less immediate vicinity. As for the DESTINATION MOON talk parading around in their space suits, we believe this has been part of the regular promotion for that excellent film.

They may even have tried it here in Manhattan—though we remain skeptical. Such exploits have met with discouraging public

response ever since, during our revolution, a captured American officer on city parole, donned his full regimentals and paraded Broadway from City Hall to the Battery and back again without even being stopped by a British or Russian sentry. By so doing without molestation he was a shabby wagger from a British officer who had made the bet for a tavern.

Actually, what with swarms of varicolored British army and navy uniforms in the city, to say nothing of the numerous Loyalist regiments, the Jaegers, the Walloons, the Brunswickers and the other German units, many of whom wore blue! It does not seem such a feat.

COVERED

by Joe Gibson

Dear Editor: A brief note about—all of things—the cover on the Sept. STANTLING. I'm thinking Buray was rather to get this one done; he copied Lawrence's interior illustration. But ya know me? It's good! Good!

It has one great quality that makes it the best cover you've had in years. See if you don't agree—there it covers the cover and then look at it from a distance! It's attractive, eye-catching, just what you want on a cover illustration. In fact, it's even better than that. With a minute—look closely. What is it about that cover that makes it so much more attractive?

You got it! Discoloring. It isn't too cluttered up. Not other covers haven't been cluttered, either. The colors! Naturally, there's just orange and blue. Just two basic colors arranged on a really balanced cover layout. Gads, why hasn't Buray done this before? Quick, call the Vice-President in charge of art departments! Spread the word! Dispatch coded messages of regular intervals!

According to Lawrence Sabine, who published his Notice on Discoloring almost a century ago, Highmaster Joseph Rumbidge did light a dual at Malta. Stephen Donator was Joe's second and adopted four names, since Joe was incarcerated and the Britishness. Follow master Cuthbert, was professional Cuthbert's second and four names were murder. Donator insisted.

The two men exchanged shots—and both missed. On the second exchange, Cuthbert missed. Rumbidge's ball hit Cuthbert in the head and gave him a mortal wound. Rumbidge's luck. In most of the old duals, contestants blazed away without hitting anything. The old firelock and precision cap pistols were accurate enough. The men shooting too just parked on the trigger. These old guns have been tested.

Anyway, thank goodness there's no discoloring in this so-called modern age. There are too many guns, today, who know how to shoot a pistol. But it's silly to think to think about. Some we're not so much more intelligent today—we're just better equipped.—42 Kensington Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.

You're absolutely right about the Rumbidge-Cuthbert dual—or so military expert Fletcher Pratt informed us shortly after

our non-accurate version of the incident appeared. It was fought and Heinlein did win it on the second exchange. Incidentally, this was the same Bamberige who approximately a decade later commanded the famed U. S. Frigate Constitution against the Java, using the victory to spearhead a distinguished Navy career. Hope you continue to approve our covers and what's within 'em.

TO TALK A BIT

by Ed Bunker

Dear Sir: I'd like to talk a bit about your magazines. I didn't start reading them until about six months ago, even though I've been a science fiction fan for years, because I ruled the contents as a par with the covers. I'm happy to say I was wrong. The contents are excellent.

Though I only recently discovered your magazine, I now have a collection complete to 1944 and I am looking it up as fast as I can find space in the bookshelves. Your best regular science fiction authors, to my way of thinking, are MacDonald and Jones—the best—and then Vance, Clarke, Heinlein, West, Kuttner, Leinster, Bradbury and G. O. Smith in approximately that order.

The best science fiction authors writing for anyone are Heinlein and van Vogt. Once, before the war, I would have included de Camp with these two, but since the war he has written but one decent story, **THE HUNTED MAN**. Your best stories since 1944 have been **AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT**, **WINE OF THE DREAMERS**, **SEA KINGS OF MARS** and **CYBERNETIC BRAINS**. Two in 1945—good work.

This will be considered hereby as done but I'd like to vent a note against **CAPTAIN FUTURE**. Heinlein's **CITY AT WORLD'S END** was swell but his **OP** series is, as others have said, terrible. I'm glad to see the Hall of Fame out of SS. Can we have some Pete Maza stories in **FEST ROMAN HOLIDAY**? was one of the very few good **HOF** pieces—177 East Palo, Daly City 24, California.

Yes, we have just selected another Pete Maza for a forthcoming **FSQ**—this one **WORLD'S PHAROAH**, in which our somewhat subliminal hero is sent back to the days of old Cheops himself. Look for it later on this page.

Your selection of "best" SS novels interests us—we certainly have no quarrel with it but wonder at the absence of Fredric Brown's **WHAT MAD UNIVERSE**, Charles Harness' **FLIGHT INTO YESTERDAY** and to a somewhat lesser extent, Hamster's **VALLEY OF CREATION**. All had sound virtues and perhaps your collection has got to encompass them. Also the October, 1947, issue of **TWE**, with Heinlein's **JERRY IS A MAN** and Leslie Charteris' **THE DARKER DRINK** among others.

You'll get a good look at the postcard de

Camp in his bold novel for the April, 1953, **TWE**, **THE CONTINENT MAKERS**. We did it a short novel both funny and strong in suspense and ingenuity. And hope you will do the same.

You're certainly right about Heinlein and at times about van Vogt—when the latter isn't scattering ideas like haystacks in those infamous 500-word scenes. But thanks to **DESTINATION MOON**'s success and that of **Disinfect** respectively, neither is writing much off. We hope to have a new van Vogt novel shortly, however.

EUREKA!

by Mrs. C. M. Cooper

Dear Editor: How long has this been going on? These wonderful science-fiction stories. I mean I feel as if I'd just awakened after a million-year slumber after reading the September **STARTLING STORIES**. For a number of my 24 years I've been scanning the *Horizon* for stories such as those to quench my thirst. If you have room on your shelf for me this year but I won't be searching any longer as I know the way to the newland where SS is sold.

I still with someone had pinched me about 25 years ago to wake me up to the fact that I was missing a lot of good reading.—Route No. 3, Old Elton, Washington.

If there exists any pinching duties to be performed, please notify us instantly, in which direction, why not take a look alternate months at our companion magazines, **THRILLING WONDER STORIES**, and, less frequently, at **FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY** and **WONDER STORY ANNUAL**? Both of these latter are devoted chiefly to re-running the best of the stories from the past. Meanwhile, have yourself a good read in *off*, it can be a heady brew.

NOTE OF APPROVAL

by Don K. Edwards

Dear Sir: Having read SS for a considerable number of years, I thought at about time I sent in a letter of approval. At the present time it is my only source of fiction. I am a student of science at the University of British Columbia, taking Honours in Biophysics, and hence anything pertaining to the wonderful realm of science appeals to me.

I have just completed your September issue and wish to give you my views of the stories therein. I consider the most outstanding to be **THE RAMPAGE OF TITAN**—and, ranking a not-too-distant second, **THE ENERGETIC EATERS**. Kuttner can always be expected to place near the top.

Brief comment on **THE CYBERNETIC BRAINS**—the plot was very good but the detail entered into therein tended slightly to drag out the story. However, these are my reactions only as far as I know.

If at all possible I would like to correspond with other students of science.—457 Harvey Avenue, Kelowna, British Columbia, Canada.

You too should try TBS, WJZ and WSA, Donald—and we not only hope you do but hope that you enjoy them as much as you seem to have liked the September 23. Also that you find yourself a class of correspondents out of the printing of this article. Luck with your Honors degree.

OVEROPTIMISTIC

by Nash W. McLeod

Dear Editor: I got the latest number of **STANTON STORIES** (the September issue) today, and I read *The Echo Vibrates*. I remember your comment on me: "too optimistic. You have probably read George Orwell's 'Nineteen-eighty-four.' I read it in Spanish form in *The Reader's Digest*. Well, far advanced neither on that subject. I recommend George Fuller's *Armament in World History* and Norman Wagner's *Cybernetics*."

The gist of both books for postwar readers who wish to understand what the World is coming to is in their last few chapters.

General Fuller just about sums that, given the airplane and the radio and a World set up into processes great powers and the existing tensions between have and have-nots, all countries will tend to become rapidly regimented dictatorships. The only difference between country and country being the speed of the process and which steps are taken first.

The radio is a particularly useful tool to manipulation of all stages, from the deepest Red like Uncle Joe Stalin to the parent "Hitler" like William Randolph Hearst; because it reaches educated and uneducated alike and the hearing were broadcast over the radio can carry further, which the printed page cannot.

The airplane is particularly useful to dictators because it offers a means of probing operations before it gives findings. Now war overflows when his soldiers in Gaul and Spain inspired. An air-ship Nazi would bomb the industrial and submarine before they get started.

The important chapter in the other book is the last, in which Wiener states that by creating communications a relatively small oligarchy can keep the public confused and divided by false information and protect its own reign definitely so long as it does not meet with crushing military defeat from the outside.

There is one other idea in the chain. That is that while it is easy to keep the masses quiet by television distribution of "good and serene," keeping the lower ranks of the official hierarchy confused and in warring order is a problem of some another culture. And to this problem almost any means will be applied by the dictators, even to the suppression of a large slice of the wealth in military preparation or war.

It looks to me as if the only way to get humanity guided into the path of progress will be a war so severe and so prolonged as to break up the communication system and the social hierarchies in every country of the globe. It seems to me that the only problems such a war is many centuries—A.D. 5—512 South Ocean Avenue, New Rochelle, Maryland.

You may be right, alas—but we hope not.

Certainly the events of this century would seem to bear you out. However, there are currents moving in the opposite direction and people are aware—when not coerced by the pitch of violence in or out of uniform—are constantly surprising the so-called experts by being a lot smarter than generally believed. Which is why dictators must keep them obediently on the rim of violence.

However, your radio and other instruments for propagating information or propaganda, constitute a two-edged sword. Especially where the bulk of people are maintained in slavery by an oligarchy. We have read General Fuller's book of not Dr. Wiener's, which we intend to tackle when we get hold of a copy.

Actually it seems possible that humanity's sole eventual hope of salvation at present lies somewhere along the road of Dr. Korzybski and the non-Aristotelian conditioned anarchy. Have you delved into that yet, either via A.E. van Vogt or the late Professor Korzybski and his General Semantics? We'd be interested both personally and professionally in hearing from you on it.

ALL-TIMERS

by Lin Carter

Dear Editor: This is sort of an anniversary with me. Just a couple months, it was somewhere around the September '40, being I first settled down to getting every copy of **STANTON STORIES** as it came out. Since then I don't believe I've missed an issue. I've also managed to get back issues so that I now have an almost complete file of the *En-En*. Mind if I recommend a little?

THE BLACK FLAME: the first novel you ever printed and probably the only real classic. A great yarn, one of Weinbaum's very best.

GIANTS FROM ETERNITY: the first job of SEI I ever read and a story I've never forgotten. One of Weinbaum's best.

THE THREE PLANETTERS: Hamilton at his best in this period. The story that preceded the Cap Future yarn.

TWICE IN TIME: one of the most unforgettable time stories ever. Weinbaum's sensitive and powerful story of the man who went back in time to discover that he was Leonardo da Vinci!

THE FORTRESS OF UTOPIA: Jack Williamson's best for you.

THE PRISONER OF MARS: Hamilton and a great story of interplanetary warfare. I still remember those fine Weissies.

A MILLION YEARS TO CONQUER: Krimm.

A YANK AT YALHAISA: Hamilton's first great story for you. A wonderful case of the Norsean tribe and how Ramoth came.

THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD: Burroughs' last one is a fine *En-En* type novel. Excellent Coleman Burroughs illustrations.

DEVIL'S PLANET: the Marx novel is

Wallman's detective style, his second best for poor magazine.

CITY OF GLASS: one of the very best stories you've ever run. The first and only good story Neal Isonen ever wrote for you.

SHADOW OVER MARS: the unforgettable novel that was Leigh Brackett's first around here. One of your classics.

VALLEY OF THE FLAME: Hammond and the same with my first hope.

THE DARK WORLD: there is not much to say about this great Kuttner classic. One of the best you've ever run.

THE STAR OF LIFE: Hamilton.

LANDS OF THE EARTHQUAKE: Another of Kuttner's excellent science-fiction.

THE BLUE FLAMINGO: Not as good as "The Sinner's Share" in a competition, but still superb.

THE MARK OF CIRCE: Kuttner again with a fine Murray cover and terrific Friday 25.

VALLEY OF CREATION: Hamilton's poetic and beautiful story of the Brotherhood.

AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT: Another C. C. C.

FLIGHT INTO YESTERDAY: Hammond's fine van-Vortek time tale.

THE SHADOW MEN: van Vort's person and plot, the not as good as "Weapon Shops" in TW.

WINE OF THE DREAMERS: MacDonald and superb.

THE CITY AT WORLD'S END: not much to say about this great story. Hamilton's best in years and years.

And that is, all in all, quite a list. Twenty-five novels. Not quite in order, perhaps, but still good enough. There have been other great novels, many others, but these were the very best. I think any editor should be proud to have had a hand in the publishing of that list. I hope to see other novels as good, and—why not!—even better.

The latest issue was well balanced. Looks like I wrote the nail on the proverbial pine a couple letters back when I expressed my "wildly fervent expectations" of the James report. That was, all things taken into consideration, quite a jump. Delighting response. Fine description of the situation, the stark terror, a person would feel, knowing his fate was sealed in such circumstances. That was one story that held me on the edge of my chair till I finished it. Murray's cover was genuinely good—for Murray. I was quite surprised.

Of course, the Hamilton novel was good, but—can't remember reading one that wasn't. It was like Ed is going to write a novel featuring one of the Futuremen each issue—right? This one on Simon was a fine little story—a big pure mood and atmosphere than usual for a Cypriote para. Comparing these reports available to old Cap people like "CP and The Seven Space Men" or "Calling Captain Future"—shows how Hamilton's style has taken remarkable leaps in quality and the tremendous structural changes it has undergone. I'm looking forward to "Parade My Iron Nerves."

The latest Magnus Bladen thing left me cold. The explanations for the numerous disappearances seemed incredible in the extreme. But then I never did care much for old Magnus. This, he whispers, subtly hiding with a

gun in your ribs, is one series I can do without.

See where Neil Gourlay wants **STRANGE STORIES** revived. Your publishing house does need a weird-fantasy magazine to balance the solid science in the four other magazines. I say yes, if you can get people like Kuttner's "Circle Be The Circle"—*Friday News*, vol. 2, no. 2, St. Petersburg, Fla.

It seems to me that the weird-fantasy field is being thorough covered by a number of our current competitors. So a revival of **STRANGE** is unlikely at present. However, thanks for the suggestion.

We are not going to add much to your listings, except in sub—how come no Fred Brown's **WHAT MAD UNIVERSE?** That was a top job to us. Come to think of it **USE** has featured quite a list of novels in its twelve-old years of existence. We are with you in hoping that not only do they keep up in standard but continue to improve.

BACKGROUND PROBLEMS

by Ted Johnson

Dear Sir: Raymond F. Jones appears to be branching out—becoming much more prolific as time goes on. Not as many years ago novels used to pass between stories bearing his name. Let us hope that he will continue to be a not too infrequent visitor to the pages of **USE**. His latest story, "The Cybernetic Jester" is quite available. Unfortunately, he read of the story without going into more detail on the actual interdependent development of cybernetics and the welfare state.

Jones' problem here, is one of the greatest problems facing the modern S-F author—namely, just how much background is one supposed to insert into stories of the future. A deep author, writing for the Past, never gives it a second thought; if his story happens to be one with a modern setting. Even an author just naturally assumes that his readers know all about airplanes and airplanes, and nuclear and communism, and computers and so on.

The only modern S-F author who has successfully handled this problem is Robert Heinlein in his "Future History" series. I use the word "successfully" in a relative sense only for the problem cannot be said to have been solved successfully until an author discovers a way of writing up a completely new background in a few words so that it will fit into a short story. Personally, I think this is impossible. I think that in the US Jones left off a little more than he could chew. Nevertheless, it was a fairly good story.

No comments on the CP stories because I don't read them.

"The Energy Eaters" was rejected when it first appeared in the October 26 TW. To read it again would be to spoil the memories that I have of this fine story.

Jack Vance's "Comic Notion" is another pleasantly innocuous Magnus Bladen story. Vance must write these for his bread and butter while writing such stories as his most-

lent "World-Thinker," TWS Summer, '66, for pleasure.

Mark Reynolds has gained a certain notoriety for himself with his articles in various women's mags. It would be better if he kept quiet until he learns a little more about the field. He may have promise but his writings, as exemplified by "Down the River," are definitely not of high caliber.

Who is Matt Lee? "Kiss Liza" is a very nice job!

In my last letter I said that I was going to compare "City At World's End" with "Five Steps To Tomorrow" and by golly, I mean to do it. I note that you don't like comments on artwork any more but trust that you won't object to a few remarks about artwork of ten years ago.

Our own Harvey, the incomparable Charlie E. Harvey that is, produced his first SS cover for the July '66 issue depicting a scene from Knute Rocker's "Five Steps To Tomorrow." Coming out on the heels of several Rodolph Belandri covers, this cover by a new artist was both welcome and refreshing.

As for the story it illustrated, it was quite good. More a scientific detection story than anything else (it was still handled in the old Hinds style that has captivated readers for many years). On reading it for the fourth or fifth time however, it just doesn't seem to stick as well as well as it used to.

Advancing ten years in the Hamilton cover, we find our usual Hamilton effort—not too good and not too bad. Extremely readable—we did theme covered—the usual Hamilton characterization and love sequence—and the old, old happy ending. Good as the usual effort making the big sacrifice to the mysterious woman from other space and so on.

It's good you a newspaper sent words of the Nov. '66 issue with the Nov. '66 issue but I can tell you the result was, even without having seen the new man: First cover—Nov. '66—why? Because it's the best cover Harvey has ever done for you and it will take some beating. Best story—Nov. '66—why? Because "A Million Years To Conquer" was the first SS novel that I ever read and rereading it at least twice a year has not dulled the thrill that story gave me when I first read it.

Best author—Nov. '66—why? Because of Mark Kettner just happens to be my favorite SS author. I guess from the foregoing that you can gather that the Nov. 1966 issue of Starling means a great deal to me, and you're so right. If you can come up with something that gives it a close run you will really have something.

Not having seen any cash office in SS for some time I presume that you don't allow letter-writers to sell things through the column. Should they not be the case, you might mention that I have four broken sets of Starling that I am willing to dispose of at quite reasonable prices.—P.O. Box No. 88, Postal Station B, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada.

Well, we took a look at that November,

1946, cover for SS. Yips! That's all, brother—just plain little old paper! Comparisons of the September Jones and Elvira novels interesting as far as it goes. You seem to be ardently pessimistic about the prospect of getting left and adequate background into old stories. It can be done—it has been done—read your Bradbury, son. As for Matt Lee, this is a pseudonym for Sam Norwin, Jr.

ON THE ROPES

by Garry de la Rue

Dear Sir: A couple of months back, just after you published MacDonald's "Way of the Dynamite," I meant to write and tell you that I thought SS was definitely on the upswing. Your lead novels, especially Daniel's "The Lady in a Whip" and the MacDonald saga, proved especially interesting.

Someday I forgot to write, however. The July issue came along and I read Hamilton's "The City at World's End." It wasn't quite up to the standard you'd set in the past few issues but I chalked that up to the law of averages.

With the arrival of the September number I was fully expecting a return to somnolence but unfortunately Jones' "The Cybernetic Brain" proved to be a real stinker. I dislike being so brutally frank, but we must face facts, haven't we?

So now I find myself writing a plea for better novels, whereas just a few short months ago I had contemplated congratulating you on the most unconvincant.

Your shortness begins to be just about gone in the field, thanks to the presence of Finley, but your covers just never seem to change—any day after another. Again we must face facts.

If any of your readers need some back issues of SS or TWS from the 1940's, I have quite a few dozen and am willing to trade or sell them. I also have copies of other old mags.—877 Highland Avenue, River Edge, New Jersey.

Garry, please go away and leave your own dirty old facts and leave us alone with ours—which are surely enough. Seriously, we hope you approve our November and January issues a trifle less vitriolically. God, man!

Which brings us once more to the Scale—and if it is a shorter column than in recent years, we trust it is less full of rambling dull patches, unfunny digressed and humor and can be read without a magnifying glass. Let's see a flock of provocative notes for our March and May editions.

—THE EDITOR.

NEXT ISSUE'S FEATURED NOVEL

THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS by LEIGH BRACKETT

Tanquerose," we meet first with the old master, Jules Verne himself, followed by Huxley Bradbury, MacDonald, Leiber, Karelleth and Knight. Of the stories we liked Cyell Karelleth's **THE ONLY THING WE LEARN** the best, perhaps because it ran in **TWS**.

However, these selections are purely a matter of personal preference and anyone who knows the inclinations of epistemiology among others will be aware that probably no other reader will pick the same favorites save by the famed "fifty million monkeys" coincidence. But the stories are there in the book for everyone.

THE NEW SCIENCE FICTION SPECIAL 1950, edited by Isaac F. Silver & T. L. Day, Frederick Fell, New York (1951).

The second edition of what seems plotted as an annual selection contains a good deal of interesting and entertaining material, as must any volume replete with the works of Ray Bradbury, Murray Leinster, Frederic Brown, Henry Kuttner, Will F. Jenkins, Theodore Sturgeon, Clifford Simak, John D. MacDonald, Robert Moore Williams and so on to the number of thirteen stories, some moderately long.

However the inclinations of Bradbury twice and Jenkins' *Moritas* (once as Leinster) actually cuts down the authors picked to eleven, which we feel adds to what must of necessity already be a somewhat arbitrary choice. For this work was done last year by at least twice that many unpled authors.

None the less the volume is a worthwhile aid item, especially since it does in a way present an annual picture of what goes on in the field—at least in part. We found Jenkins' **DOOMSDAY DEFERRED** the most impressive bit of story telling in the volume although the others were uniformly good. And Vincent Starrett, the old mystery maestro, has contributed an amiable introduction.

SHADOWS OF ICEBERG by Charles Williams, Farrington & Cady, New York (1950).

It is a pleasure, even posthumously, to welcome into the ranks of speculative fiction an author who numbered, before his death a half dozen years ago, such distinguished folk of letters as T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers and C. S. Lewis, among his sponsors. For this novel represents a level of thought, culture, scholarship and all-around writing class that modern fantasy again too seldom.

Written throughout with a classic irony that verges on the satiric, it concerns itself with a revolt of Africa against Europe as seen through the eyes of an oddly-assembled group of men and women in London. It is a revolt of pure primitive emotion against the entire Secular and Christian doctrines of reason and intellect and rigidly controlled faith.

Perhaps this sounds like a far cry from science fiction—but it is not. For in the study of the reverses-side of Hypnotism, of the conquest of death through sheer power of human emotion, in the impact of such primitivism upon what is perhaps the highest level of Western culture still extant, this is science fantasy itself at a very high level. We hope Mr. Williams' last work finds plenty of air as well as more generally inclined readers.

RALPH 1940-41 by Hugo Goodhead, Frederick Fell New York (1950).

This odd little volume is truly a call-back from the grave of old primitives. First penned by the so-called "father of science fiction" for his own radio magazine back in 1911, **RALPH** dips into the future world of 2000 A. D. in the person of its titular hero, perhaps the most faceless superman ever known to gadgetry fiction.

For **RALPH** is a book of gadgets pure and simple—a book in which characterization is non-existent, plot reduced to childish simplicity and reader interest, save for that somewhat intellectual dabbler who likes to tinker with tools in the basement, maintained close to "absolute zero."

In a pair of laudatory introductions, Lee De Forest, the radio-electronics wizard, and Fletcher Pratt, science fantasy author and military-moral expert, go into rhapsodies over its "prophetic" qualities. At that we guess **RALPH** is okay—if it's gadgets you're after in sci-fi. It is certainly the direct antithesis of Charles Williams' novel.

GENUS HOMO by L. Sprague de Camp & F. Schuyler Miller, Fantasy Press, Reading, Pennsylvania (1950).

Some years ago, when we read John Steinbeck's **THE WATERY HUN**, we found ourselves, while fascinated by that fine author's interplay of character in a bizarre situation, definitely aware that something was lacking in the story elements. Now, after reading **GENUS HOMO** we believe we have found it. Mr. Steinbeck simply did not make his attention

civilize have human conflict and survival are combined—in terms and action that comprise a rich full meal of a story of ideas and suspense. **THE TWO SHADOWS** is the sort of story that must linger with the reader a long time after its final page is turned.

The current 'short story roster, from which this important complement will be selected at present comprises John Banjoan, Fredric Brown, Cleve Cartmell, Stanton M. Cobble, L. Sprague de Camp, David Drellson, Horace E. Pyke, Raymond E. Gallen, J. W. Groves, Charles L. Harman, Allen E. Lang, Mai Lee, Frank McKusap-Long, Laurence Manning, Chad Oliver, Mack Reynolds, Margaret St. Clair, Carter Sprague, William Trest, Jack Vance and Robert Moore Williams, which should make for good reading all around.

—TIER EDITOR.



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